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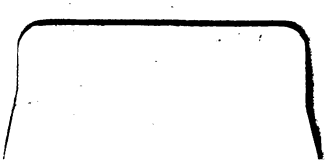

NDO
Gael.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME V.

1875-6

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE GAELIC SOCIETY

OF

INVERNESS.

VOLUME V.,

YEAR 1875-6

Clann nan Gaidheal an Gnaillean a' Cheile.

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1876

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The Gaelic Society of Inverness.

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YEAR 1876.

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COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an rùn a' Chomuinn:—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 'sa' Ghàilig; cinneas Cànaine, Bardachd, agus Ciùil na Gàidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanchas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chànain sin a thearnad o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an cànain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chàileachd, Ionnsachaidh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gàidheal no de thairbhe na Gàidhealtachd; còir agus cliù nan Gàidheal a dhìon; agus na Gàidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghnà ge b'e àit am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha 'gabhail suim do rùntaibh a' Chomuinn, agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choinneamh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an comh-thoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheachd, feumaidh tri buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliùiteach.

4. Pàidhidh ball urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni ball-beatha aon chomb-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' Cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Runaire, Ionmhasair, agus còig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gàilig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni còigear dhiubh coinneamh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects, admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and if he or she have a majority of votes, and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhàirt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghàilig a labhairear gach oidhche mu'n seòl aig a chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle là air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciùil Ghàidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh nithe Gàidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiùltadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gàilig. Giùlainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sònraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gàilig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh a's èiginn sin a chur an cèill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas an t-atharrathadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a làthair roghnachadh le lamh-àithne.

6. **Taghaidh an Comunn Bàrd, Pìobaire, agus Fear-leabhar-lann.**

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giùlainear gach Deasboireachd le rùn fosgailte, duineil, dùrachdach air-son na fìrinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic-speaking Members on the roll; but if an alteration be required due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

In issuing to the members the fifth volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, the Publishing Committee view with pleasure the interest now-a-days taken in all matters connected with the Celtic language and literature. Five years ago, when the Society was established, the Gaelic world, as such, was dormant, and it is believed that the awakening which has since taken place is due in no small measure to the Society's exertions and publications. Older societies in the South acquired new life, and new societies were started into existence. All these organisations are now at work with more or less vigour; and it may be safely asserted that healthy Celtic enthusiasm has never been higher than at the present time.

In the Transactions for last year, a sketch was given of the various steps taken towards the establishment of a Celtic Chair in one of our universities. Since then the labours of Professor Blackie, the present Chief of our Society, have been bearing more and more fruit, and now the whole sum which he originally set himself to collect is all but in his hand. There is scarcely a Celtic meeting at which our venerable Chief is not present advocating the interests of the Chair; and everywhere he is greeted with a Highland welcome. Our Society takes some pride in the fact that he began his campaign by giving a lecture under its auspices. To his *cath-ghairm* there has been many a hearty response from Highlanders in all parts of the world. The Professor's "brither Scots"

listened to it, and gave their money, and its influence has been felt by "John Bull" himself, who has just founded a Celtic Chair at Oxford. It is even said that there will ere long be another at Cambridge, and there is already a movement to establish one in Dublin University.

Celtic literature is now being studied by people who were formerly considered the natural aliens of everything Celtic. In a previous volume of Transactions, allusion was made to the labours of Mr C. S. Jerram in the Celtic field, and in this volume the members are presented with a paper from his pen. Dr Hately Waddell has published an able work on the Ossianic question, and before this volume will be in the hands of all the members it is expected that he will lecture in Inverness under the auspices of the Society on the same subject. Professor Blackie has issued a valuable book on Gaelic Literature—a work which will be long treasured by all Highlanders; and Mr Skene's admirable "Celtic Scotland" has also been published during the year. So much for the labours of those who, not speaking a Celtic language as their mother-tongue, acquired a scholarly knowledge of it for themselves.

The Very Rev. Canon Bourke, of Tuam, Ireland, in course of last year, gave to the world a volume on the Aryan Origin of the Celtic Races, and we hear that a second edition of it is now in the press. Mr Lachlan Macbean, Inverness, the librarian of this Society, and one of its first members, compiled and published a series of easy lessons in Gaelic, whilst, in the same line, Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, Ediaburgh, issued a new edition, with a preface by Dr Maclauchlan, of Dr Stewart's Gaelic Grammar. Logan's "Scottish Gael," edited by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, has been published by Mr Hugh Mackenzie, Inverness.

Of our magazines and newspapers, the oldest is the *Gael*. The character of this magazine need not be explained to the members of this Society. It has now lived for five years, and, judging from the healthy character of its articles, it is likely to live for many years to come. The *Highlander* newspaper, which is now in its

fourth year, still flourishes; and the *Celtic Magazine*, conducted by the late Secretary of this Society, and editor of the last volume of Transactions, regularly appears with its instalments of Celtic lore. Recently a new weekly paper, the *Glasgow Highlander*, was started in Glasgow. *Buaidh leis na seoid.* These are special Celtic organs that have come into existence since the formation of this Society. Our northern local newspapers—particularly the *Inverness Courier* and the *Inverness Advertiser*—have always been ready to give publicity to our doings, and the success which has attended the Society's labours is much owing to the help received at their hands.

The field of Highland music has of late been well cultivated. Mr William Mackay, the first secretary of this Society, recently edited, and Hugh Mackenzie, Inverness, re-issued, the collection of Highland music made by Captain Fraser of Knockie. Miss Morrison, Kintail, published a collection of Highland airs which deserve to be better known. Messrs Logan & Co., Inverness, since the publication of our last Transactions, issued a collection of *ceòl mòr*, &c., arranged for the pianoforte, a third edition of which we understand is now in the press. These works are intended for instrumentalists. Vocalists, however, were neglected; and to meet this desideratum, the *Gael* took a step in the right direction by publishing a popular Gaelic song (with music in the two notations) monthly during the past four years. The *Highlander* has of late been giving a Gaelic song, with music, in the tonic sol-fa notation weekly, and the *Celtic Magazine* has begun to work in the same field, the first song, with music, having appeared in its January number. The Gaelic Society of London recently issued a collection of Gaelic airs, which was bought up before the general public were well aware of its existence; and Mr H. C. Gillies, Culloden, a member of our Society, has a collection of Gaelic songs, with music, in the printer's hands.

Looking to the facts above stated, and to the revival of Celtic manners and customs, as evidenced among other ways by the numerous Shinty Clubs which have of late been formed by High-

landers from home, the Publishing Committee have cause to congratulate the members of the Society on the awakened interest now taken in the various objects for the promotion of which the Society was established.

21 Union Street, Inverness, January 1877.

TRANSACTIONS.

8TH JULY 1875.

FOURTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

This evening—the first night of the Inverness Great Sheep and Wool Fair—the Society held its Fourth Annual Assembly in the Upper Hall of the Northern Meeting Rooms. During the day a number of strangers had arrived to attend the Wool Market; and the night being an open one—little business being done on Thursday evening—these crowded in along with the townspeople, until the spacious ballroom was filled in every corner. Four pipers—Pipe-Major Maclennan, the Society's Piper; Pipe-Major Watt, Pipe-Corporal Macdonald, and Mr Macdonald, Hilton—played in the entrance hall while the company assembled.

Shortly before eight o'clock, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., Chief of the Society, entered the hall, accompanied to the platform by the following gentlemen, viz.:—Provost Lyon-Mackenzie, Professor Blackie, Capt. Fraser of Balnain, Bailie Simpson, Bailie Macbean, Bailie Baillie, Bailie Davidson, Inverness; Captain Chisholm of Glassburn; Dr George F. Forbes, Bombay Army; Dr Carruthers, of the "Inverness Courier"; Sheriff Macdonald, Inverness; Councillor Huntly Fraser, Inverness; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Church Street, Inverness; Dr George Duncan, Conchra, Lochalsh; Councillor P. Falconer, Inverness; Dr Bryce, of Glasgow; Councillor Noble, Inverness; Professor Black, Aberdeen; Rev. Dr Mackenzie, Silverwells; Rev. Alexander Macgregor, Inverness; Rev. Lachlan Maclachlan, Gaelic Church, Inverness; Rev. J. W. Wright, Inverness; Rev. A. Macdonald, Queen Street Free

Church, Inverness; Rev. A. D. Mackenzie, Beauly; Messrs Alex. Dallas, Town-Clerk; Allan Macdonald, Commissioner for The Mackintosh; H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-clerk of Inverness-shire; D. Macrae, Fernaig; Wm. Jolly, Inspector of Schools; Walter Carruthers, Gordonville; Alex. Ross, architect; M. E. Mather of Glen-Druidh; H. Fraser, Balloch; James Cumming, Allanfearn; John Murdoch, editor of the Highlander; Angus Nicolson, editor of the Gael; R. Scott, solicitor, Inverness; James Ross, solicitor, Inverness; D. Macrae, Camusunary; Duncan Macrae, Ardintoul; Ewen Macrae, Ardtulloch, Australia; Simon Fraser, banker, Lochcarron; A. R. Macraild, Lochalsh; A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Alex. Mackenzie, Secretary of the Society, and Hugh Mackay, deputy from the Ossianic Society of Greenock.

Apologies for absence were announced from the following:—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart. of Ballindalloch; General Sir Patrick Grant; Major Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, 93d Highlanders; Professor Geddes, Aberdeen University; Dr Maclauchlan, Edinburgh; Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay; Captain Gordon Macpherson of Cluny; Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie, Poyntzfield; Osgood H. Mackenzie of Inverewe; Angus Mackintosh of Holme; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; and E. W. Mackintosh of Raigmore.

The Chief having taken the chair, commenced the proceedings with the following address:—Before proceeding to make some remarks apposite to our present meeting, I take this opportunity, the first which has presented itself, of thanking, as I do now sincerely thank, the Society for electing me to the honourable post of its Chief. Nearly three years have elapsed since I last had the pleasure of being present at one of your meetings, and though many events have since occurred, the pleasure of presiding at the supper in December 1872 occasionally passes across my mind as an agreeable reminiscence. It was right that Inverness, as the capital and centre of the Highlands, should have taken a decided part in a movement intended to preserve not only the past literature and traditions of the Highlands, but also to do something for the vindication and conservation of Highland feeling and Highland interests in the present. I may add that this was the more necessary because there is, and has always been in Inverness, what may without invidiousness be termed a foreign element, valuable in many respects, but still an element which, in so far as regards the objects of our Society, has exercised a paralysing influence, not merely within the town and immediate neighbourhood, but over the Highlands generally. For a considerable time land was locked up by

strict entails, or in the hands of impoverished proprietors. Communication was difficult, prices fluctuated, and the general tendency was the enlargement of farms, and the still greater impoverishment of the people; and it had become too much the practice, not only in the North, but over the kingdom, to decry the Highlander, whilst the periodic occurrence of famine was said to demonstrate that emigration was the proper and only destiny of the Highlanders. From a combination of causes, the population in the Highlands has steadily diminished, and while agricultural prices have risen, labour has done so in a still greater degree, and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the prospect of many of our Highland small farmers, crofters, and peasants being bettered, are of a sombre character. In these circumstances, it occurred to several, some of whom are now present, that it would be a right thing to establish here, in the capital of the Highlands, a society from which should emanate a desire for the collection and preservation of much that is interesting of a glorious past, and for the furtherance and fostering of efforts for the amelioration of the present. As Highlanders, we are proud of our country, and particularly proud of our descent. This sentiment ought to animate us in our career through life. Who among us, I may ask, and let him look over the whole world, would have been born other than he is? Is this, then, not of value? I say it is of a value the wealth of India cannot purchase; and from the inheritance we derive as the offspring of a race eminently sober, chaste, and warlike, we enter upon the arena of life under great advantages. While, then, we are to be, in the present, busy, active, and persevering, the loyal sons of a beloved Queen who rules over an unhomogeneous, but still united people, it should be our anxious care to preserve and hold by the virtues and example of those who have gone before us. In so doing we are fulfilling our proper part and laying a sure foundation for gaining the respect and sympathy of those who come after. We do not, of course, arrogate too much to ourselves and our exertions, but since our Society was started, about four years ago, a great impetus has been given to Gaelic spirit, and numerous associations with kindred objects in view have sprung into existence; the great movement for a Celtic Chair has been organised, and is now being brought to a successful issue; and a newspaper specially devoted to Highland interests has been established. Our Society has published some interesting and valuable information. The volume now passing through the press I have had the pleasure of looking over, and I can say that it is superior to any of the previous ones. I will single out the translation of the "Dan an Deorg,"

by our townsman, Mr Lachlan Macbean. If nothing else were in the volume, it would be worth the 3s. 6d. charged to *non*-members. Mr Mackintosh Shaw's paper as to the unfortunate occurrence in the 42d Regiment is a most interesting historical paper, and the paper by Dr Maclauchlan is also of scientific value. We are honoured with the presence here to-night of several distinguished men who are to speak on specific topics in which our Society is interested, and I have been requested to devote myself to one in which the Society has taken a special interest, viz., the teaching of the mother tongue in the schools in Gaelic-speaking districts. Formerly, as you are aware, the parish schools were under the charge of the heritors and presbyteries, who had the chief control of the subjects taught. Under this government some regard was paid to the Gaelic language, and more particularly the reading of the Gaelic Bible and the Catechism were taught as ordinary lessons over a wide district. This, though feeble and limited in area, did serve to keep up, as it were, a glimmer of the language in a fundamental subject. By the Education Act of 1872, Government took the matter under its own control, and it is with Government we Highlanders have now to deal in the matter of teaching Gaelic. It is almost childish to assert that a child must make more progress in the mother tongue than in a foreign language, yet there has been such a desire to obliterate the Gaelic language, which has been falsely charged as the real cause of the Highlander's inferior position, that the teaching in the mother tongue has been ignored as far as possible. The limited education which poor children could receive was thus of little use; the child at home heard and spoke nothing but Gaelic; on his way to and from school, in the playground with his companions, Gaelic alone was used; and in these circumstances what else could be expected, but that English and other branches were taught to him, not as a thing which he understood, but "learnt by heart," to use a common school expression. This child, when he left school, which depended much on the wealth or poverty of the parent, accordingly never having had his intellect awakened, or curiosity excited, gradually lost the little knowledge he acquired, and the general results were what all of us must deplore. Now there is a danger of these evils being continued. We do not desire that the Gaelic children only learn their own language properly; far from it. We desire that they be placed in that position from which alone they can compete with fairness in the race of life with their fellows. It will not do to ignore the existence of the language. No mistake can be greater. Everything

has been done to carry out this object, but while the object has not been attained, and Gaelic is still loved and treasured by the people, they themselves are probably in a lower and more hopeless condition. Let us see what will be the effect of teaching Gaelic in schools under the present system. In the first place, there is the great advantage that children must attend a much longer period than the average under the old voluntary system. Thus we may reasonably expect that what is learnt at school will have a more lasting effect. Next, with regard to the Gaelic-speaking children, the basis should be, which is the best mode by which the required information and knowledge can be attained? We say it can be done by utilizing the Gaelic language, whereby the intellect and curiosity of the child are awakened, and he then begins to comprehend what he is being taught; the spirit of emulation next comes into operation, and without losing his Gaelic, but actually by means of it, the child comes to be master of the subjects communicated, and will be better able to go through life than the English child. When he leaves school, understanding what he has been taught, he will, as far as his means allow, continue the study of English and English literature necessarily as the leading language, though he need not forget his mother tongue. Would any one of us who knows Gaelic say, I wish I had it not, or knowing other languages, would say the same of them? On the Continent many commercial men, and these the most successful, speak six or eight languages. I conclude by observing that possessing a knowledge of Gaelic will be of great help, and its teaching in the manner suggested the most important boon which could be bestowed on the people. Is the Government, however, friendly to these views? By no means; and it will require decided movement and petitions from every Gaelic-speaking district to awaken the Education Department to a sense of the true position. If this be done, and I am thereby enabled to present as it were an unbroken front on behalf of all those concerned, I shall early next session give notice of moving a resolution on the subject in the House of Commons, and support it to the best of my power by a simple narrative of the failure of past modes of dealing with the education of the Highland peasant, and the certainty of success by the manner I have indicated. All depends on the number and extent of the petitions. I commend, as an example, that which I presented this session from the parish of Gairloch, signed by upwards of 600 persons, including its honoured and popular proprietor, and every one of influence within its bounds. It is to the credit of the Inverness poet, Macdonald, now dead, that about

thirty years ago a petition in verse was first sent to Parliament by him in favour of this Celtic Chair, which Professor Blackie has done so much to establish. In standing up for fairness being dealt out to the Gaelic-speaking districts and in preserving the language, which, having been handed down to us, we are bound to transmit, our Society is acting an important part; and in conclusion, as to Gaelic generally, slightly altering the famous Cornish rhyme, let this be our determination—

Before the Gaelic die !
Before the Gaelic die !
Ten times thirty thousand Highland men
Shall know the reason why,
Shall know the reason why.

The Reel of Tulloch was then danced by Messrs John Macpherson, James Gordon, James Finlay, and Peter Stuart, Strathspey. The performance was loudly applauded. Miss Annie Ferrier, accompanied by Miss Maclernan on the pianoforte, sang very prettily "The Piper of Dundee," which was also heartily cheered.

Mr Macandrew next addressed the meeting. He assumed that they were all agreed on one point—that the Gaelic language was well worth preserving, especially by those who, whether they spoke it or not, bore Highland names, and were descended from Highlanders. Now, why was it so well worth preserving? They would admit this—that if the population was to be brought more and more into contact with people of another race; if they and their sons, and their sons' sons, must look for success in life elsewhere than on the soil of their country, then the speaking of Gaelic alone must be a disadvantage. Again, without disparaging the literary remains of the Highlands—he admired them as heartily as any man—still, the language did not contain such a body of literature as to make it worth preserving merely on that account. In a philological point of view, Gaelic was most interesting. The history of the human race, as traced in its language, would be incomplete—would want one of its most important links—if Gaelic were forgotten. But this was a subject of more interest to philologers and literary men than to men of the world. And yet, though he did not speak Gaelic, he desired as heartily as any of them to have it preserved; and he contended that it should be preserved, because it was the language which their ancestors spoke—which expressed the hopes and fears, the heroism and poetry of the race from which

they came. To justify that sentiment, they must be able to show that the race was a worthy one. He did not wish to exaggerate their qualities; he would not point to exceptional examples of men who had ruled in camps, in cities, and in Parliaments, for there was no town or county which could not point to such exceptional instances. Rather they should look at what the race had done in its general character—at what the average Highlander could do, or had done, or was likely to do again. The Highlander only became thoroughly known about 1745, and he must have lived for a long period pretty much in the state which he then occupied. There were, perhaps, a good many still living who had spoken to those who had known people who had taken part in the '45. It had been his own lot to come into contact with a few old persons who were familiar with men of that period; and so far as he could gather, the state of society then was not very different from what it was within living recollection. No doubt, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie said, there were in the Highlands "lawless, broken men, who lived on their chiefs, and were ready to do anything;" but the great majority, he believed, must have been, on the whole, a peaceable, orderly, industrious, pastoral and agricultural population—a people who obeyed the law and cultivated the land to the best of their ability, and who above all loved and protected and helped the poorer members of the community. The Stuarts had been absent fifty-seven years; almost no man capable of bearing arms could have known anything about them; and yet a young man landed in an outlandish place on the West Coast, without help, apparently without means or money, without anything in his favour except a principle—and the whole population—those peaceable herdsmen, and shepherds, and agriculturists—rose in arms, and staked their whole prosperity in this world on the hazard. The age of chivalry was said to be long past, but here was an instance of as real chivalry, as real devotion, as could be found in any age or country in the world. And he thought, when all the incidents and accidents of time and circumstances had disappeared —they had hardly done so yet—and when the events of that period were looked at in the pure light of history, the true worth of that chivalry would be fully acknowledged and celebrated. He hoped that when the deeds of that period were sung, they would be sung in the native language, and in strains worthy of the heroic time. Later, when the country required the services of stalwart, brave, and honest soldiers, the Highlands poured forth their sons in numbers he would be afraid to mention, to fight the nation's battles. He would not dwell on the military qualities of the race

—qualities which they possessed in common with other peoples, though he believed none ever surpassed them. No regiments in the world bore prouder banners than did the Highland regiments. But he would not speak of the two or three hundred men who carried the heights of Mount St Jean; he would rather for the present refer to the thousands who served for years in the field and in quarters. In the records of a dozen regiments there was no sign of insubordination or disorder; and in one case, perhaps after twenty years' service, the first man who was convicted of a dishonourable crime was bought out of the regiment by his comrades. When the regiments were assembled on parade to witness punishment, the commanding officer was known to have ordered the 93d off the ground, as the sight was unfit for men with characters like theirs. The characteristic of those Highland soldiers was orderliness, good conduct, the utter want of dishonourable crime. Surely, then, the language had been rendered illustrious by the deeds of the men who spoke it. And if the language was worth preserving, he wished to ask whether the race was not worth preserving too? It was worth their while to consider the circumstances under which that race grew up and flourished. What enabled them to send out men not only courageous, stalwart, manly, and independent, but orderly and God-fearing, in every relation of life? Not long ago, with reference to the question of a disputed march, he had a conversation with a very old man, who, in his simple way, drew quite an Arcadian picture of his early days, as he herded his mother's cows on the side of a burn, and sat on a stone in the water with his young companion. "Perhaps," said the old man, as he described the scene, "you don't know that it is different now from what it was then, for then the poorest man had a bit of land." In those days every man was allied to the soil, and possessed part of it, on which he reared his cattle and his corn, and lived on what he reared. But great changes had occurred. The potato came, and enabled people to live on smaller patches of land; great sheep runs became common, and the poor people were crowded down to the seashore; grouse came, deer came, and everything went against the Highlander. The flats of the straths, where the old race used to flourish, always in comparative comfort, often in considerable comfort, were now waste; and ruins of bothies were all that remained to speak of those who had made the Gaelic language illustrious. He was not prepared to advocate any radical measures, and he had no desire to say anything offensive; but he put it to this meeting whether, while advocating the preservation of the Gaelic language, they should not also urge upon those whom the Almighty had blessed

with large possessions, to make an effort to re-introduce that state of things in which the true Highlander alone could flourish? The Duke of Sutherland was now, greatly to his credit, doing something in that way; and, in the words of a man who knew the Highlands well, he hoped the scheme had not come a day too late —when there was really no population left to occupy the small farms thus created. As a gillie or as a shepherd, the Highlander must decay; the true nature of the man could only come out when he possessed his own place in his own Highlands, and when, whether reared in a bothie or in a cottage, he felt himself to be the independent master of a family.

Mr James Fraser, Glasgow, sang a Gaelic song, *Soraidh bhuan do Chòmhail,* for which he was heartily encored; and on coming back he sang, amidst renewed applause, *Cabarfeidh.*

Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., West Church, Inverness, said—Is fhad o'n thubhairt Gaidheal treun agus gaisgeil araidh, a bha ann roimh so "Is e fear mo chridhe an cruadal"—ach a'n aite sin, theirinn-sa a nis le mor-fhirinn, "Is e fear mo chridhe-sa Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis." Tha e ro thaitneach r'a smuaineachadh agus r'a chluinntinn g'um bheil gach cuis a' soirbheachadh leis a' Chomunn so—gu'm bheil a bhuill a' dol a'n lionmhorachd—a chumhachd a' dol a'm farsuingeachd, agus a chliu air a sgaoileadh air feadh na'n cearn' as iomallaich 'san tir. Agus cha bheag an t-urram a chuireadh air a chomunn air an fheasgar so fein leo-san uile a ta lathair, chum an deagh-dhurachd fein a nochdadh, agus chum am mor-speis fein do'n chuideachd a leigeadh ris, gach aon fa leth ann am briathraibh tla agus tuigseach, agus ann an oraidibh lan teas-ghraidh agus deagh-ghean do na h-uile. Nach cumhachdach an comhnuidh an t-Ollamh Blackie? Nach dileas, treun 'Bun Lochabuir? Nach ealanta, deas, an caraid daimheil, an t-Uasal Tearlach Friseil Mac-an-Toisich? Ach cha'n eil ni sam bith anns a' chairdeas agus anns a' chaoimhneas a ta air am foillseachadh mar so aig an am, ach na ghlan-thoill Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis gu maith agus gu ro mhaith. Thoill iad e air son na spairne cruaidh a ta iad 'a deanamh chum na Gailig a neartachadh, ath-leasachadh, agus a theagasg anns gach uilinn agus oisinn dhe'n Ghaidhealtachd. An uair tha e dligheach do gach ard agus iosal aig am bheil spiorad an duthchais 'nan cridhe, mor-thaing a thoirt do gach ball de'n Chomunn, air son an dian-dhurachd ann a bhi 'cumail suas gach reachd agus cleachd, gach modh agus measarrachd a bhuineas go na Gaidheil, tha cliu agus buidheachas gu'n choimeas dligheach gu h-araidh do'n Run-chleireach threun agus thuigseach aca—Alastair Mac-Coinnich—air son na saoithreach, an eid, agus

an dian-dhealais a ta do ghnath air an nochdadh leis, chum a bhi ag eiridinn agus a' dionadh na Gailig anns gach sgireachd far am bheil i 'ga labhairt! Tha dian-dhuthchas a' deachdadh inntinn an Run-chleirich le tabhachd do-cheannsachaidh, agus le dealas gu'n choimeas aig gach am, agus is cudthromach na nithe a bheirear gu crich le fior dhuthchas! Tha'n sean-fhocal ag radh gu'n "D'theid duthchas an aghaidh nan crag," ach cruaidh mar chreig, agus daingeann mar "Chlachnacudain," sheas esan an aghaidh na muinntir sin leis am bu mhiann a' Ghailig oirdheirc e smaladh as, agus a ruagadh gu'n mhoille gu'n bhaigh as gach tigh-searmoin, tigh-sgoile, agus tigh-comhnuidh 'sa Ghaidhealtachd air fad! Tha deagh fhios gur e an Run-chleireach a thug bith agus co'-dhealbhadh air thus do'n Chomunn so, agus a bha riamh o sin a' dol gu dhuian 'ga neartachadh. Chum na criche so, mar an ceudna, tha'n "t-Ard-Albannach" air mhireadh le tlachd agus toil chum gach cuis adhartachadh a bhuineas do shliochd 'nan Garbhchrioch, agus chum an staid ath-leasachadh! Cha'n 'eil uin' agam 'san am gu bhi' leudachadh air buaidhibh, aois, oirdheirceas, cumhachd, agus co'-dhealbhadh na Gailig, ach gu'n abair mi ann a'm briathraibh a' Bhaird Ghriogairich:—

"Co thairgeadh dhi mi-mhodh,
'S nach cumadh am miagh i?
'S gur i Ghailig bha sgriobhta,
Air na clachanna criche,
Anns gach ionad dhe'n rioghachd,
Ged' bha i fuidh mhi-ghean,
Tha i nise a' direadh,
'S gu'm mair i gu dilinn,
Mar 'bha i 'sna linntibh o thus!
Mar 'bha i, &c."

Cha'n 'eil uin' agam an nochd gu bhi 'cur an ceill mor-luach na Gailig mar chainnt a ta air a labhairt leis na muilleanaibh sluaigh ann an Alba', ann an Eirinn, 'n-America, 'n-Australia, agus ann an iomadh cearnaidh eile dhe'n t-saoghal, agus mar chainnt a ta air a searmonachadh ann an tri no ceithir cheud sgireachd air feadh na Gaidhealtachd againn fein. Tha e, uime sin, an aghaidh nadair, an aghaidh reusoin, an aghaidh tuigse, agus an aghaidh fior cheartuis, gu'm biodh a' Ghailig air a druideadh suas ann an cuil; seadh, gu'm biodh i air a muchadh, agus air a fogradh air falbh as na sgoilean againn air feadh na Gaidhealtachd air fad! Tha gu'n teagamh iomadh caraid aig a' chanain mhaisich so,

cairdean mora, foghluimte, ealanta, agus ullamh gu comhnadh a dheanamh leatha, ann an am na h airc a's na h-eigin. Ach mo chreach ! tha mar an ceudna iomadh namhaid aice, daoine goil-eamach, caoin-shuarach, meadh-bhlath, daoine leis an comadh co dhiubh a bhios a' Ghailig ann no as, ach, ciod as miosa na sin uile, cha'n eil riaghailtean na rioghachd, no reachdan ura 'na sgoilean fein, a' toirt misnich, no duais, no luchd-teagaisg seachad chum an oigridh arachadh suas ann an eolas air cainnt am mathar fein. Tha so, gu'n teagamh, cianail. Cha'n 'eil cairdean na Gailig ag iarruidh gu'm biodh a' chlann air an teagasg an toiseach anns a' Ghailig 'na h-aonar, ach gu'n toisicheadh iad leis a' Bheurla, gu'n rachadh iad air an aghaidh leatha, ach, aig an am cheudna, gu'm biodh a' Ghailig air a cleachdadh gach latha. Seasadh an da chanain taobh ri taobh, faigheadh iad le cheile ceartas gu'n leth-bhreith, agus an uair a ghlaodhas a' Bheurla a mach a' beul a' bhrogaich bhig' ud --"*House, bridge, hill, horse, tree, stone,*" ann an sin, glaodhadh a' Ghailig a mach 'sa mhionaid sin, "Tigh, drochaid, beinn, each, craobh, clach," mar sin, leughar agus tuigear an da chainnt comhladh, builichear beannachd air an obair, giulainear gach ni air aghaidh le ciuineas agus ceartas, bheirear mor-thoilinntinn do gach Comunn Gaidhealach 'san rioghachd gu leir, agus cha'n fhaighear "Clachnacudain" air deireadh 'san iolach-aoibhneis, a thaobh leas aimsireil agus spior-adail shliochd 'nam beann ! A' Chomuinn ionmhuinn, beannachd leibh, agus a nis gabhaibh a' chomhairle a thugadh seachad le seann Bhard a' Chnuic Mhuire, a thubbairt mar a leanas :—

"Cumaibh suas an comunn brathaireil,
'Bh' aig ar sinnsear 'n tir nan ard-bheann,
Cridhe caoimhneil, saoibhear, pairteach,
Lan do dh' aoibhness 'Chlann nan Gaidheal !'

"Sliochd nan curaidh, buadhach, treubhach,
Sheasadh suas an guaillibh cheile;
'S muirneach, smachdail, reachdmhor, eudmhor,
Luchd nam breacan dathte 'n-fheilidh.

"Dream tha rioghail, dileas, sgairteil,
'N am dol sios le piob fo bhratach;
'S ard an inntinn, 's cinnteach, beachdail,
Siol na Feinn' nach pill le gealtachd !"

Mr Peter Stewart then danced with spirit "Gillie Callum," for the neat execution of which he was greatly applauded. Selections

of pipe music were next given by Pipe-Majors Maclennan and Watt, and Macdonald, after which the second part of the programme was entered upon. Miss Maclennan sang, with great taste and feeling, "Bonnie Scotland," and was encored.

The Chairman explained that, owing to the illness of a daughter of the Rev. Mr Stewart's (Nether-Lochaber), he was unable to be present that evening. He had received a letter from him in which he expressed his regret at this, but promised to make up for it by contributing a paper to the next volume of "Transactions." Mr Hugh Mackay, of Greenock, representing the Greenock Ossianic Club, had kindly consented to supply his place, and he would now address them.

Mr Mackay said—I came here as the representative of the Greenock Ossianic Club. By all right, Inverness is the place from whence all representations should go forth to Highland lairds and London lords in reference to the Highlands. With your various facilities, your geographical position, and, best of all, your inhabitants being Highlanders, you have every advantage. Now, if you are going to retain the honour of your ancient town and of men worthy of the names which you bear, you must, without hesitation or fear, impress your chiefs and landholders with the duty of re-peopling their lands with the native race, and removing all the barriers and difficulties which may stand between them and bettering the peasant population. If you do not thus stand forward, we on the banks of the Clyde will remove your candlestick out of its place, and take the good, godly, patriotic work out of your hands, and frame a measure which will compel the landowners of this country to direct their attention more to the cultivation and reclamation of the land in their possession than to the rearing of deer and grouse. Then, again, our chiefs would be valued for their numerous and happy tenantry, and not for their sheep walks and deer forests, and the tenant's wealth and happiness would be centred in an affectionate landlord that would not allow factor or ground officer to do as he pleased; but to speak to them as a man would do to his friend. Then our Saxon neighbours would visit us oftener, and in greater numbers than ever, to breathe the pure air of our Highland hills, and drink at our fountains and streams; smell the fragrance of our valleys, and partake of our Scotch cakes and venison, and of the fish of our sandy bays and mountain streams, all flavoured with the essence of Highland hospitality. Then our commanders-in-chief will not have to complain of having nothing better than the refuse of our cities to fill the ranks of the army, for they will have the best of

men, nurtured amid our Highland hills, and filled with the spirit of their forefathers in genuine Highland schools. Our dress was proscribed, but it has been restored. Our language has been voted out of fashion; but, thanks to Professor Blackie, and to this and similar glorious Celtic meetings, our language will soon be restored to us. And these are assurances to us, that if the Gaelic Society of Inverness is true to itself, to its principles, and to its country, our land will also soon be restored to us.

Professor Blackie, on rising, was received with cheering frequently renewed. Folding his arms, the Professor addressed his audience—Mr Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, members of the Gaelic Society, citizens of Inverness, and big sheep farmers from all parts of the country, I have now been about forty years practising occasionally the art of thinking aloud, or thinking on my legs, and I have never during that time been able to suppress my repugnance to giving what is called an address. I could give you a lecture or a sermon. I have preached before, and I hope to preach again—not certainly in the style you do it in Gaelic—but yet in a passable way. I could give you a song—a Gaelic song, too—and if it was not for these reporters, that will not allow a man to be natural, I might sing you a Gaelic song now. But I must preserve my dignity before them, and give them nothing to tell that would not be suitable to the dignity of the Professor of Greek in the metropolitan city of Scotland. Well, if it was not for these reporters, I should sing to you "*Ho mo Mhairi laghach*," or "*Gum a slan a chi mi.*" But I have no doubt, if this movement continues, every Professor in broad Scotland will be proud to sing Gaelic songs. Ay, and compose Gaelic songs too. He congratulated them on the revived interest in Celtic literature, and the prospect of establishing the Celtic Chair. I certainly, he said, did not hope or believe that in twelve months—it is not twelve months—that in eight months, we should not only have laid the base of the cairn, but should actually have raised the whole cairn—this cairn for the study of Celtic literature, philology, and song. We have raised it, I say, triumphantly, by the aid of such as our Chairman, such noblemen as the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Bute; such of our scholars as Sir William Stirling Maxwell and Lord Neaves; and by the sympathy expressed by Professors in London, Oxford, and Cambridge; by the countenance of her Majesty the Queen—who only lends her gracious support to things worth supporting—and the cairn only now requires to be topped. Faith removes mountains. "Whatever a man dares, he can do." By the grace of God, I

dared to attempt to establish this Chair—*I* dared it, and *you* dared it, and we have done it. It is not generally so much a hostility to what is good that prevents a thing being done, but ignorance and indifference that requires to be stirred up, and walked into with swords, and, if necessary, with red-hot pokers, and bellows to blow up the dying embers. Go to the people, and you will find them ready to support you, that is, if you have the right inspiration. There are two classes who wish this Gaelic language of ours dead. There are those who want the people to be sent to America; and those men of science who would have it dead to-morrow, who have expressed a wish to have it dead, that they might have its body to cut up and dissect. But even these men have expressed the feeling that, if it were extinguished to-morrow, there should be an Academic exposition of the Celtic languages. They all confess this is the right thing to be done, and it has been approved of by the highest authority in this country, who never puts her name to anything that is not noble and worthy of that exalted name. True, it ought to be studied scientifically, as we study the skeleton of the Dodo, or any other extinct animal; but still I think that a living dog is always better than a dead lion. I value Gaelic as the language of the Gaelic people. I love the Gaelic people. They are a people that have performed a noble part in the history of this country. We Scotch, English-speaking or Gaelic-speaking, are Gaels. Our very names prove that we are. And I say that it is a disgrace and a shame to us, inheriting that blood—the combination of the Celtic fire with the stubbornness and the sagacity of the Saxon—to say that this Gaelic language has existed only to be kicked out of the world. I will go a good deal further than Mr Macandrew. Where is Mr Macandrew? I say I'll go a good deal further than you; and maintain that Gaelic is so rich in its stores of everything that is noble in a literature, that it not only rewards those who study it, but brings discredit on those belonging to the country who don't study it. We are not called upon to prove that it contains a literature like that of Greece and Rome, but I say to all those who are born in the Highlands, to all those who breathe the Highland air, there is a literature of the utmost possible value. It is a good deal more extensive than that which we call Scottish literature. Our literature consists of popular songs. Now, I say with perfect honesty, in face of Professor Black there, or a Professor Blackie—I say that I value these Scottish songs, that I have got from these Scottish songs more than I have got from Homer, Aristotle, or Plato; or from all of them put together. The Scottish songs are full of wisdom

—the wisdom of life, sagacity, humour, pathos; full of everything that makes a man a man; full of everything which constitutes poetry, true sublime poetry. It has been said that "poetry makes rich the blood of the world;" and I say that popular poetry makes rich the blood of the people. I have great respect for Mr Jolly and all school inspectors, and schoolmasters, and professors of course; but there is no book they can put into your hands so good and useful and inspiring as these songs, which are native to the atmosphere. And if I and all good Scotchmen rejoice in Scotch songs, and if all foreigners are delighted to hear Scotch songs, and if the greatest musical composers have stolen some of their best musical ideas from Scotch music, and if we are all proud of the noble inheritance we have received in them—then I say, what the Scotch song is to me the Gaelic song is to you, and a man is not true to you if he takes it from you, and you are not true to yourselves if you allow him to take it. I should like to know what a Highland schoolmaster gains by going up to Edinburgh and getting a smattering of Greek and Latin. You who are ignorant of these languages think him awfully learned, and no doubt he thinks himself so; but he would require to be a thorough Greek and Latin scholar before he could enjoy the good things which their poets wrote; and meantime he is neglecting or despising the beautiful strains of Alistar Macdonald, Duncan Ban Macintyre, and those fine poetic things written by nobody or everybody in the Highlands. You are essentially a lyrical people; I have heard a common woman express herself in the language of poetry; and it is a wretched affectation to stuff fragments of Greek and Latin down the throats of Highlanders, and stamp out the Gaelic which is natural to them—to throw cold water upon all their noblest aspirations, and cramp them with classical stays, instead of allowing them to breathe with freedom in the bracing air of their native mountains. I believe in the people, and in the language of the people, and the songs of the people, as the best means of popular education. Highlanders hear plenty sermons, and sermons are good, but they should have songs too; and with a sermon in his right hand, and a song in his left, and a sword where it ought to be, I will back the Highlander against the whole world. The value of a literature does not depend upon the bulk of it; if it did, what value would we set upon the Old Testament? It depends upon its intrinsic worth, and here it is the natural product of the Highland braes and the Highland heather. I could sing some of those fine old songs; I read translations of them before some of the most learned men in Oxford, and there was not one that did not *feel his bosom* thrill—yes, even those dignified

old square-caps. And I have seen beautiful ladies thrill with sympathy to the tips of their fingers, when I read some of those pathetic Highland lamentations. Highland poetry belongs to the country, and is characteristic of it, just as deerstalking is. Talk of deerstalkers—they are a most excellent race—and deerstalking is a sport by which some of our best soldiers were trained. And where will you find the poetry of the deerstalkers? where but in Duncan Ban? Why should not sportsmen make themselves familiar with a deerstalker who knew far more about sport than any Greek or Roman that ever wrote? Highland poetry is as characteristic of the Highlands as the heather is of the hills; and though you could remove the heather, and plant the soil with English roses, I would still say, give me back my heather. If you were to tell me to-morrow that you were to build me a beautiful cottage in the midst of Kew Gardens, on the banks of the Thames, and plant it all round with rare exotics, I would say, Let me lie upon a Highland brae, and keep your garden to yourself. That is human nature. Your language is yours in the same way that your mother is yours. There may be many handsomer women in the country, but only one woman who is my mother—who gave me milk and blood, and whom I claim as the noblest among women. And though my mother should turn old and wrinkled, and sit a dry grannie beside the smoky ingle, I would still sit and hear her old stories and her wise saws, and I would not kick her into the grave because she is going to die. We must all die some time, but why should we kick an old friend—our old Gaelic tongue—into the grave? The Professor went on to say that the moment Gaelic died, the Highlander died, for the one could not subsist without the other. Referring to the difficulties of the Gaelic language, he admitted it had its own peculiarities, and he had been speaking to a landed proprietor near Oban the other day, who said he had been studying it for twenty-five years, and had not made it out yet. But it was not a bridge that could not be passed; like the *pons asinorum*, it could be passed by all but asses. All languages had their difficulties. The sight of the Greek alphabet was enough almost to make some ladies faint; irregular verbs were an immense difficulty; and the gender of nouns in German was very hard to master. But Gaelic could be learned, and he told them the way to acquire it—by asking the names of common objects, and repeating them till they were firmly fixed in the mind. He could himself read Gaelic quite easily; and he could have learned the whole language in six months, if he had devoted himself to it with determination. He advised them to read the books issued by old Norman Macleod, brimful of character and

humour; and, in conclusion, he again urged them to preserve the Gaelic language and literature, so far as that could be done in a natural way. He did not ask any man to go out of his way to bolster it up. Those who had it might neglect it, and from love of foreign affectation, let it die; but learned men in Berlin, in Dresden, in Leipzig, in Cambridge, and in Oxford would study the language, and would wonder how the people who possessed it should trample it under their feet.

The rest of the entertainment consisted of singing and pipe-playing. Miss Maclernan, who presided at the piano, sang in her charming style several Scotch songs, for which she was repeatedly encored; and the three pipers—Pipe-Major Maclennan, Pipe-Major James Watt, and Macdonald—discoursed upon the national instrument.

Mr Fraser, Glasgow, was again called upon for a Gaelic song, and gave "Mairi Bhan Og," by Duncan Bàn Macintyre, which was heartily applauded. At the close,

Professor Black, of Aberdeen, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. He expressed his belief that, by meetings of this kind, and by petitions such as that sent from Gairloch, the Highland people would succeed in obtaining Gaelic teaching. He ventured to express a doubt if the Chairman was correct in saying that the Government was averse to the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools, and he hoped that they were not. He believed they required only to be educated, and to be told of a means whereby it could be best accomplished. Success, then, would entirely depend upon two conditions. The first was that the people of the Highlands should suggest a specific plan to the Government—a fair and reasonable plan, not one that would propose the teaching of Gaelic to the exclusion of all other subjects. The second was that the claim would be thoroughly backed up—outside the House of Commons by a united voice, and inside by their Members of Parliament.

The Chairman briefly replied, and having paid a warm compliment to the exertions of Mr Alex. Mackenzie, the secretary of the Society, and to the committee, for the successful manner in which they had arranged the present meeting, also to the pipers, dancers, singers, and speakers, and to Miss Maclernan for presiding at the pianoforte, proposed a vote of thanks to them all, which was heartily accorded. After the singing of "'Dhia Gleidh Bhan-righ," he declared the assembly at a close.

The speakers were heartily applauded throughout, and the meeting was a great success in every respect.

15th September 1875.

A special meeting of the Society was held this evening, at which it was unanimously agreed to record the thanks of the Society to the ladies and gentlemen who gratuitously rendered their services at the annual assembly in July. Mr Murdoch, on behalf of Mr Whyte, Temperance Hotel, Fort-William, handed the librarian a copy of an old edition of the Psalms of David. A committee was appointed to appeal to authors and the public generally for books for the library of the Society. The following new members were elected:—Mr C. S. Jerram, M.A., Windlesham, Surrey (honorary); Mrs Macfarlane, Denny, Stirling; Miss Macpherson, do., do.; Surgeon-Major General W. A. Mackinnon, C.B., Aldershot; Rev. John S. Mackay, J.P., the Manse, Poolewe; Rev. Dr Mackenzie, Silverwells, Inverness; Dr George Duncan, Conchra, Lochalsh; Mr C. Livingston, Fort-William; Mr A. Burgess, Caledonian Bank, Gairloch; Mr Roderick Macrae, Island of Eigg; Mr Simon Chisholm, Flowerdale, Gairloch; Mr Thomas Sinton, Nuide, Kingussie (all ordinary members); and Messrs Alexander Ross and John Mackintosh, 57 High Street, Inverness (both apprentice members).

14th October 1875.

At the meeting on this date, Mr James Fraser, manufacturer, 41 North Albion Street, Glasgow, presented the Society, through the Secretary, with a copy of the "History of the Scottish Metrical Psalms," by the Rev. J. W. Meeken. The Secretary at the same time presented a copy of Part I. of the "Kenlochewe Bard's Poems." In consequence of other engagements, Mr Alexander Mackenzie resigned the office of Secretary, which he held since the commencement of the year. The resignation was accepted, and a committee appointed to secure a suitable successor.

29th October 1875.

At this meeting the following new members were elected:—Mr Evan Macdonald, Banker, Buckie; the Rev. James Grant, the Manse, Ullapool; Mr W. C. Joass, Architect, Dingwall; and Mr James Macpherson, 38 Rose Street, Inverness. Further arrangements were made for the election of a new Secretary.

18TH NOVEMBER 1875.

At this meeting a letter was read from Mr G. J. Campbell, resigning office as Honorary Secretary, in consequence of his leaving Inverness. Mr Campbell's resignation was accepted, and Mr Wm. Mackay, Solicitor, appointed Honorary Secratary *ad interim*.

25TH NOVEMBER 1875.

At this meeting further arrangements were made with the view of electing a secretary.

2D DECEMBER 1875.

At this meeting, Mr Mackay, the Honorary Secretary, reported that, in compliance with the instructions of former meetings, he negotiated with Mr William Mackenzie, *Free Press* reporter, Inverness, anent the office of Secretary, and that Mr Mackenzie had consented to act on the terms proposed. Mr Mackenzie was accordingly elected unanimously Secretary to the Society. The meeting then set to make arrangements for the annual supper of the Society.

9TH DECEMBER 1875.

On this evening the Secretary, on behalf of Mr A. A. Carmichael, Benbecula, read the following sgeulachd :—

FIONNLADH CHOINNEACHAIN, MAC NA BANTRAICH.

[Sgialaiche, Domhnul Mac Cuithein, coitear, Fearann-an-lethe, faisg air Carbost, 'san Eilean Sgitheanach.]

Bha fear ann roimhe so ris an abairte Fionnladh Choinneachain, mac na Bantraich. Bha e na Shealgair, agus bha e fhein agus a phiuthar a' ga'ail mu cheile. Bha iad a' tamh ann am bothan beag fasaich, fad o laimh am measg nam beann, agus cha robh neach a' fuireach comhla riuth ach iad fhein. Bhiodh Fionnladh

a' falbh tra sa' mhaduin do'n bheinn sheilg; agus an uair a dh' fhàlbhadh e theireadh e r'a phiuthair "Na fosgail uinneag na h-airde tuath, 's na leig an tein' as." "Cha'n fhosgail mi uinneag, 's cha duin mi uinneag, 's cha leig mi 'n tein' as" theireadh a phiuthar. Ach 's e bh'ann gach ni shireadh a brathair oirre gun a dheanadh dheanadh ise, agus an rud a dh'iarradh e oirre dhianadh cha dianadh i. Dh'fhosgaileadh i uinneag na h-airde deas, agus dhuineadh i uinneag na h-airde tuath, agus leigeadh i an tein' as air chinn a brathair. Cha robh a' phiuthar agus a brathair idir a' riarachadh a cheile.

Thog Fionnladh air la bha sin agus falbhar mar gu'm bitheadh e 'dol bho'n bhaile. Bha e 'falbh agus a' ga'ail seallaidh uaith a's thuige, agus faiceas bothan beag bochd faisg air ceum an rathaid far nach fac e bothan roimhe riamh. Chuir am bothan neonachas air agus gabhar ga ionnsuidh. Bha seann bhoirionnach air urlar a' bhothain agus cha robh is taigh ach i fhein. Shir i air Fionnladh suidhe 'dheanadh, agus shuidh e. "Dean suidhe a mhic na bantraich" ors a chailleach. "Is math a's aithne dhomh do charamh agus do chor. 'S ann agad a tha 'n droch phiuthar a tha deonach cur as duit." "Am bheil?" ors esan. "Tha" ors a chailleach "agus mar chomharradh gu bheil, 'n uair a theid thu dhachaidh a nochd bithidh leaba lair luachair deanta taobh an tein' aice los thusa shuidhe oirre. Ach na suidh thus idir air an leaba làir luachair so, oir tha fuamhair fo'n luachair agus claidheamh geur gorm aige 'na laimh gus do mharbhadh. Ach dian thusa 'mhic na bantraich mar a shireas mis ort agus cha'n eagal duit," agus thug cailleach a' bhothain bhig seòladh no dha do mhac na bantraich mar a dhianadh e 'n uair a reachadh e dhachaidh.

Thill Fionnladh dachaidh agus choinnich a' phiuthar anns an dorus e le failte 's le furan. "A ghaoil 's mise ' rinn an t-socair dhuit a' nochd," ors ise, "gus thu fhein a' leigeil a d' shìneadh air, 'n uair a ghabhas tu do dhinneir gus an tig àm duit dol a laidhe. Rinn mi leaba shocrach luachair duit, agus a ghaoil 's i tha socair." Cha do leig Fionnladh dad air ach ghabh e staigh. Bha e na chleachdadh aige bhi nitheadh a chasan a chuile h-oidhche mu'n reachadh e 'laidhe; agus eirear agus thugar coire goileach uisge far an teine, agus cuirear sid na shuidhe air an leaba luachair a rinn a phiuthar dha, agus cha do shuidh e fhein idir oirre. A chiad chnàimh dheth an d' thug e 'n fheóil agus e aig a dhinneir thilg e sid a null thun nan con air an leaba luachair. Leum na tri choin mhora air an leaba luachair an deigh a' chnaimh agus leum iad air a cheile air son a' chnaimh. Agus cha luaithe thoisich na coin mhora ri sabaid na chuir iad car dhe'n choire

agus dhoirt iad an t-uisge goileach. Co leum a mach bho'n leaba luachair ach gu'm b'e am fuamhaire a' sgriachail, 's a' sgreadail, 's a' raoiceil, agus a mach an dorus a ghabh e, agus mach an dorus as a dheigh ghabh piuthar Fhionnlaidh, nighean na bantraich, agus thug iad uamh mhor nam fuathairean orra.

Bha Fionnla aig an taigh leis fhein, agus a chridhe air chrith leis an eagal, agus e gun fhios aige co mhionaid a dh-fhaodadh na fuathairean tighinn air a mhuin agus a mharbhadh

'Nuair a chaidh am fuathair dachaidh agus a chunnaic na fuathairean eile loisgt' e, leum am fuathair og air a' chois agus thuirt e, "'S mi fhein a theid a thoirt a mach torachd mo bhrathar." "Cha tu theid ann ach mis' " ors am fuathaire mor fhein. "Is e theid ann mi fhein," ors' a chailleach ghara-ghlas (gharbh-ghlas). "U cha'n e theid ann ach mise," ors' am fuamhair og agus e leum a mach dorus na h-uamh.

Bha Fionnla a' feitheamh a bhàis aig an taigh na 'bhothan beag fhein agus chual e sin a tighinn firream agus farram agus fuaim tairneanaich; clacha beaga dol an iochdar, 's clacha mora 'dol an uachhdar, 'sam poll ga shadradh 's na speura!

Co bha so ach am fuathair og, brathair an fhuathair loisgte, 's e tighinn a thoirt a mach torachd a bhrathar. "Fith! foth! fuagaire! (*nasal*) tha barradh (? baladh) an arrabhalaiach an so. Leig a staigh mi 'mhic na bantraich," agus leis a sin thilg e 'n dorus a staigh roimhe mar gu'm be duileag chail e.

Chuir Fionnla Choinneachain an da pheileir a bh' aige 'sa ghunna agus leig e sid ris an fhuathaire, ach cha d'rinn sin an gnothach air. Leum an sin na tri choin mhora na charamh agus riab, a 's dhochain iad e, agus eadar iad fhein 'us Fionnla mharbh iad am fuathair. Thug an sin Fionnla na coig cinn, na coig mill, 's na coig muineil bhar an fhuathaire agus cheangail e iad air gad. Bha oillt air Fionnla agus cha do charaich e mach as an taigh an oiche sin tuille. Ach mu b'fhada bha'n la gun tighinn cha b'fhaide na sin bha Fionnla gun fhalbh chum cailleach a' bhothain bhig. Thug e muillionn (? buillionn) chruinneachd agus stopa fion g'a h-ionnsuidh, ni a chord gu math rithe, agus cinn agus mill agus muineil an fhuathaire.

"*Bhuil* mata a lamh threun 'ciamar a dh'eirich dhuit an raoir?" ors a chailleach ri Fionnla. Dh'innis e dhi mar a thachair dha, agus gur h-iad na coin a chuir crioch air an fhuathaire.

"Tha feum air na coin fhein," ars a' chailleach, "ach cha tainig am feum orra fhathast."

Bha Fionnla cho siobhalta modhail ris a' chaillich agus a b' urrainn e, agus bha e fhein agus ise 'n cairdeas math. Thainig e

sin dachaidh ach mu thainig cha b'ann gu fois. Thainig an oidhche ach mu thainig cha b'fhada gus an cual e tighinn chum dorus a bhothain, firream agus farram agus fuaim tairneanaich, clacha beaga dol an iochdar, 's clacha mora dol an uachdar, a' s poll ga smuidreadh 's na speuran. "Thomh! thomh! uagaraiche! tha boladh an arrabhalaich a staigh a so—Leig a staigh mi mhic na bantraich—Ged a mharbh thu mo mhac an raoir cha mharbh thu mise nochd," agus leis a sin thilg e 'n dorus a staigh roimhe air an urlar agus chrionaich an taigh agus chrionaich am fear a bha a staigh, agus shaoil leis gu'n robh an taigh a nuas air a mhuin.

Chuir an sealgair an sin an da pheileir 'sa ghunna agus loisg e sid air an fhuathair ach cha tug e deargadh air. Chuir e sin a chlaidheamh ann agus cha mho rinn sin gnothach air, ach leum na tri choin mhora na bhad agus eatorra chuir iad as da.

Thug a sin an sealgair na coig cinn, na coig mill, agus na coig muineil bhar an fhuathaire mhoir agus thug e leis air a mhuin iad chum na caillich, agus muillionn chruinneachd agus stopa fion na laimh.

"A lamh thapaidh," ars' a chailleach 'nuair thainig Fionnla dhachaidh thuice, "ciamar a dh'eirich dhuit an raoir?" "Dh'eirich gu math," ors' esan; "tha crioch air an dithis ud co dhiu. Ach 's e na coin a chuir crioch air an fhear so cuideachd." "'S math a fhuaras thu a threin thapaidh agus is math a fhuaras na coin mhora, agus bha feum orra ach cha tainig am feum idir fhathast. 'S ann an nochd tha an cliu r'a dhearbhadh agad uile. Tha chailleach gharaghlas fhein a tighinn an nochd a thoirt a mach torachd a fir agus a mic *(? a dithis mhac)*. Tha i cho uamhasach 's gu bheil fiacaill aice na brod rothaid (? rathaid) air son a bhi reiteach na slighe dhi 'nuair a bhios i siubhal, agus fiacaill eile na brod griasaich air son reiteach an teine 'n uair a bhios i ga h-earraineadh fhein ris a bhlaths. Thig i nochd far am bheil thu ann am mìn mhodhalachd 's an ciuin ceanalas agus iarraidh i ort a leigeil is taigh. Tha i an rùn do bheatha thoirt dhiot. Ach dian thusa mar a shireas mis' ort agus cha 'n eagal dhuit" agus dhinnis i dha mar a ghnàthaicheadh se e fhein an déigh dol dachaidh.

Thainig mac na bantraich dhachaidh g'a bhothan bochd fhein agus O! bha eagal gun chiall air. Thuit an oidhche 's mu thuit thainig a' chailleach gharaghlas thun dorus bothan mhic na bantraich gu ciuin foi'eachail foi'idneachail, agus shir i air mac na bantraich a leigeil is taigh. "Leigidh," ors esan, "mu gheallas tu gu'm bi thu modhail gu maduinn 's nach cuir thu dragh ormsa." "'U cha chuir mi car dhiom," ors ise, "'s leig is taigh mi," agus leig Fionnladh is taigh a' chailleach gharaghlas.

Shuidh a' chailleach gharraghlas mhòr air taobh shuas an teine, agus shuidh an sealgair air taobh shios an teine. Cha b'fhada mar sin gus an d'eirich a' chailleach agus shuidh i air taobh thall an teine agus dh'eirich Fionnladh ('s bha 'n t-am aige) 's shuidh e air taobh bhos an teine. Bha na tri choin mhora feadh an taigh agus thuirt a' chailleach cholgail gharraghlas ri Fionnladh—"Eirich a mhic na bantraich agus cuir ial air do chuid chon." "U cha dian na coin blasad coire," ors eise. "U feumaidh tu 'n cea'al co-dhiu," ors ise, "Cha'n eil sian agam leis an cea'ail mi iad," ors an sealgair. "Bheir mi fhein dhuit tri riobaine ròbach ruadha far bràigh mo chinn phiollaich pheallaich 'a ghleidheadh an long mhor air a h-acair fad nan seachd bliadhna." Thug i sid dha agus chuir eise na tri ròineagan riobacha ruadha, 'na phoca an àite an cur air na coin agus thug e air na coin laidhe ann an cuil mu achanan (? amh achan) a cheile mar air lothain.

"An do cheangail thu na coin a mhic na bantraich ?" orsa chailleach gharaghlas. "Cheangail" orsa mac na bantraich, "nach eil thu ga'm faicinn ceangailte thall 'sa chuil ?" Shuidh iad a sin a sios aig taobh an teine—mar a bha iad roimhe—mac na bantraich air an dara taobh agus a' chailleach gharaghlas air an taobh eile.

"Cha chreid mi fhé' a' chailleach nach eil thu 'fas mor" ors mac na bantraich. "'U cha 'n eil a ghraidh" ors ise; "cha 'n eil ann ach m' iteagan a's m' oiteagan ag eiridh ris a' ghealbhan." Tiota beag an deigh sin thuirt an sealgair ris a' chaillich, "Gu dearbh a chailleach cha chreid mi nach eil thu 'fas mor." "Aobh cha'n eil" ors ise; "a bheil ann a mhacain ach m' iteagan a's m' oiteagan a' togail ris a' ghealbhan ?" An ceann greis an deigh sin thuirt eise rist—"Tha thu 'fas mor co-dhiu a chailleach, gabh gu math no gu h-olc e." "Tha mi 'fas cho mor a mhic na bantraich 's ge do mharbh thu le d' charachd 's le d' sheoltachd m' fhear an raoir 's mo mhac air a mhor raoir gu'm marbh mise thus an nochd" agus leum a' chailleach gharaghlas air a bonnaibh agus chrionaich an taigh fo 'casan, agus leum mac na bantraich air a bhonnaibh cuideachd 's mar h-e bu luaithe cha 'n e dad bu mhaille. Chaidh iad a sin am badaibh a cheile 's ghabh iad a mach an dorus gu taobh a muigh an taighe. Agus leum na tri choin mhora mach as an deigh. Shin iad an sin air a cheile—Fionnla Choinneachain mac na bantraich, agus a Chailleach Ghara ghlas, bean an fhuamhaire mhoir agus mathair nam fuamh-airean oga, 's mo chreach bi sin a charrachd! Chuireadh iad toin-neadh thall a's car a bhos dhiubh, lúb shios a's laidhe shuas (? orra) a's threo'adh iad an gar'alach cruaidh-ghlas le'n casan mar a mhachair mhin bhog, a's dhianadh iad a bhogain an aodann gach

cruaidh chreagain ; 'n uair bu lagha bhitheadh iad fotha bhitheadh iad fotha gu'n glúinean 's an uair bu mhutha bhitheadh iad fotha bhitheadh iad fotha gu'n súilean !

Chuimhnich mac na bantraich air fhein 's air a dhaimh 's air a dhaoine agus smaoinich e aige fhein gu'n robh e fad o charaid agus faisg air a namhaid agus chuir e 'n car sunntach siubhlach suigeartach dheth agus chuir e chailleach gharaghlas air a druime direach, agus bhrist e asna foipe 's gairdean os a cionn !

" Leig air mo chois mi mhic na bantraich " ars a' chailleach. " Cha leig" ars eise, " gus an innis thu dhomh gu de d'eirig." " Tha trong óir agus trong airgid agam anns an uaimh agus is leat iad a mhic na bantraich."

" U chailleach 's liom fhein sin co dhiu; ciod e d'eirig ?" " Tha trong làn do bhraisdeachan óir agus trong eile làn bhraisdeachan airgid a bha aig tighearnan a's baintighearnan agus 's leat iad a mhic na bantraich." " U chailleach 's liom fhein sin.--Gu de d'eirig ?" " Tha anns an uaimh uaireadair óir a bh'aig mac righ Torra-fo-thuinn agus ainm oirre, agus fàin óir a bh' aig nighean righ Torra-fo-thuinn agus a h-ainm air agus is leat iad a mhic na bantraich 's leig air mo chois mi."

" A chailleach gharraghlas 's liom fhein iad sin co dhiu—de d'eirig ? "

"Tha claidheamh òir agam anns an uaimh agus cha do nochdadh ri duine no ri biast riamh e air nach d'rinn e gnothach. 'S leat e mhic na bantraich 's leig liom éiridh " " 'S liom fhein an claidheamh óir co-dhiu " ors eise—" gu de d'eirig a chailleach ?" " Tha m'eirig mata, agus is cruaidh e, da shlait a bh'anns an uaimh agus ma bhuaileas tu buille am bad 'sam bith dhe'n t-saoghal air cara creige, fasaidh an cara (*i.e.*, caragh) na dhuine, agus mu chuireas tu an claidheamh oir an láimh an duine so cha'n eil duine fo'n ghrein a sheasas roimhe. Agus mu bhuaileas tu buille leis an t-slait eile air an duine so fasaidh e na chara creige mar bha e roimhe. Is leat mo dha shlataig charach dhuibh agus leig air mo chois mi a mhic na bantraich."

" Is leam fein do dha shlataig charach, dhrui'each, codhiu, a chailleach ghara-ghlas. Ciod e d'eirig?"—"Aobh ! aobh ! a mhacain ghradhaich, cha'n eil an corr agamsa dhuit," ors ise.

Leag an sin an sealgair agus na tri choin mhòra anns a' chaillich ghara-ghlais; agus mharbh iad i, agus cha d'fhag iad sgrid innte. Fhuair e sin òrd, agus thug e 'n da bhrod fiacail as a' chaillich, agus thomhais e iad agus bha còig laimh-choille air fad agus tr laimh-choille mu'n cuairt anns gach te dhiubh.

Thog Fionnla air, agus rainig e bothan beag cailleach na faos-

nachd, agus thug e leis an da bhrod fiacail a thug e á beul na caillich-ghara-ghlais. "An tainig thu, a lamh-threun, 'sa laoich thapaidh?" ors a chailleach.

"Thainig mi" ors esan, "agus 's e sin fhein uile e." "Agus cia mar a tha thu, no cia mar a dh'eirich dhuit an raoir?" ors ise. "Tha mi beo, a 's cha 'n eil an corr ann; ach dh'eirich gu math dhomh ann a' sin—tha crioch air a ghraisg ud co-dhiu. Chuir mi fhein is mo choin crioch air a chaillich-ghara-ghlais, agus thug mi na brod fiacail aice thugad fhein," 's e g'an tilgeil air an làr g'a h-ionnsuidh. "Faodaidh tu fhein, s' mi fhein a bhi doigheil gu brach. Tha storas a's ionmhas riomhach, a's seudan gun chiall anns an uaimh; ach ciamar a gheibhear thuice—cha'n fhios domh." "Moire! cha'n fhios dhomhsa ni 's mo na thu fhein" ors a' chailleach, "ach theid mi fhein, 's mo dhalta leat a' nochd, agus cuidichidh sinn thu, 's cha chreid mi nach toir sinn buaidh. Bheir mi fhein liom mo shlacan druidheachd, agus ma dh'fhairtlicheas gach rud eile oirnn, cha 'n fhairtlich sin oirnn co-dhiu."

Thog iad an sin orra—mac na bantraich, a' chailleach bheag, leth-shuileach, chiarr-ghlas, agus a dalta mheal-shuileach, mhingheal, agus rainig iad bial uamh nam fuamhairean. Bhuain iad seachd saic de fhraoch glas, agus thug iad sud gu beul na h-uaimh, agus chuir iad teine ris na seachd saic fhraoich aig beul na h-uaimh, gus am fuamhair a bha staigh a thachdadh le toit agus a leonadh le deathach. Chuireadh teine ris an triasg ghlas agus lionadh an uamh le deathach. Bha am fuamhaire a' seidil, agus an uair a thairneadh e 'anail bheireadh e staigh na clachan a bha 'm beul na h-uamh; agus an uair a sheideadh e 'anail chuireadh e 'n teine 's an triasg 's na clachan 'nan smuidreach 's an adhar!

Chunnaig iad an sin fàirreadh a' tighinn air cinn an fhuamhaire agus thuirt mac na bantraich gu'n loisgeadh e air an fhuamhair. "Cha loisg!" ors a' chailleach, "cha deanadh sin ach an dearg chaothach uile 'chuir air, agus cha dean na coin feum dhuit ann a so a measg an teine. Leig leis, dh'fhiach am faigh mi fein cothram air le m' shlacan beag carach ciar, agus mu gheibh cha'n fhàg mi sgrid ann leis an aon chlibheig; ach mar a faigh, agus gu'm faigh esan clibheag a thoirt dhomhsa leis a' chlaidheamh, liobhaidh, loinneireach lia-ghlas a ta na lamh, ni e cnap creadha dhiom."

Shin am fuamhair a mach air bial na h-uamh agus ma shin, cha bu luaithe a shin, na shin a' chailleach a lamh, agus thugar a' clibheig chnaparra chruaidh sin da 's a cheann leis an t-slacan-druidheachd aice; agus cha d'fhag i sgrid ann! Thainig boillsgeadh soluis, agus chunnaig an sealgair a phiuthar shuas an ceann eile na h-uamh, agus loisg e oirre, agus mharbh e i.

Thug an sealgair an sin na coig cinn, na coig mill, 's na coig muineil far an fhuambaire agus cheangail e iad air gad "A lamh thapaidh, 's a threun ghaisgeich," ors a chailleach "is tu rinn an gniomh gaisgeil nach d'rinn fear romhad riamh, agus bithidh a bhlath 'sa bhuil ortsa mu ghabhas tu mo chomhairle-sa." "U, gabhaidh mise do chomhairle, bhean, 's mi a ghabhas, agus a's ann domh a's fhiach. Is tu a chuir a chuile sceim (*scheme*) a bha nam' cheann ann, agus mar bhith thu, a's cinnteach gu 'n robh mise am bhuta marbh aig a ghraisg ud. Bithidh fois aig a chuid so dhe'n t-saoghal tuille bho'n fhuaradh cur as daibh so."

Thog a sin Fionnla, a chailleach, agus a dalta leo gach sian agus seun, òr agus airgiod, agus gach luachmhoireachd eile a bha 'san uamh, agus thug iad leo iad gu bothan na caillich. Fhuair Fionnla an da shlataig charraigich, dhubh, chiar a bha aig a' chaillich gharra-ghlais, agus thug e leis 'na laimh iad, agus bha e gle mhiaghail umpa. Air an rathad bhuail e cara cloiche le te de na slatan, agus dh'fhas an cara na dhuine. Chuir e sin an claidheamh òir an laimh an duine so agus cha'n fhaca suil riamh gaisgeach bu sgiamhaiche na e agus ged thigeadh còig mile fear fo'n armachd cheannsaicheadh e uile iad. Bhuail Fionnla an sin stràc de 'n t-slataig eile air gaisgeach na cara, agus am priobadh na sùla bha e na chara glas mar bha e roimhe.

"Ciod tha so?—'Se tha so gniomh fuathasach" orsa Fionnla. "U, 's e" ors a' chailleach; "cha robh a leithid so ann roimhe riamh."

Rainig iad an sin taigh na caillich for an d'fhuirich Fionnladh an oidhche sin.

Mochra maduinn an lai-na-mhaireach thog e air agus falbhar gu taigh an righ. Thug e leis cinn, a's mill, a's muineil nam fuamh-airean agus uaireadair òir a's braisdeachan 'us fàineachain mic agus nighinn an righ. Mas d'fhalbh e thuirt a' chailleach ris, "So deise 's cuiridh tu umad i," agus chuir e uime 'n deise. "Nis cha chuir thu dhiot an deise gus an till thu air ais thugamsa." Sgriobh an sin a' chailleach air cul mac na bantraich gu'm be so am fear a mharbh am fuamhaire mor gun dochas agus a dhithis mhac agus a' chailleach ghara-ghlas. Cha robh sion fios aig Fionnla gu'n do sgriobh a chailleach air a chulthaobh. Ghabh e air aghart air a thuras, agus rainig e baile mòr an righ, agus cha robh neach a bha ga fhaicinn nach robh a' sealltainn air an sgriobhadh a bha air a chulthaobh agus ga 'leughadh. Bha so a' cur ioghnadh air Fionnla, ach cha bhristeadh e air a ghealladh do'n chaillich, 's cha shealladh e air cul na deise feuch ciod a bha daoine faicinn oirre. Rainig e taigh an righ augs dh'fheoraich e 'n robh duine teaghlaich aig an righ, agus thuirteadh ris gu'n robh

aon nighean aige, gu'n do mharbh na fuamhairean nighean eile leis agus a mhac.

Thainig an sin nighean an righ thun an doruis agus thug Fionnla dhi uaireadair agus bràisdeachan agus faineachan a brathar agus a peathar. Thill nighean an righ leis na rudan so far an robh a h-athair agus a mathair na'n suidhe aig taobh an teine agus thug i dhaibh iad. Lion luchd dheur suilean an righ agus na banrigh 'n uair a chunnaig iad seudan am mic agus an nighean. Thainig iad an sin a mach far an robh Fionnla agus shir iad air tighinn a staigh, ach cha tigeadh e. Rug an sin an righ air an dara laimh, agus a bhanrigh air an laimh eile aig Fionnla gus a tharruing a staigh a dheòin no dhaineoin ach cha reachadh alt dhe a staigh. "Mòran taing dhuibh," orsa Fionnla, "air son m' iarraidh a staigh, ach cha teid mi a staigh idir, le'r cead. Tha bòid agus barantas ormsa nach dian mi ach mar a dh'iarradh orm, agus cha bhrist mi mo bhòid no mo bharantas air son neach a chunna mi riamh." "Thig a staigh," ors an righ, "agus tha aon nighean agam fhin, agus gu dearbh mu chòrdas thu fhein agus ise ri cheile bithidh mise deònach a toirt dhuit, agus bheir mi dhuit leth mo chuid fad 's is beò mi, agus an leth eile 'n la 's bas dhomh." "O, gabhaibh mo leisgeal an trath so; tha cabhaig mhòr orm gus mo bhòid a chomh lionadh, agus cha 'n urrainn mi dol a staigh gus an tig mi rithisd. Mòran, mòran taing dhuibh." Thionndaidh Fionnla a chuloabh ris an righ agus thug e suil uaithe agus chunnaig e clach bhiorach ghlas. Ghabh e null far an robh a' chlach, agus bhuail e 'n t-slatag charach dhuibh air a chara chloiche, agus leum an cara-glas cloiche na bheò-dhuine sgairteal am fianuis an righ agus an t-sluaigh. Chuir e an sin an claidheamh òir 'na laimh agus chuireadh coltas a' ghaisgeich crith air còig mile marc-shluagh fo'n armachd. Thug e sin strachd leis an t-slatag eile dha 'n ghaisgeach agus leum an gaisgeach na chara glas cloiche mar a bha e roimh. Bha 'n sluagh uile air an lionadh le ioghnadh, agus na'm measg uile cha robh aon bu lionta le ioghnadh na 'n righ. "O, ciod e, ciod e so," ors an righ. "Cha 'n fhaca mi leithid so riamh roimhe; agus cha'n eil mi 'n duil gu 'm faic na dheigh." Dh' innis an sin mac na bantrich dha'n righ mu dheighinn nan slatag, agus feum nan slatag, agus far an d'fhuair e iad—ni a chuir ioghnadh gun chiall air an righ. Thill an sin Fionnla dhachaidh gu bothan beag cailleachag na fasaich.

Chuir an righ cosruith a's eachruith mach feadh fad agus farsuinneachd a rioghachd air toir mac na bantraich, ach cha chual iad so sgial air, agus thill iad dachaidh mar a dh'fhalbh iad.

Phòs an sin Fionnla agus dalta na caillich. Bha triuir nighean agus triuir ghillean aca. Chaochail a' chailleach, agus goirid an deigh sin, chaochail a dalta. Bha Fionnla na cheannaiche mòr agus bathar aige de gach seòrsa air an smaoinicheadh duine. Ach an uair a chaochail a' chailleach agus a dalta, chrion ceannachd mac na bantraich agus dh'fhalbh e gu neoni, agus mu dheireadh chaill e chuile blasad riamh a bha aige ris an t-saoghal.

An uair a chaill Fionnla Choinneachain a chuile sian a bh'aige, smaoinich e aige fhein gu'r h-ann a reachadh e thun taigh an righ, fiach ciod e bu chor dhaibh an sin. Cha robh sian an t-saoghal aige de na bh'aige roimhe ach an deise 'thug a' chailleach, muime mhna, dha, agus an da shlataig a bha aig a' chaillich ghara-ghlais. Rainig e taigh an righ agus chuir e fios thun an righ gu 'n robh toil aige a bhi bruithinn ris, na 'm b'e 'thoil a tighinn mach g'a fhaicinn. Dh'innis a luchd muinntir do 'n righ gu 'n robh an duine treun a chunnacas roimhe air tighinn. Chuir an righ mach fios e thighinn a staigh ; agus thainig e a staigh. Dh'eirich an righ, agus a bhean agus a nighean a chuir failte agus furain air mac na bantraich, agus ghabh an nighean gaol a cridhe air. Bha an t-àm a la mu àm dinnearach, agus bha 'n dinnear air a' bhord. Chaidh Fionnla a thoirt gu ceann uachdrach a' bhuird, agus failte chridheil a chuir air. Bha nàir air dol an dàil a bheidh maille ris an righ 's ri theaghlach. Cha robh fios aige ciod e dheanadh e air an t-saoghal 's O ! bha e cho diù'itidh ; ach smaoinich e gu'n deanadh e mar a b'fhearr a b' urrainn da, agus rinn e mar sin. An deigh na dinnearach thug an righ agus a nighean seomar eile orra. "Cha chreid mi fhein" ors an righ "gur h-e th' ann idir." "'Se gu dearbh, 'athair" ors a' nighean; "ach gu bhi cinnteach, thig mise mu'n cuairt air, agus gheibh mi mach." Thainig iad an sin a staigh far an robh an t-òganach, agus thuirt nighean an righ—" 'S mor an gniomh a rinn thu an uair a bha thu 'n so roimhe. Cha robh moraire no diuc, no iarla, no ridire, no tighearna fearainn, no coitear bothain nach cuala mu 'dheighinn, 's nach fac e, nach robh 'cur ag ann. Bha iad ag rathain nach ro duine 's am bith a b'urrainn an gniomh ud a dhianadh. Saoil thu am b'urrainn thu dheanamh fhathast ?" " U 's mi 's urrain," ors esan. Chaidh iad an sin a mach agus a chiad chlach ghlas a chunnaic esan thall bhuail e stràcan dheth 'n t-slataig bheag charagaiche chiardhuibh air a charra chruinn chloiche agus ri prioba na sùla leum an carra cruinn cloiche 'na 'oganach leadara donn f' an coinneamh ! Chuir mac na bantraich an claidheamh òir an laimh an òganaich leadara dhuinn agus chuireadh colg-choltais a' ghaisgich fiamh air coig ciad cois-shluagh ga 'm feothas. Bha na laig fo eagal 's na laidir

fo mhor ioghnadh ("iomart."—A.A.C.); mnathan òga a' guil, 's leanabain ag eu'ach, 's laoich cath a's comhraig a dearcadh le h-ioghnnadh 's beul duinte air an smuain. Bhuail an sin Fionnla an gaisgeach leis an t-slatag eile bha na laimh agus am prioba na sula bha 'n t-oganach leadarra donn na charra cruinn cloiche glaise, mar a bha e roimhe!

Rug nighean an Righ air laimh air Fionnladh agus thug i steach e, 's cha dealaicheadh i ris beò no marbh. 'Sin chuir an Righ fios a mach fad a's farsuinn thun gach stàta 's urra mhòr 'san rioghachd iad a thighinn a nis, agus gu luath, chum agus gu'm faiceadh iad rud nach robh iad a 'creidsinn roimhe. An sin thrus iad agus mo chreach b'e sin an trusadh, bho 'n la sin gu ceithir la deug na dheidh! Cha robh na bu lugha na ceud gu leth carbad air tighinn gus ma dheireadh nach robh àite 'sa' bhaile mhor a chumadh a sluagh de gach ainm agus seorsa b' inbhiche na cheile. Bha do nigheanan dhiùcannan, 's iarlaichean, 's mhorfhearan, 'thighearnan 's urrachan mora, cunntas gun aireamh ann agus na h-uile te riabh a' call a ceille 's a cuimhne an gaol air Fionnladh Choinneachain, mac na Bantraich, ["Nach be sin an duine fortanach?"—Seanachdaih.] Ach a thaobh 's gu'n robh nighean bhàn an Righ an gaol air Fionnladh cha robh math no stath do chach an suilean a thogail no chaogadh ris. Bha farmad aig càch rithe agus dhuraichdeadh iad air a gonadh i. B'fhearr leis na daoine mora nach d'thainig iad riamh bho'n taigh le'n cuid nighean. Bheireadh iad an saoghal air chumhnanta 'sa bhi aig a 'n taighean leotha rithis. Bha eagal orra nach deanadh an cuid nighean tùrn no car matha gu bràth thaobh an staid anns an robh iad air son mac na bantraich. Bha e cho eu eachdail, aoibheil, dleasnach, blathchridheach, 's e cho smiorail, duineil, na fhior Ghaidheal anns gach dòigh, agus cha robh e idir na ioghnadh iad a ghabhail gaoil air. Bha triuir mhaighdeanan òga ann a bha 'n impis dol as an cial air a shon, agus bha eagal mor air an athairichean do 'n taobh. Bha nighean an Righ coltach ri dhol á cial air a shon mar an ceudua agus thubhairt i ri 'h-athair agus ri 'màthair nach bu tamh oidhche no fois latha dhi mar pòsaadh i Fionnladh. An sin phòs i fein agus Fionnladh. B'iomadh Maighdean Og aig an robh cridhe leòinte 'n latha sin chionn nach i fein a fhuair Fionnladh Choinneachain, mac na Bantraich, ri phòsadh, an aite nighean mheallshuileach bhàn an Righ. Rinneadh banais anabarrach mor dhuibh, agus chaidh mòran sluaigh a chumail rithe. Thogadh ceol agus leagadh bròn, chuireadh cuirm na suidhe 's cuideachd air bonn, fuaim clarsaich shios a's seisd fidhle shuas, oighean grinne 'seinn, oigfhearan meara a' cluich 's ri ceòl-gaire, ri linn

nighean mheallshuileich, mhiogaich bhan an Righ bhi pòsadh ri gaisgeach na slataige carraigiche ciardhuibh, a thug buaidh 's a mharbh famhairean mòra na h-uamha.

Thug Fionnladh dhachaidh nighean an Righ. Chuir e mach a thriuir mhac air bhòrd, agus cha d' innis e dh'ise (nighean an Righ) gu'n robh e posda roimhe sin, idir. Bha e na chleachdabh aig na bantighearnan mora gun an clann féin altrum idir. Agus a thaobh nach eil na màthairichean a tabhairt ciche do 'n cloinn tha iad a tabhairt dachaidh muimeachan-altruim dhoibh. ["Och an cuala sibh riamh mathairichean is mi-nadurra na iad?"—Seanachaidh.] Bha muim-altruim aig nighean an Righ agus thug i dhachaidh leatha i. Ciod a dh'innis a' mhuim-altruim do nighean an Righ ach gu'n robh an duine aice posda roimhe 's gu'n robh triuir mhac aige ri 'chiad mhnaoi. Cha robh nighean an Righ 'creidsin seo, ach coma co dhiu bha e 'cur sgainneadh-cridhe oirre agus cho luath 'sa thainig an duine aice dhachaidh ghramaich i ris agus dh' fheoraich i deth an robh firinn anns a' chainnt a chual i. Cha deach e as aicheadh nach robh. Shir nighean an Righ an sin air Fionnladh a chlann a thoirt dhachaidh ga h-ionnsuidh fein agus gu'n deanadh i gniomh màthar agus muime dhoibh. Thug e dhachaidh a chlainn ga h-ionnsuidh. Cha 'n fhaca sibh triuir ghiullan riamh bu luraiche na iad, le 'm falt camalubach, òrbhuidhe, 's le'n gruaidhean maotha mine dearga. Bu ghruamach farranach gruaidh nighean an Righ ri linn nan triur mhacan a thighinn dachaidh ga h-ionnsuidh. Shir i air a muim-altruim doigh a dheanamh air an cuir fo gheasan agus fo chroisean, agus gheall a muim-altruim gu'n deanadh i mar sin, agus rinn. Gu de ach a bhuail muim-altrium nighean an Righ an triuir mhacan leis an t-slachdan-druidheachd, agus dh'fhas an triuir mhacan na 'n tri chòin bhoidheach bhan. Dh'fhalbh iad. Bha iad a' falbh agus iad a sior shiubhal fo chroisean agus fo gheasan gun fhois latha, gun tamh oidhche.

Bha nighean an Righ 'toirt cluas agus cagar do 'm muim-altruim, 's le buidseachd 's le gisreagana cha robh dad a bha riabh ann nach robh i 'g innseadh dhi. Bha i (nighean and Righ), air dol gu mithlachd a's mollachadh, le eud 's le farmad ri linn di faighinn a mach mar a thachair, 's cha b' urrainn Fionnladh cuir suas leatha na b' fhaide, 's falbhar e agus fàgar i, agus togair air air toir a chuid cloinne.

Bha Fionnladh a' siubhal frith agus fasaich agus am beul an anmoich chunnaig e bothan beag air srath glinne. Smuanaich e aige fein gu 'n deanadh e air a' bhothan bheag agus gu 'n iarradh e cuid na h-oidhche ann. Rinn e air a' bhothan agus shir e cuid na

h-oidhche ann agus fhuair e sin. "'S ann dubhach, deurach, trom a tha thusa nochd a dhuine bhochd, a' siubhal frith agus fàsaich a' sireadh do thriuir mhac," arsa fear a bhothain. "O 's ann," arsa Fionnladh, "Am fac thus' iad?" "Tha iad a' falbh monaidh a's mointich na'n tri choin bhàna. Cha 'n urrainn mise sion a dheanamh riut, ach bithidh tu an taigh bràthar dhomh an ath-oidhch' agus mar dean esan cobhair ort cha 'n fhios dhomhsa ciod a ni thu." "O cha 'n 'eil fios agamsa c'ait am beil taigh do bhràthar agus cha 'n urra mi amas air." "Bithidh tu ann co-dhiu, c'ia aite 'sam beil e," arsa fear a' bhothain. Am beul an latha maireach, ma bu mhoch a dh'eirich an uiseag, cha b'fhaide laidh Fionnladh, agus dh' fhalbh e, a's bha e fad an latha siubhal. Am beul an anmoich faicear bothan beag air urlar glinne agus gabhar thuige agus shir e aoidheachd. Fhuair e sin. "'Sann dubhach deurach a tha thusa dhuine bhochd a siubhal frith a's fasaich a' sireadh do thriuir mhac," arsa fear a' bhothain. "'S ann, 's ann," arsa Fionnladh, "Am fac thusa iad?" "Tha iad a' falbh monaidh agus mointich na'n tri choin bhana. Cha 'n urrainn mise sion a dheanamh riut. Bha thu an taigh bràthar dhomh an raoir; tha thu na 'm thaigh fein a nochd; bithidh tu an taigh brathar eile dhomh an ath oidhch', a's mar dean esan cobhair cha'n eil comas agams' ort." Mu 'm bu mhoch a dh'eirich grian air glas-shleibhtean 's air gorm-choilltean, bu mhoiche na sin a dh'eirich mac na Bantraich, agus dh' fhalbh e air a thurus. Bha e 'siubhal frith a's fasaich, mach-raichean mine gorma, 's garbhlaichean glasa shleibhtean gus an robh ciaradh air an adhar, a's neul glas air an speur, agus eòin bheaga nam preas a' sireadh cothrom cadail fo sgath nan corra-chreag 's fo dhubhar nan crann uaine. Chunnaic e sin bothan beag air sgath glinne 's ghabh e lom a's direach dha ionnsuidh. Shir e aoidheachd agus fhuair e sin. "'S ann tùrsach, deurach, trom, lan alabainn a's annraidh a tha thusa nochd a' sireadh do thriuir mhac, a mhic na Bantraich," arsa fear a 'bhothain. "O 's ann, am fac thusa iad?" "Chunnaic mi; tha iad a ghnath gun tamh a falbh aonaich agus a' siubhal fàsaich nan tri choin bharr-fhionn bhana. Bha thu an taigh bràthar domh air a mhon-raoir, an taigh bràthar eile an raoir, agus na m' thaigh fein an nochd. Thubhairt a' chiad bhràthair nach b'urrainn dhasan dad a dheanamh air do shon ach gu'm bitheadh tu an taigh brathar eile dha an ath-odhiche. Bha thu sin, 's thubhairt am brathair sin riut nach b'urrainn dhasan dad a dheannamh riut, ach gu'm bitheadh tu an taigh a bhrathar an ath-oidhche. Tha thu sin a nis. Bha gach fear dhe 'm bhraithriean cho comasach riumsa comhnadh a dheanamh riut n'an togradh iad fein. 'S beag 's cha

mhor a's urrainn mise a dheanamh riut, ach na's urrainn mi, ni mi. Tha do thriuir mhac a' siubhal aonaich 'sa 'falbh fasaich n'an tri choin gheala. Is mac Bantraich thu fein. Bha thu fein 's do phiuthar a' gabhail mu cheile gus an d'fhalbh i leis an Fhamhair, mac Famhair mor na h-uamha. Mharbh thu Famhair mor na h-uamha —nan coig ceann, nan coig meall 's nan coig muineal—agus a chuid mac, agus a' chailleach gharbh-ghlas. Chuidich Cailleach chiar dhubh na buitseachd 's nan geasan thu agus phòs thu a dalta—mathair nam macan air am beil thu an toir. Chaochail an sin a' chailleach agus a dalta, 's dh'fhag iad thusa na d' aonar leis an triuir mhacan. Phos thu sin nighean an Righ agus gaol a beatha 'sa bais aic' ort. A mhic na Bantraich cha d' innis thu dhi gu'n robh dragh ort roimh ach dh' innis a muim-altruim dhi e. Bha gruaimean air do mhnaoi riut agus shir i ort do thriuir mhacan a thabhairt dachaih do 'h-ionnsaidh. Rinn thu sin, ach cha bu luaithe thug thu dhachaidh iad, na bhuail muim altruim do mhna leis an t-slachdan-druidheachd iad, agus leum iad nan tri choin bhana mach air an dorus agus bithidh iad fo na geasan sin gu laluain mar dean aon rud e." "O ciod an rud tha sin?" arsa mac na Bantraich?" "'S e an rud tha sin thu dh' fhaotain tri leinntean air an deanamh de chaineachan an t-shleibhe, agus am fàgail air cnoc. An sin thig do mhic agus cuiridh iad umpa na leinntean geala caineachain. Tha 'n tur agus an toinisg aca mar bha aca roimhe, ach cha'n urrain dhoibh sgur dhe'n alaban, 's dheth annradh gus am faigh iad na leinntean caineachain. Tarruingidh gach te de na leinntean caineachain bliadhna gu deanamh agus cha luaithe na ceann tri bliadhna bhitheas na leinntean deas agad mar urrainn dhut bannal do mhnathan callanais fhaighein gu'n deanamh. Ach faigh thusa, mhic na Bantraich mnathan callanais agus cuir banal dhiubh a thrusadh a' chaineachain, buidheann ga chireadh, banal ga chardadh, banal ga shniomh, banal ga fhidheadh agus banal a dh-fhuaigheal nan leinntean." "Ciamar a gheibh mise sin!" arsa Fionnladh, "is nach d'fhagadh blasad de 'n t-saoghal agam nach do chaill mi." "Tha fios agam air sin cuideachd ach cha 'n urraiun mise an corr a dheanamh riut."

Dh'eirich mac na Bantraich moch 'sa mhaduinn, agus dh 'fhalbh e. Bha duil aige gu'm faigheadh e fath no gu'm faiceadh e fàireadh air a thriuir mhacan, ach cha 'n fhaca. Bha e falbh mar sin fad an latha, ach am beul dorcha na h-oidhche chunnaic e solus agus ghabh e lom a's direach a dh-ionnsuidh an t-soluis. Ghabh e steach bog fliuch mar bha e. Ch robh duine staigh roimhe. Bha teine math air agus bha e ga thiormachadh fein ris. Chual e sin fathrum agus stairm chas, gliogairt lann agus monomhor dhaoine tighinn chum

an doruis. Leum e suas do'n chul-thaigh as fhuair e cuil anns an deach e 'm falach. Bu ghann a fhuair e suas do'n chulaiste 'nuair a thainig da-cheatharnach-dheug dhachaidh agus mart aca. Mharbh iad am mart agus rósd iad air an teine i, agus dh'ith iad an leor dhi. Bha Fionnladh a' sporaill 's a' chuil, agus a' sineadh a lamhan uaith 'san dorcha feuchain an tuigeadh e ciod an seórsa aite anns an robh e agus chuir e a lamh air corp. 'Ghabh e oillt gu leór ach cha d'thubhairt e guth. 'Nuair a dhith a cheathairne 'n fheoil thubhairt fear dhiubh—"'S fearr dhuinn sealltain a sios agus falbh leis a' chorp sin fiach an cuir sinn á sealladh e." "'S fhearr dhuinn sin gu dearbh" arsa na h-uile fear dhiubh. Thainig iad a steach do 'n chulaiste agus fhuair iad Fionnladh na ghurraban an sin. Cha robh cothram teichidh aige. Bha cuid de'n chleith ag iarraidh a mharbhadh an larach nam bonn agus cuid eile 'sireadh a chumail beó agus toirt air coiseachd air a chasan fein thun an tuill anns an robh iad gus an corp a chuir, seach a bhi 'giulan da chorp, agus a bharrachd air sin gu'm bu choir a thoirt air an corp a ghiulan thun an tuill. B'e seo a rinneadh. Chuireadh an corp air muin Fhionnlaidh agus dh' fhalbhadh leis. Bha seisear roimhe agus seisear na dheidh na'm freiceadan air Fionnladh mu'n teicheadh e. Bha iad a' dol air adhart gus an robh iad fagus do amhainn mhor a bha 'n sin, agus bha cuid dhe 'n chleith a' sireadh an giubhlan agus an giubhlanaiche 'thilgeadh leis an drochaid. "Cha 'n eil math dhuinn sin" arsa cach; "snamhaidh an corp air uachdar an t-sruth, ach 's ann is fearr dhuinn dol gu Toll-da-chliatain agus na dha thilgeadh a sios an sin." Chunnaic Fionnladh nach robh aige ach am bas co-dhiu agus bha e 'feathamh; 'san uair a rainig e an drochaid tilgear e fein 's an corp sios leis an drochaid. Bha e fhein agus an corp a' siubhal leis an amhainn 'san amhainn na caorra bras. Uair bhidheadh e air muin a'chuirp 'san ath uair bhidheadh an corp air a mhuinsa! Bha an oidhche cho dorcha 's a b'urrainn oidhche bhidh, 's bha Fionnladh a' smaointeachadh nach robh bhi beò aige co-dhiu. Bha an amhainn a' ruith 'na tuiltean caorrach, cairgheal 's bha e 'saoiltinn mar baithdht' e gu'n spadadht' e ri stail-bhinnean chreag no ri bala-bhagan chlach. Thilg an saobh-shruth a mach e agus air dha amharc os a chionn chunnaic e preas seilich no calltainn. Rug e air a' phreas; ghramaich e ris, agus rinn e greim bàis air. Co luath 'sa thilg Fionnladh e fein leis an drochaid, leum na robairean, ceathairn air gach taobh dhe'n amhainn diubh, as a dheigh. Bha iad a' bruachaireachd an sin agus Fionnladh g' an cluinntinn a bruithinn agus e fo 'n phreas. Ghlaodh na robairean a sin ri cheile nach robh teagamh nach robh an corp agus a fear a bha ga ghiu-

lan a mach air an loch, 's nach robh feum dhaibh feitheamh na b'fhaide. Dh'fhalbh iad. Smogail Fionnladh mach as an amhainn cho math 's a b'urrain dha 's bu mhotha le 'mharbh no le bheò—le fuachd 's le fliuchadh, 's le acras. Bha e nis a' falbhan agus cha robh fios aige air thalamh an t-saoghail c' ait an robh e, no c'ait an rachadh e. Chunnaig e sin dearrsanaich sholuis agus rinn e air. Ghabh e staigh 's ciod an tigh bha seo ach an taigh 's an robh e roimhe! Cha robh a h-aon de na meirlich a stigh agus smaoinich Fionnladh o'n bu mhotha le 'mharbh na le 'bheo co dhiu gu'n deanadh se e fein a thiormachadh ris an teine. Ghair' a's thiormaich se e fein mar seo agus ghabh e 'leor de'n fheoil a dh'fhag na robairean. Bha e sin gu math dheth, agus thoisich e ri rùrach feadh an taighe dh'fhiach ciod a gheibheadh e. Chaidh e suas do 'n chulaiste far an robh e roimhe, agus fhuair e an sin cleòca 's claidheamh duin-uasail. Thainig an latha; dh'fhalbh e; agus thug e leis an cleoca 'san claidheamh. Bha e 'gabhail air aghart gus am fac e taigh briagha geal air tullaich bhoidheich uaine. Chaidh e gu ruig an taigh, agus a steach do 'n chitsin. Cha robh ri'm faicinn an sin ach dithis bhoireannach. Dhandeoin 'alabain agus 'annraidh bha Fionnladh na dhuine dreachmhor, 's ghabh na boireannaich suim dheth, 's dh' iarr iad air suidhe stigh chum an teine gu 'gharadh. Shuidh e, 's bha e ga gharadh fein, agus na boireannaich a beachdachadh air a chleòca gun smid ga radh. Thug Fionnladh trusadh agus sgioblachadh air a chleòca agus thuit an claidheamh air an làr f'a chomhair nam boireannach. Chuir iad suas glaodh goinnte, agus thog iad orra far an robh fear an taighe. Thuirt iad ris gu'n robh fear anns a' chitsin aig an robh coltas cleòca agus claidheamh a' mhaighisteir òig. Thainig an duine uasal a nuas agus dh' fheòraich e do Fhionnladh, "Cia as a thug thu choiseachd." Fhreagair Fionnladh "Tha mi air allaban bho aite gu aite." "'Se cleòca mo mhic, 'sa chlaidheamh cuideachd 'a tha agad an sin; c' ait an d' fhuair thu iad?" "Ma ta cha 'n ann a' toirt droch fhreagar duibh a tha mi, ge co e sam bith do 'm buin an cleoca 's an claidheamh 's daor a choisinn mis' orra." Dh'innis Fionnladh do 'n duin uasal cia mar fhuair e 'n cleòc agus an claidheamh agus mar a chuireadh a ghiulan a chuirp e. "O mo chreach 's mo dhiùbhail 's e mo mhac a bha sin. Dh'fhalbh e 'thogail a' mhàil bho cheann deich latha 's cha chualas guth uaith bho sin. Saoil thu fainicheadh thu aon de na meirlich na 'm faiceadh tu iad?" "Ma ta 's mòr m' aobhar air cuimhne chumail orra fhad agus is beo mi. Tha mi cinnteach gu'm fainichinn cuid diubh. Bha fear càm ruadh nam measg agus"—"O! sin fear de m' thuathanaich fein" arsa ad duin-uasal. "Cha robh agam do

nhic ach an aon fhear 's mo chreach gu'n d' thugadh uam e." Chuireadh fios air an fhear chàm ruadh agus dh'fhainich Fionnladh . Dh'aidich e 'chionnt a's dh' innis e air cach am beachd e fein a haoradh. Chuireadh fios air an aon fhear deug eile 's thainig ad. Chaidh mòd a shuidheachadh orra; thugadh binn an rochadh, agus chaidh 'chuir gu grad an gniomh, 's bu gheal a hoill iad sin.

Bha aon nighean aig an duin-uasal agus cha robh aige ach i ein do chlann bho na mharbhadh a mhac. Ghabh i speis mhor lo Fhionnladh 's leig i laidhe bròin is bàis oirre fein agus thubh-irt i ri 'h-athair nach robh bhi beo air thalamh an t-saoghail aice nar posadh i Fionnladh. Bha h-athair na bhoil mu dheidhinn 'hionnladh airson a thapachd agus cha dealaicheadh e ris air chor ir bith. Ciod tha air—phos nighean an duin-uasail agus Fionn-adh!

Gach maiduinn 'n uair thigeadh an Ciobair dhachaidh theireadh "'S mi tha faicinn an ioghnaidh air gach maduinn 'nuair a theid ni mach—tri choin bhoidheach ghealla air a chnoc os cionn an aighe." Thainig sin gu cluasan an duin-uasail agus chuir e fios ir a' chiobair. Dh'innis an ciobair an sealladh a bha e faicinn. Bha neul fola falbh agus neul sneachda 'tighinn air Fionnladh. Thaidh nighean an duin-uasail a null 's rug i na glacaibh ir, agus dh'fheoraich i ciod a bha cuir bruaidlein air. Cha obh Fionnladh idir deònach iunseadh ach mu dheireadh lh' innis e bho thoiseach gu deireadh mar dh' eirich dha iamh, 's nach robh sion a bheireadh na macain aige bho na easan ach na leinntean canaichean. "Bòid a's briathran naighdinn ormsa," arsa nighean an duin-uasail, "ma 's suidhe no easamh dhomhsa, no ma 's tamh latha no fois oidhche dhomh, us an dean mi na leinntean canaichean, 's gus an toir mi do hriuir mhac bho an geasan, ged a chosdadh e ar cuid an -shaoghal dhuinn." Fhuair nighean an duin-uasail an sin nnathan callanais agus banal ghruagach gu àird a chuir air na leinntean. Chuir i banal a thrusadh a chainneichean, banal ga chireadh, agus banal ga chàrdadh, a's banal ga shniomh. Dheilbheadh an snath; chuireadh am beirt-fhidhidh e, agus dh' hidheadh e. Fhuaradh ban-fhuaighealaichean; dh'fhuaighealadh na leuntean; nigheadh iad; thoradh iad; a's bha iad cho geal 's cho min-bhog ri òg shneachd' an aonaich. Dh' fhàgadh air a chnoc os cionn an tighe iad. Air an ath mhaduinn chaidh Fionn-ladh mach dh-fheuch am faigheadh e sealladh air a mhic. Ma bha esan a mach tràth cha robh nighean an duin-uasail dad na bu mhoille. Bha na leinntean air an toirt air falbh ach cha robh

sgeul air na mic. Shireadh fad a's farsuinn ach cha d' fhuaradh sgeul orra. Ma bha Fionnladh duilich, 's i' bha duilich nighean an duin-uasail, ach cha robh atharachadh air. Chaidh seachduinn thairis agus cha robh sgeul aig a' chiobair aon chuid air na coin no air na gillean. Ach air an t-seachdamh latha, thainig triuir òganach gu dorus an tighe 's dh' fheòraich iad air son maighstir òg an tighe. Thainig Fionnladh mach far an robh iad agus e ro bhrònach. "Ciod a th' oirbh," arsa na h-òganaich. "Tha mi a' caoidh mo thriuir mhac gaolach a's nach fhaic mi gu dilinn tuilleadh iad." "'S sinne na mic," arsa na h-òganaich. "Cha sibh, cha sibh idir," ars' esan. "'S sinn gu dearbh," ars iadsan; "seall sibh, sin na leinn tean geala cainneachain a rinn ar muime ghaolach dhuinn" agus iad a fosgladh am braillichean 's a feuchainn nan leinntean cainneachain. Bha fadal air nighean an duin-uasail nach robh Fionnladh a tilleadh a stigh air ais agus thainig i mach dh-fheuch ciod a bha ga chumail.

. . . . . .

Bha'n an triuir oganach na'm fleasgaich cho briagha 's a b' urrainn duine 'fhaicinn an aite sam bith. Thog fear dhiubh air latha bha sin agus falbhar a shireadh 'fhortain. Rainig e rioghachd Righ Torra-fo-thuinn. Bha e latha an sin a sràidearachd air beul-thaobh luchairt an righ agus co thachair ris ach nighean an righ. Bheannaich an t-òganach dha 'n oigh, agus bheannaich an oigh dha air ais. Chaidh nighean an righ dhachaidh 's leig i laidhe bròin a's bàis oirre fein. Chuir i fios air a h-athair agus thubhairt i ris gu'n robh a cridhe agus a gaol air òganach a choinnich i a' sràidearachd air beul-thaobh na luchairt agus gu'm bu bhean mharbh gun anam i mar faigheadh i ri phosadh e. Thubhairt i mar an ceudna ri 'h-athair gu'm bu mhac righ e thainig fad air astar, agus nach bitheadh beo-shaoghal aice mar faigheadh i e! Thubhairt an t-oganach donn ri nighean an righ nach robh annsan ach gille bochd aig nach robh ni de'n t-saoghal 's nach robh e freagarach dha nighean righ a phosadh. "Coma leat sin," arsa ise, "tha do chraicionn cho gile 's cha mhiosa do shnuadh na snuagh mac righ no ridire." An sin phos nighean an Righ agus an t-òganach donn, Mac Fhionn laidh Choinneachain, mac na Bantraich. Bha dara leth na rioghachd aca fhad 's bu bheò an Righ agus an uair a bhasaich e bha 'n rioghachd uile aca dhaibh fein, agus bha 'n t-oganach donn 'na Righ. Goirid na dheidh sin chaochail Fionnladh agus a bhean, nighean an duin-uasail.

Thainig gort mhòr air an dùthaich 'san robh teaghlach Fhionnlaidh a' tamh. Chuala dithis mhac Fhionnlaidh gun robh gràn gu leòr aig righ Torra-fo-thuinn, agus togar orra, 's falbhar a cheannach

gràin uaithe. Rainig iad rioghachd Torra-fo-thuinn agus chaidh iad gu treamhor an Righ. Leig an sgallag fhaicin dhoibh an *granary* 'san robh an Righ a' rèic a' ghràin. Dh'fhainich an Righ a dhithis bhraithrean, agus thoisich e air an ceasnachadh. Bha e 'feòraich dhiubh co as a thainig iad, 's ciamar a bha daoine 'san ait as an d'fhalbh iad. An sin dh'innis e gu'm b' esan am brathair. "Cha sibh" ars' iadsan agus cha chreideadh iad guth de 'n thubhairt e. Arsa 'n Righ, "'S mi gu dearbh agus gun teagamh, agus is fearr dhuibh tighinn agus fuireach maille rium féin 'nam rioghachd." Fhreagair na braithrean "Cha 'n fhuirich, cha 'n fhuirich; tha teaghlaichean againn aig a' bhaile, agus cha 'n urrainn duinn fuireach an seo." "Thugaibh 'ur teaghlaichean leibh an seo, agus ni mise gniomh caraid agus dleasnas brathar ribh." Chuir an Righ a bhrathairean air falbh airson an teaghlaichean, agus comhlan dhaoine chum an cuideachaidh. Thainig bràthairean an Righ agus an teaghlaichean agus thuinich iad an rioghachd Righ Torra-fo-thuinn. Thog an Righ taighean briagha air an son, agus rinn e gniomh caraid agus dleasnas brathar riutha mar a gheall e, agus mar d' rinn e na b' fhearr cha d' rinn e idir ni bu mhiosa. Bha teaghlach mhòr nighean a's ghillean aig nighean Righ Torra-fo-thuinn, agus aig an Oganach Dhonn, Mac Fhionnlaigh Choinneachain, mac na Bantraich. Bha iad uile gu leir gu math agus gu ro-mhath, a' caitheamh cuirm agus cuideachd le solas a's le toileachas inntinn, le caithream bhàrd 's le fuaim dhàn.

Dh'fhag mis' an sin iad agus cha chuala mi riabh tuille, guth air Fionnladh Choinneachain, mac na Bantraich.

16th December 1875.

At the meeting on this date, after transacting some routine business, an interesting biography of the late Dr Duncan Forbes, Professor of Oriental Languages in King's College, London, was read.

6th January 1876.

At the meeting on this date, the following gentlemen were elected ordinary members of the Society, viz. :—Mr A. R. Munro, Birmingham; Councillor Macpherson, Inverness; and Mr W. A. Macleay, birdstuffer, do. Thereafter, the meeting set to complete, so far as possible, the arrangements for the annual supper.

13th JANUARY 1876.

On this date,

THE FOURTH ANNUAL SUPPER OF THE SOCIETY

was held in the Caledonian Hotel. In the absence of Mr Stewart of Brin, who was indisposed, Provost Simpson occupied the chair, and was supported by Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Rev. Mr Maclauchlan, Gaelic Church; Bailie Davidson; Rev. Mr Macleod, Kincardine, Ardgay; Rev. Mr Macdonald, Queen Street Church; Mr Dallas, Town-Clerk; Bailie Macdonald; Mr W. Mackay, solicitor; and Dr F. M. Mackenzie. The croupiers were Bailie Noble and Mr Charles Mackay, contractor. Among those present were—Councillor Peter Falconer; Dr Macnee; Mr Duncan Sutherland, Lochgorm; Mr Hood, commercial traveller; Mr James H. Mackenzie, bookseller; Mr Maclean, coal-merchant; Mr Macdonald, contractor; Mr A. Mackenzie, "Celtic Magazine"; Mr Ross, teacher, Alness; Mr Clark, assistant procurator-fiscal; Mr A. Fraser, accountant; Mr Cameron, of Gordon & Smith; Mr F. Maciver, Church Street; Mr Maciver, cabinetmaker; Mr Robertson, Bank of Scotland; Mr A. R. Macraild, Dornie; Mr F. Macgillivray, solicitor; Mr Middleton, coal-merchant; Mr W. G. Stuart; Mr D. R. Ross, Gas Office; Mr W. A. Deas, writer; Mr Barclay; Mr Hugh Mackenzie, Bank Lane; Mr Macdonald, flesher, Castle Street; Mr Hugh Fraser; Mr Macleod, of Fraser and Macleod; Mr Shaw, tinsmith; Mr Barron, "Courier" Office, Mr Bain, do.; Mr Mackenzie, "Free Press" Office; Mr Murdoch, editor, "Highlander"; Mr E. Forsyth, "Inverness Advertiser"; and Mr J. M. Duncan, "Highlander." The Chairman intimated that apologies had been received from Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Professor Blackie; Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore; Captain Chisholm of Glassburn; Mr Mackintosh of Holme; Mr Sime, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Mr Macleod, do.; Mr J. Macfarquhar, Edinburgh; Sheriff Macdonald, Inverness; Mr A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; Dr Mackenzie, Eileanach; Dr Mackenzie, Silverwells; Rev. Mr Macgregor, West Church; Mr Hugh Rose, solicitor; Mr W. B. Forsyth; Mr Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park; and Mr Alexander Mackenzie, Church Street. The Rev. Mr Maclauchlan having said grace, an excellent supper was served by Mr Menzies. The Rev. Mr Macleod returned thanks.

The Chairman said he had been very unexpectedly called upon to preside, and he trusted to the kind indulgence of the meeting in carrying through the programme. Mr Stewart had been very

unwell for two or three days, and at the last moment had sent the following letter to the Secretary :—

"Dear Sir,—I have to express my extreme regret that in consequence of indisposition, which has for some days confined me to bed, which the doctor prohibits me from leaving, it is entirely out of my power to do myself the honour and pleasure of presiding at the festive gathering of the Gaelic Society this evening. Will you convey my regret to the meeting? I have prepared a very rough sketch of what I intended to say, and I place it at your disposal, either to be, or not to be, used. I trust you have obtained a far more competent person for the chair, and I hope you will all pass a very agreeable evening."

The Chairman then opened the toast-list with the health of the Queen, followed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family, and the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces. To the latter, Mr Robertson, Bank of Scotland, replied. The health of the Lord Lieutenant, proposed by the Chairman, was cordially responded to. Mr Hugh Fraser then sang in a spirited manner "Oran Mhic-'ic-Alastair," for which he was encored.

The Secretary, Mr Mackenzie of the "Free Press," then read the annual report as follows :—

"The Gaelic Society of Inverness continues to enjoy that success the objects for which it exists merit. It grows in popularity, influence, and numerical strength. The last year was in every respect a successful one; and an outline of what was done may not be out of place :—

"The third annual supper (last year's) was held in the Station Hotel. Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart., occupied the chair, and round the table there was a large gathering of Highland gentlemen. On that occasion, the chairman opened a discussion on Highland education, in which Mr Murdoch, Mr Jolly, and Cluny Macpherson took part. The subject was subsequently taken up at the ordinary weekly meetings of the Society and discussed; and a petition thereanent to the House of Commons will be found on page 188 of our last volume of Transactions. A sum of money was afterwards voted out of the funds of the Society as prizes to Gaelic scholars in one of the Highland parishes; and Gairloch was selected for the first competition, in consideration of the active and generous part taken by Sir Kenneth

Mackenzie in furthering Highland education. A large number of children competed, and the examiners considered the different efforts highly meritorious.

"Early in the year, the Society sent circulars to all the School Boards in the Highlands anent teaching Gaelic in Highland schools. These circulars in some cases had the desired effect.

"The Society warmly supported the movement to found a Celtic Chair in one of our Universities, and Professor Blackie began the Celtic Chair campaign with a lecture delivered in Inverness, under the auspices of this Society. The success which subsequently attended his labours is well known, and towards it this Society has contributed the sum of £20.

"At our ordinary weekly meetings several papers of interest have been read. Mr Alex. Fraser furnished what may be considered an early ecclesiastical history of Inverness, which will be found in our Transactions. In the way of tradition Mr Alex. Mackenzie contributed a paper on *Coinneach Odhar*, the Brahan Seer; and Mr Carmichael, C.M.S.A.S., an interesting *Sgeulachd*, entitled *Fionnladh Choinneachain, mac na Bantraich.*

"The annual assembly of the Society, held in the month of July, was highly successful. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., presided, and spoke on the subject of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools; Professor Blackie, Edinburgh, and Professor Black, Aberdeen, spoke on Celtic Literature, and Gaelic in schools; and Mr Macandrew, Inverness, addressed the meeting on the chivalry of the Highlanders.

"The Society at the outset resolved to publish their Transactions annually. The first volume was published in 1872, and the volume for 1872-73 was published in 1874. A year having thus been lost, the publishing committee of 1874-75 resolved to publish in one volume the Transactions of 1873-74 and 1874-75, which they did; and to a copy of this volume each member is entitled. The volume for 1875-76 is in preparation for the press, and will be published in the course of the year.

"The membership of the Society continues to increase. The Society began with 24 members, and at the end of its first year the number had increased to 182. At the end of 1873, there was an increase of 70, the total number on the roll being 252. At the end of 1874 there were 270 on the roll, the increase during the year being 18. At the end of the present year the number on the roll is about 320, the increase during the last year being thus about 50. Nearly one-half of the members of the Society live outside of Inverness, and are spread over Ireland, Wales, the

principal English towns, America, and most of the British Colonies, as well as over all Scotland. These members have it in their power to benefit the Society more than those who live in Inverness; for those of them who are of a literary turn of mind can furnish papers for our Transactions, and all of them can induce other Celtic friends to join the ranks of the Society, and thus increase its strength numerically and financially. If each member of the Society would secure one new member during the ensuing year, the membership would be thus doubled. This plan has been found to work admirably in other societies, and it is hoped our Celtic friends will give it a trial. Our Society is open to ladies as well as gentlemen. Of the former there is a considerable number on the roll; and at a recent meeting of the Society a resolution was passed declaring the desirableness of having ladies present in future at the annual supper.

"The Society regret the loss they have sustained during the last year through the death of Dr Halley, London, one of our earliest life members, and a gentleman who had always taken great interest in everything connected with the Highlands and Highland people.

"One of the objects of the Society is to collect books (in whatever language) bearing on Celtic subjects. A number of donations of this kind have already been made, and the Society trusts that its claims will be recognised by gentlemen in possession of such books, and who wish to popularise Celtic literature.

"The present Council now retire, and the Society, in the course of the present month, will have to elect new office-bearers."

The Chairman said he had received a telegram from the Chairman of the Glasgow *Comunn Gaidhealach*, who evidently wanted to test the power of the Chairman of the Gaelic Society in reading Gaelic. He begged to say, that though he was a very poor hand at the Gaelic, he was not beaten this time. The message was as follows:—"*Bliadhna mhath ùr dhuibh, agus moran diubh*"—("A good New-Year to you, and many of them.") That was a pleasant salutation, and he would ask the Secretary to send a suitable reply. The next toast was the toast of the evening—"Success to the Gaelic Society"—and they would pardon him if he only said a few words on the subject, and left it to be dealt with by Mr Stewart's speech. He had much pleasure in hearing from the report that the Society had increased from 24 members to 320—fourteen times as many as they had to begin with. The object of the Society was to draw together men of common feelings, and

Highland subjects, and though he was not a Gaelic speaker—("Yes, you are")—well, he was but a poor hand at it—he had as strong Highland feelings as any one present. Highlanders ought to remember the old motto, "Shoulder to shoulder"; and by sticking to that motto, the Society would continue to prosper. If the Society had done nothing more than collect the papers which they had published in their Transactions, they would have done a good work. To young men he recommended the study of Gaelic, for it was not a dead but a living language; and if they went in for learning French and German and other tongues, he did not see what was to deter them from acquiring Gaelic. Certainly no other language had stronger claims upon them. He would now ask Mr Mackenzie, the secretary, to read Mr Stewart's speech.

Mr Stewart's speech was as follows:—Gentlemen,—I do not use mere words of form in assuring you how conscious I am that you have made a very bad selection in doing me the honour of asking me to take the chair on this occasion. I feel that it is almost scandalous that one who by descent is about the most Highland of Highlanders—being about equally connected with Lochaber, Badenoch, and Strathspey—who has not in his veins a drop of blood that is not purely Celtic, and who owes so much to Highlanders, should not be able to speak fluently and perfectly the language of the Gael. But I am not singular in my shame, and the number of persons in the same unhappy state of ignorance requiring correction, is some argument in support of the movement made by this Society to vivify and restore the Gaelic language. In addressing a few words to you on the subject of the Society, permit me to say that it appears to me to be of great importance that its objects should be clearly understood, and that there should be no exaggeration or misunderstanding on the subject. Exaggeration on your part would be to place a formidable weapon in the hands of those would-be wise men, whose arguments, in the absence of tinsel or over-covering, would be shattered to pieces by the sound of your voices or the ink of your pens. Then, gentlemen, without exaggeration, I say that your objects are simply defensive and restorative, and in no way aggressive. Just as the serjeant with his military band, acting in the true policy of his country, goes about seeking recruits, not for the invasion of France or Germany, but for the protection and defence of his native shores—so you do not wish to supersede the English, French, or German tongue, in the business of life, or even in social intercourse; nor is it yet your desire to take one iota from any other literature. Your simple desire is to rescue from

neglect the language of the Celt, to unearth its rich literary treasures, and to hand its gems to future generations; and as your aims are peaceful, so are the means you employ for their attainment. Those means are also rational, and well calculated to attain your ends. You stir the hearts and sympathies of your Highland fellow-countrymen, and sound on your mountain tops, and in your glens and valleys, and in your towns, and villages, and hamlets, and in the household of men of every degree the trumpet of danger to the language of their fathers, and you endeavour to obtain the union of them all in its defence—that union which is strength. You seek to invigorate that union by inviting the co-operation of your countrymen who have found their residence in other lands, many of them far away. You seek the union of the learned of other lands, and invite philologists to pluck part of the golden apples which you present for their acceptance. Your objects you seek also to promote by your annual gatherings—by various meetings of members held throughout the year; by the publication of your proceedings; by the co-operation of kindred societies; by the aid of the press—particularly the entire local press, every member of which has entered with more or less zeal into the cause; and by means of the *Celtic Magazine* published in Inverness—a magazine, I understand, of considerable ability, and intended for the diffusion of the Gaelic language and literature; last, and certainly not least, our friend, Professor Blackie—a man whose genius is as great as his energy is indomitable—has taken up the cudgels in our cause, and with a declaration as undoubted as if it had been an oath, determined that within a very short time there shall be established a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. These means are bearing good fruit, as is abundantly demonstrated by the report which has just been read by your indefatigable secretary. And is there any good reason why the Society, with its objects soberly understood, should not prosper? Is there any good reason why Gaelic, with its vast stores of unwritten literature, should be handed over to the public executioner, or left to die of starvation? We maintain, on the contrary, that there are the best reasons why it should live and flourish. Scottish Highlanders, although they have good heads, have still better hearts, and there is no channel by which those hearts can be so effectually reached and won as by the use of their mother tongue. It has a power and copiousness, and harmony and tenderness, not exceeded by any language on the face of the earth. It is the language of our forefathers, of our homes, our Highland homes, of the days of our childhood, in which was first conveyed

to us a father's and mother's love; which was spoken when Highlanders played with their little brothers and sisters, and kinsfolk and school-fellows. We all feel how tender are the associations of our earliest days, and how we would not barter them for the brighter prizes of after life. Then Gaelic is the language of the Highlander's traditions, and poetry, and music, and songs, in which he was first told of the valour and endurance, and chivalry and fidelity of those who went before him, and in which he was told of the grandeur of his mountains and the beauty of his glens, and in which, in a word, he learned to be a true patriot. It is, above all, the language of his devotions, in which he first heard a father of perhaps a severe aspect, but of a true and loving heart, open that holy book which carried a message from heaven to earth—the language in which his mother spoke to him when leading him by the hand from his humble dwelling, and to the old church where the good old minister from the old pulpit addressed him again in kind and holy words, and led him to ask in prayer that he might be a good boy, and eventually a good and God-fearing man, and a loyal subject. I need not speak of the valour of those men whose language in former times was the Gaelic. The world knows it; but I cannot let slip the opportunity for expressing my deep conviction that the way to induce Highlanders in the present day to become soldiers is not by sending among them recruiting English-speaking serjeants from Liverpool or Manchester for English or Lowland regiments. Send to them the Gaelic and the tartan, with an offer to enlist them in the regiments in which their forefathers fought, and you will still get abundance of men as distinguished as their famed ancestors. I am detaining you too long, but I must say a word about teaching in our Highland schools, and I heartily join those who think it not the best thing to exclude Gaelic from the teaching of children whose only language is Gaelic, and I venture to hope that the firm stand made by the Society on this subject is already bearing fruit. In a Highland parish, of which I am a member of the School Board, the question of teaching Gaelic was discussed only the other day, and we came to a unanimous decision that Gaelic should be taught. Gentlemen, I have condemned exaggeration in the statement of our objects and our means. I have not condemned enthusiasm, which many people set down as akin to exaggeration. There are, indeed, hot fits of enthusiasm, as there are cold fits of indifference. One cannot help loving the former with all its faults, while one hates the other. But there is also a warm, steady enthusiasm, springing from deep conviction, and deep-rooted in the ardent natures of the Celt, which gives

courage to the heart and strength to the arm, and inspires indomitable perseverance and earnestness in a good cause. You have already evinced that spirit of steady enthusiasm. Do not let it go, and it will lead you on to victory. (The speech was attentively listened to and frequently applauded.)

The Chairman said, after hearing such a stirring speech, they could not but all the more regret Mr Stewart's absence. He hoped, and he was sure they all cordially joined with him in the hope, that Mr Stewart would be able to be present at next meeting, and they would have great pleasure in listening to him. The Chairman then proposed "The Gaelic Society of Inverness," which was received with loud and continued cheering.

Mr Fraser then sung another Gaelic song, which was highly appreciated.

Mr Dallas, Town-Clerk, in a few jocular remarks, proposed the health of Lochiel and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh—the county and burgh members—which was heartily responded to. Thereafter,

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, proposed the toast of "Highland Education." After a few preliminary remarks, he said—In connection with this toast it may be interesting to inquire very shortly into the state of Education in the Highlands in days gone by. Before the Reformation, the little learning in the land was chiefly shut up in the monasteries, and although schools are known to have been in various Scottish burghs, including perhaps our own, as early as the thirteenth century, Highland children, we may safely assume, were, until a much later period, innocent of education as we understand the word. They were not, however, without their literature. Around their winter fires our forefathers were wont to recite beautiful tales, stirring ballads, and wise sayings, the expressive language and high moral tone of which such of us as can understand them are forced to admire even to this day. Judging from those of them which have come down to us, the great virtues which they inculcated were to reverence the memory of the departed, to respect the aged who had not yet gone, to emulate the valour of the brave, and to love freedom and manly truthfulness. It must be confessed that excellent as the teaching was, the old Highlander was not slow to "lift" the best cow of the Lowlander or of his neighbouring clan; but we must not judge him according to our standard of right and wrong. The Highlander looked upon a successful raid as noble and legitimate warfare, and gloried as much in it as the Prussians do in having defeated the French. And let it not be supposed, as is often erroneously done, that—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

was confined to the Highlands. Old Cleland, who, in the 17th century, sang thus of the Highlander—

"If any ask *her* of her thrift,
Forsooth, her nainsell lives by thift."

was only imitating Sir Richard Maitland, who, at an earlier period, complained of the men of Liddesdale in the following strain:—

"Thay spuilze puir men of their pakis,
They leif them nocht on bed nor bakis;
Baith hen and cok
With reil and rok
The Lairdis Jok
All with him takis."

Indeed, matters were in a worse plight in the Lowlands than in the Highlands; for while the great object of the cateran's love was a good cow—and he scorned to take less—the moss-trooper of the South did not look askance even at a hen. After the Reformation several Acts of Parliament were passed, with the object of establishing schools in Scotland; but their provisions were not universally carried out in the Highlands. To illustrate the unsatisfactory state of education, even so late as 1682, I shall read to you the reports made to the Bishop of Moray, who personally visited the parishes of Croy, Daviot, Kirkhill, and Petty, in May of that year, Episcopalianism being then for a short time the creed recognised by the Government. Upon his inquiring at Croy "if they had a schoolmaster in the parish for educating children and reading the Holy Scriptures," the minister replied, "that they had no fixt sallary for one." It was therefore strongly recommended to "take speedy commencing for settling one, and providing maintinance, conform to ye Act of Parliament." To the Bishop's inquiry at Daviot the minister answered, "That they could not, nor had any schoolmaster, because there was no encouragement for one, nor no mediate centraull place qr they could fix a schoole to the satisfaction of all concerned." This attempt to please everybody must commend itself to such of our School Boards as have not yet agreed upon sites for their schools;

and it was enough to take the breath out of the worthy Bishop, for he left without making any recommendation. Things were better at Kirkhill, where there was "a schoole, and a fixt sallary for a schoolmaster" (Thomas Fraser), who was also precentor and clerk, and read the Scriptures publicly every Lord's day betwixt the second and third bell. The salary was a chalder of victual, £20 Scots (or £1. 13s. 4d. sterling), out of the "box," and the "baptisme and mariage mony." At Petty, there was not only a "fixt schoolmaster," but also what would make glad the heart of a modern Inspector, "a flourisheing schoole," the master of which "carried diligently in his charge; Christianly in his life; and was a great help to the minister." It will thus be seen, that while in 1682 education was attended to in some parishes, it was neglected in others; but in 1696 an Act was passed, the result of which was soon to establish a school in every parish. Highland parishes are, however, as large as German kingdoms, and, in many cases, children were not within twenty miles of a school. To remedy this state of matters, the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge, about the middle of last century, established schools in remote districts, and appointed earnest and God-fearing men as teachers, preachers, and catechists. The influence of these men was marvellous. Before their time, Sunday was the great day for Highland sports, but under their teaching matters changed, and before the end of last century the other extreme was reached, and the Sabbath was so strictly observed that the food used that day was cooked on Saturday, or not at all. In more recent times, teachers were supported by the Gaelic School Society, and many excellent schools were established by the Free Church; so that the Education Act of 1872 found the educational wants of the Highlands pretty well attended to. Under that Act, it is supposed the proper education of the children will be further insured; but although it may work well in towns and in populous districts, its machinery is not suited to the large and sparsely-peopled parishes of the Highlands; and, notwithstanding the special grants allowed by Government, it is, and will, unless amended, I fear, continue to be an enormous drain on the slender resources of the Highland people. Under the good old parochial system, and the valuable schools of the Societies and the Free Church, the Highlands sent out men into the world who have been an honour not only to their native glens, but also to broad Scotland. What the new order of things will bring forth remains to be seen; let us hope it may be even as anticipated by its most sanguine supporters. The question of Gaelic in Highland schools has of late received

much attention, and is still being keenly discusssd. Time will not permit me to enter into it, and it is not necessary that I should. There is one striking feature in the controversy. On the side of the Gaelic are educated Highlanders, whose personal experience has taught them how absurd it is to endeavour to educate a child, and ignore the only language which he understands; on the opposite side are able and well meaning gentlemen, but knowing not Gaelic, they are as qualified to discuss its merits as the Laplander is to appreciate the merits of the language of the Hottentot. Another matter, and I am done. It is one in which Highland young men, like myself, take a deep, though perhaps shy, interest. Our young ladies are now diligent students of music, I have no sympathy with those utilitarians who think that the time thus spent is lost. Where there is music there is peace; and I think it was old Luther who said that, with music, he could drive away the devil himself. Our fair musicians are, therefore, so far, doing well; but, nevertheless, I have somewhat against many of them. It is not, perhaps, necessary that every accomplished Highland lady should be able to strut along the mountain side discoursing music on the bagpipe, but if she can so well render German and Italian airs on the piano, she ought surely to play the melodies, and sing the songs, of her native land. Far birds have fair feathers; but, to the ear of the Scotsman, there is no far bird that pipes so sweetly as our own lark or mountain thrush, plainly clad though they be. Mr Mackay concluded by asking the company to drink heartily to the toast of "Highland Education," which he coupled with the name of Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools.

The toast having been heartily responded to,

Mr Jolly replied. He was proud that the toast had been so well received—it augured well for the cause of Highland education and the people, and the excellent remarks of Mr Mackay were a good prelude to the subject. He thought they had to congratulate themselves on the progress which had taken place in the cause of education in the Highlands since that time last year. There were several points as proving that increasing interest and progress to which he wished to direct their attention. At the last annual assembly of the Society, a very distinguished Highlander, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, occupied the chair, and spoke well on the teaching of Gaelic in schools. Shortly afterwards, the same gentleman presided at a very interesting meeting of Highland School Boards. He (Mr Jolly) was present at that meeting, and felt the greatest pleasure in being so. It was the first meeting of representatives of the School Boards of the Highlands and the Outer

Hebrides, and the interest shown and the moderate concessions demanded by that meeting were excellent, which was proved by the many concessions that meeting had been able to obtain from Government. It was a meeting of honourable gentlemen connected with the Highlands met for an admirable purpose. He had spoken of concessions, and some of these connected with the Highlands merited their attention. There were many points in the present Act which required to be improved, so that the carrying on of school work could be made much less expensive than it was. One concession was of great value. They were aware that the Highlands were peculiarly unfortunate in having the parishes so extensive, and that each district, though thinly populated, had to provide its own school. The Government had formerly required Boards to expend at least double the sum given by them; but now Government was prepared to grant £400 for every Highland school, irrespective of what was expended by the Boards, and if they spent more than the amount of that grant, Government was prepared to pay one-half of the additional outlay. Thus, if a School Board were to expend £600, Government would be prepared to give £500, and the School Board would only pay £100! Then the education of outlying and sparsely populated districts required to be considered. To put schools in all these places was an impossibility, and Government had made another concession. To small schools, with an attendance of at least fifteen pupils, they were prepared to give an additional grant of £10 or £15. Further, where the population was very scattered they allowed itinerating teachers; and if, after being taught for sixty days in the year, the children were presented at the nearest school, and they passed, they got double the grant given in other schools! These concessions were of great value. One pleasing feature arising out of the Education Act was the number of very fine school buildings which were being erected all over the country. Of course, the pockets of the ratepayers were affected, and a good deal of grumbling went on, but as a whole the Highlands had shown a very admirable spirit in bearing the expense entailed on them by the carrying out of the Act; and although one was sorry to see in some parts of the Highlands detractors trying their best to work against the School Boards, still their number was gradually growing less, and instead of speaking much about such people, it was, perhaps, better to leave them to the obscurity they deserved. Another point was the teaching of Gaelic in schools. He had the honour of making some remarks on this subject last year, on which occasion a very excellent dis-

cussion took place. He regretted that his position with regard to Gaelic had been very largely misunderstood by the Society, by his very good friend the "Highlander," and by others. He was supposed to wish the extinction of the Gaelic language, while the very reverse was true; and the fact of his being put among the ranks of the enemy showed that good Highlanders did not know who were their friends. Although a Lowlander, he had every sympathy with those who desired to foster the Gaelic; and he held exactly the same views on the subject of Gaelic teaching as were held by such good friends of the language as Professor Blackie, the Rev. Mr Macgregor of Inverness, Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, and many others. In this dispute there were two camps—those who wished Gaelic to be taught, and those who wished it to be stamped out. Among the friends of Gaelic, however, there were two divisions, differing in tactics, or in the methods they proposed. Certain ultra-enthusiasts, as he might characterise them, wished Gaelic to be the first language taught to Gaelic children. But the larger number of the friends of Gaelic desired English to be first taught, and the Gaelic used for getting at the intelligence of the children when reading English; and afterwards they wished the Gaelic language and literature to be introduced to the children when they had mastered the mechanical difficulties of reading, and were able to enter into the meaning and spirit of what they read. He belonged to this class, and begged of his good friend the "Highlander," to put him in his proper place with regard to that question. He could not, like that journal, wield a claymore, but he still hoped to be able to use his dirk in the good cause. Then the position of the Government had been misunderstood. The Government was said to be an enemy to Gaelic, whereas the Code tended to foster the Gaelic language. In the second and third standards, intelligence could be tested in Gaelic and grants secured by this means; so that even the Scotch Code was a friend to the cause. The meeting of School Boards he had referred to did not succeed in making it a "specific subject" by which grants might be obtained for Gaelic as a special study. It was for them to continue the work commenced by that meeting, by deputation and otherwise, if they wished their very just and reasonable demands to be granted. If the teaching of Gaelic was to be fostered, he recommended its friends to adopt the suggestion of Professor Blackie, and to compile a book of Gaelic extracts, gathering into it choice selections of their literature, their poetry, their proverbial philosophy, folk lore, &c., for the purposes of education in schools. This would do more than anything else to foster Gaelic teaching, and it would be a

good work for the Society to take in hand. Another thing they could do was to offer prizes for the study of Gaelic, in conjunction with all the other Highland societies they knew, and with the assistance also of another Society whose business it was to foster Gaelic studies, namely, the Northern Meeting of Inverness, from all of whom they might get donations, which would enable them to offer prizes, not merely in one, but in almost every school in the Highlands. They might also conduct examinations in Gaelic all over the Highlands, similar to those held in ordinary subjects by the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club; let these examinations be general, and they would have taken a good step in the direction they wished to go. These hints he begged to throw out for their consideration, and he hoped the Society would continue to prosper and succeed in its various objects and efforts.

Mr Murdoch, of the "Highlander," in giving "The Immortal Memory of Ossian," remarked that, after all that had been written lately on the subject, he would steer clear of criticism; and, believing that the name of Ossian was engraven on the many hearts of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, he would merely refer to a few historical facts, which should stand clear above all the mists which have been raised about Macpherson. He would go back beyond the era of mere criticism and cavil. He had elsewhere endeavoured to draw "The Heroes of Ossian" out of that mist, and present them as distinctly before the mind's eye as Wallace or Bruce; and Signor Priolo, an Italian artist in London, had given to a large number of those heroes an imperishable place on canvas and on steel. He referred to Priolo's beautiful work, "Illustrations from Ossian." After so much criticism, Ossian himself would almost require to be drawn out afresh, and made to stand before us without Macpherson as his stepfather. It is true that that Goth, the English Edward, carried away the most of our early records, and we have little but tradition remaining to shed light on Highland themes. But what else were the oldest histories till they were written? We have our traditions; but an English education is busy finishing the Vandal work begun by Edward. Tradition tells us that Ossian was a great warrior bard; the son and father of warriors and bards; that he lived in the end of the third and beginning of the fourth century; that he was the son of Fionn and grandson of Cumhal; that he was the father of Oscar the brave, and of Fergus the sweet-toned; and cousin of Caoilte, famous for his fleetness, and known also as a bard. And although, as he said, we have no records of these facts, there are records in Ireland which bear out our traditions.

"The Annals of the Four Masters," the greatest chronological work at this day in Europe, confirms our traditions. So do several of the ancient MSS. now publishing by the Government—*Leabhar-na-h-uidhre*, the Book of Leinster; the Book of *Lecain;* the *Dinnsenchas*, to which you will find many references in the "Ancient Institutes of Ireland," also now being published by the Government. Then the events and the characters which figure in the poems of Ossian, are positively historical; and now, we have in Dr Waddell's "Ossian and the Clyde," and in his letters since published, the most remarkable proofs of the topographical, and I hold of the historical accuracy, even of those poems which were given to the world by Macpherson. Dr Waddell has identified numbers of the places mentioned in the great epics, as clearly as Dr Porter has the topography of Joshua and Jeremiah amid the giant ruins of Bashan. The full value of this proof is not realised till we note that it comes out in some places contrary to what it is evident Macpherson himself intended! When speaking of the poems of Ossian, we must not forget that there are so-called "Ossianic poems" which bear the legendary stamp on the face of them. Among the most venerable of these are the dialogues between Ossian and St Patrick—persons who lived two hundred years apart. But these ballads are valuable; for in them are woven up the names, the events, and the scenes in the veritable Ossianic poems. As the people of Ireland would not relinquish their faith in Ossian, the clerics made use of him to convey useful information regarding their country. These instructors were wiser than those in this country, who tried to stamp out the poetry and the very language in which Ossian sang; and our youth will not have fair play, our literature will not have its proper place in our own land, and education in the Highlands will not be free from a large amount of sham, until Ossian, and *Donnacha Ban*, and *Mac Mhaighsteir Alastair*, shall have been assigned a place in our schools above that occupied by Scott, or Macaulay, or even Tennyson. But there is another value in the ballads; they show that there was an antecedent substance, of which they are the shadow, a genuine coinage, of which they are the counterfeits. I shall not wait to dwell on the other spurious compositions which were intended, after the bards had fallen into disrepute, to cast ridicule even on Ossian; but pass on to say, that setting these to the right and to the left of us, we see between the two that beautiful ray of poetic light which has come down through these 1500 years to us, and which, notwithstanding an objection here and a cavil there, is actually now assigned a place

in the great hall of English Literature! Yes; in the "Library of English Literature" now issuing from Cassell's establishment, in London, the first specimens of English literature are taken from the poems of Ossian; and thus that lamp which Dr Johnson was to have extinguished is now burning as a sort of sacred light on the altar of English literature itself! All honour to Professor Morley, who has had the candour to place the Celtic bard at the head of British literature! English, Irish, Scotch, and Italian, then, will join us Highlanders, in celebrating the "Immortal Memory of Ossian."

Mr W. G. Stuart recited Professor Blackie's spirited verses, "A Vision of Ossian and the Celtic Chair." Thereafter,

Dr F. M. Mackenzie proposed "The Ladies," and in the course of his remarks expressed a hope that at next supper they would have the happiness of having ladies among the company. He coupled the toast with the name of Dr Macnee, who replied.

Mr A. Mackenzie, of the "Celtic Magazine," said—Mr Chairman, croupiers, and gentlemen, the toast which has been entrusted to me is one which I am delighted to propose; but no one feels more than myself how utterly incapable I am to do it justice. "Professor Blackie and the Celtic Chair" is a most appropriate toast at a meeting like this, and I am much mistaken if it does not become one which will be as regularly proposed at all future meetings of Celtic Societies as the "Immortal Memory of Burns" is now at all Saint-Andrew's and other Scottish meetings throughout the world. "Professor Blackie" and the "Celtic Chair" have now become synonymous and inseparable terms. Great as the Professor is as a distinguished scholar, great as he is likely to become as a "Reformer of the Pulpit," admired as he is as a linguist and as a poet, he will be greater still, and more universally famous as a noble patriot. It is as the founder and able advocate of a chair of the Celtic languages in one of the Universities of Scotland that his name will go down to posterity. He, by his laudable and patriotic efforts, will wipe out for ever the disgrace so long endured by the Celt at the hands of his Anglo-Saxon rulers. As certain, however, as they on all occasions failed to conquer us with the sword, they will, now that we have the aid of Professor Blackie and such men, fail to crush us out of existence as a people, fail to obliterate our language, and fail to rob future generations of the chivalry, heroism, and ennobling sentiments preserved in our Celtic literature. Our soldiers and sailors have been imbued by these virtues, and, in consequence, their deeds have added lustre not only to the Highland character, but made the annals of the British people

illustrious throughout the world. Let us get fair play, then. Let our literature—our songs and our Ossian—go down to posterity in the healthy and invigorating light of a Celtic Professorship, and no one need fear that our successors will be less imbued than our ancestors were with the spirit of daring and devotion which has already added so much glory to our common country. Professor Blackie, not being a Highlander himself, is proof against the charges of negative Highland bigotry and local prejudice, which would have been so effectively hurled against one of ourselves; even had we one amongst us with the same ability, perseverance, and high-souled patriotism possessed by our redoubted Lowland champion. He had the courage to speak out for the Celt and his literature when many of ourselves who had influence, and who naturally might have been expected to exercise it in defence of the character, language, and literature of our ancestors, "sold their birthright for a mess of pottage" to south country newspapers and periodicals. When these men shall all have been forgotten, Professor Blackie's fame will go down as the disinterested defender of the noble language of a chivalrous though despised people, and his name will be cherished and admired by future generations of Celts all over the world, second only to Ossian himself. In this connection, and at a meeting like this, it is worthy of note to remark how the wind has been veering round in favour of our great masterpiece of Celtic literature. In the past we had Highlanders defending Ossian against the Southron. We now have the tables turned, and find the three who are admittedly the first, ablest, and the most distinguished literary men of the age in Scotland—Professor Blackie, George Gilfillan, and P. Hately Waddell—not only defending the ramparts, but carrying the war into the camp of the enemy, who is supported, I regret to say, by deserters who had on previous occasions done good service for their country and kindred. Now, gentlemen, let there be no uncertainty as to the sound to be sent forth from this representative and influential meeting as to the duty of all to support the work that these men are engaged in. Let the Highland clergy, who have as yet done practically nothing to gather funds for the Celtic Chair in their official capacity, beyond according Professor Blackie an empty reception at their respective General Assemblies, when he waited upon them to secure their influence in favour of his patriotic scheme, bestir themselves on behalf of this Chair. Let us have collections in every church, in every parish, and make the reception accorded at the Assemblies a real one. Let the clergy here work in sympathy with their people, secure by so doing their hearty good-

will, and greater liberality even for the schemes of their respective churches will thereby be insured. Let the committee appointed in the town of Inverness go to work with a will, and canvass the districts allotted to the different sub-committees. Let the Town Council, on the motion of our *Clachnacuddin* Provost, show a good example to the citizens by voting a subscription from the Corporation funds of the Highland Capital.* Let "Highlanders abroad" save their less enthusiastic and patriotic countrymen at home from this blot on the escutcheon of their native land, as "Scotchmen abroad" a few years ago, in consequence of an appeal in the *London Scotsman*, had done to their less patriotic countrymen at home, when they sent home over £3000 to complete the Wallace Monument, which for years had stood a standing monument to Scotland's ancient glory and modern Scottish niggardliness.—

"Now here's to the honest, and leal, and true,
And here's to the learned and wise,
And to all who love our Highland glens,
And our Bens that kiss the skies,
And here's to the native Celtic race,
And to each bright-eyed Celtic fair,
And here's to the Chief of Altnacraig,
And hurrah for the Celtic Chair!"

"Professor Blackie and the Celtic Chair," gentlemen, with Highland honours. (The toast was then drunk with great enthusiasm.)

Mr Charles Mackay gave the "Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness," to which the Provost replied.

A Gaelic song was then sung by Mr Hugh Fraser.

Bailie Noble, in proposing the toast of "Kindred Societies," said his toast needed no introduction, no eulogium. I shall, he said, only mention the names of a few of them. In England there is the Gaelic Society of London, which has long stood forward as the champion of the Gaelic language, the honourable representative of the Celtic race in the great metropolis, and of which one of our own life members and best friends—the late lamented Dr Halley —was an ornament. (Applause.) Of the present members, the most honourable mention should be made of the present Chief, John Cameron Macphee; of the past Chief, Colin Chisholm; and

* The Town Council has since unanimously voted £25, on the motion of the Provost, to the Celtic Chair Fund.

of the present excellent Secretary, John Forbes; and whilst among the members, I should not pass over the name of R. J. Tolmie. It is due from us to mention that long before any one else hoped to see the realisation of such a thing, the Gaelic Society of London laboured hard and intelligently for the establishment of a Chair of Celtic Literature; and it has worked vigorously since the movement has been taken up by Professor Blackie. (Applause.) The Club of True Highlanders, of which the veteran historian of the Celts, James Logan, was always a prominent member. In Birmingham we have an energetic Highland Society, with some of the best "Highlanders from home" as members. Speaking of kindred societies in England, we owe more than a mention of the various societies among our brethren the Welsh, who have done so much to preserve the language and literature of the Kelts, and who have set us so noble an example. In Glasgow, there are the Celtic Society, the two Ossianic Societies, and among those which have come to the front of the Celtic Chair movement, the Skye Association, the Islay Association; and the *Comunn Gaidhealach*, which has, among much good work, got up Saturday evening Gaelic concerts. In Edinburgh, we have the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club, which has given special attention to Highland education; the Sutherland Association there has done the same thing; and from year to year we have most gratifying reports of the examinations in the Highlands, and the distributions of the prizes given by these societies to Highland youths who exhibit proficiency in Gaelic and other branches. Coming near home, we have the Lorne Ossianic Society, which has shown itself to be animated by the true Highland spirit, and which has had the taste to introduce intellectual elements into its annual gala, and given prizes for the best poetical compositions. The Lorne Society has set an example in two respects which should be taken. Other localities should have their Celtic Societies, and Kingussie, Inveraray, Lochalsh, Portree, Stornoway, Lochmaddy, and so forth, should have similar organisations; and both the present and the future societies should, I venture to think, give more prominence to such literary objects as have claimed so much of the attention of our own Society. The language and the folk-lore of our race should have immediate attention; and the materials thus collected will, as Dr Maclauchlan said the other night in Edinburgh, be the real means of solving the questions over which mere critics spill so much ink. Time would fail me to mention even the names of the many societies of which the Kelts can boast. So I shall conclude by asking you to drink the health of "Kindred Societies."

Mr Barron, of the Inverness Courier, proposed "The Highland Clergy," coupled with the name of Rev. A. C. Macdonald, Queen Street Church, and Rev. L. Maclachlan, Gaelic Church, Inverness. Mr Macdonald replied in suitable terms in English, and

Mr Maclachlan, who replied in Gaelic, said—Fhir na cathrach —Ceadaichibh dhomh, ann an cainnt bhlasda mhilis ar duthcha fein taing a thoirt dhuibh air son an doigh shunndach, chridheil anns an d' òl sibh deoch slainte na cleir. Tha mi duilich nach cuala mi ni's luaithe gu'n robh dleasnas de 'n t-seorsa so a' feitheamh orm, 's gu 'm feuchainn ri facal no dha a chur an eagaibh a cheile, ri'm b' fhiach dhuibh eisdeachd. Ach na their mi thig e o 'n chridhe. Tha mi ro-thoilichte a leithid do chuideachd uasal, ghasda fhaicinn a' cuartachadh a' bhuird. 'S ann tha a Ghailig a' fas nis fasanta gach latha. Tre chaoimhneas na Ban Righ, 's le saothair an duine ionnsaichte agus fhiosarach, an t-Ollamh *Blackie*, tha choslas oirre eiridh á luaithre, agus a bhi beo n'is fhaide na bha duil againn. Saoghal fada dhi.

"Bu mhor am beud gu'm basaicheadh,
A' chanain is fearr buaidh,
'S is treis gu aobhar gaire,
'S is binne 's is blaithe fuaim."

Agus tha mi smaointeachadh gu bheil coir aig a leithid so do choinneamh cuimhneachadh air a chleir Ghaidhealaich. Cha 'n ann a mhain do bhrigh 's gu bheil iad a' searmonachadh ann an Gailig, ach do bhrigh 's gu bheil roinn mor de na sgolairean Gailig is fearr a tha beo ri'm faotainn 'n am measg. Tha aon fhear marbh, ach ged tha cha'n urrainn dhomh gun iomradh dheanadh air ainm oir tha e fathast a labhairt ruinn—an t-Ollamh Urramach Tormaid Macleoid, Gaidheal gu ruig cnaimh an droma, agus b' e "Caraid nan Gaidheal" gus an do ghlas a shuil sa bhas, agus an do sguir a chuisle air bualadh. Feudaidh mi cuid de na sgolairean Gailig 'sa chleir tha beo ainmeachadh:—Dr Macleod sa Mhorain; Dr Cleireach, Chille-Mhailidh; Stiubhardach, Bhun Lochabair; Dr Maclachlainn, Dhuneidein; Domhnull Mac Iomnhuinn an Duneidin, neach nach eil a searmonachadh, ach a chaidh tromh gach ceum air son na dreuchd, agus a tha 'dearbhadh meud a bhuaidhean inntinn, eolas is sar bheairtas ar cainnt, anns na litrichean a tha e 'sgriobheadh do'n "Ghaidheal" air na Sean-fhocail. Dh' anmichinn aon fhear eile, agus cha'n e bu choir bhi air dheireadh, Alastair Ruadh Sgitheanach, an t-ollamh Griogarach agaibh fein. Mar sin tha mi meas gu bheil coir aig a leithid so

do chomunn cuimhne chumail air a Chleir; agus rinn sibhse sin gu h-asal air an fheasgar so, agus gabhaibh ri 'm bhuidheachas air son bhur caoimhneas. Mu'n suidh mi, tha mi guidhibh gach beannachd do 'n chomunn so. Gun robh e fas ann an gliocas, an eolas, agus ann am meud, mar is sine dh' fhasas e. Thu 'n rann ag radh :—

"Tri aois coin, aois eich,
Tri aois eich aois duine,
Tri aois duine aois fireun
Tri aois fireun aois craobh dharaich."

Agus tri uairean tri aois craobh dharaich agus tuilleadh, ma thogras sibh, gu'n robh aois Comunn Gailig Baile Inbhirnis. Se run agus durachd mo chridhe gu 'm mair e agus gu'm bi e falain an la chi 's nach fhaic.

The other toasts were—The health of the Chairman, proposed by Bailie Noble; the Croupiers, by the Chairman, as also the Press, Mr Stewart of Bin, the Office-bearers of the Society, and Non-resident Members. This brought the toast list to a close, and the company broke up, having spent a very pleasant evening.

The following message was sent to Glasgow, in reply to the telegram received by the Chairman:—"Bliadhna mhath ur do Chomunn Gaidhealach Ghlaschu, a's moran diubh. Gu'm bu fada beo gach neach agaibh! Air 'ur slainte! An latha 'chi 's nach fhaic!"

20TH JANUARY 1876.

At this meeting, Mr Jonathan Nicolson, Birmingham, and Mr P. G. Macdonald, Inverness, were elected ordinary members of the Society. Thereafter, Office-bearers for 1876 were nominated.

27TH JANUARY 1876.

At the meeting on this date, the following gentlemen were elected:—Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart, honorary; Hugh Shaw, Castle Street, Inverness; Donald Macleod, Church Street, do.; Rev. Lachlan Maclachlan, do.; Archibald Macmillan, Kaituna, Havelock, New Zealand; William Douglas, Aberdeen Town and County Bank, Inverness; Donald Macdonald, Culcraggie; Andrew Mackenzie, Alness; Hugh Mackenzie, do.; William Mackenzie, factor, Ardross; William Mackenzie, solicitor, Dingwall; Captain

Alex. Matheson, Dornie, Kintail; Christopher Murdoch, Kyleakin; Norman Macraild, Colbost; John Macraild, Laggan, Fort Augustus; and James Hunter, Glengarry—all ordinary members. Thereafter, the Office-bearers were balloted for.

3D FEBRUARY 1876.

At the meeting on this date, the following gentlemen were elected ordinary members, viz., Lachlan Ferguson, Guisachan, and Alexander Maclean, Abriachan; and after transacting some routine business, Mr William Mackay read an interesting paper in Gaelic, entitled "Na Laithean a dh'fhalbh ann an Gleann Gaidhealach."

10TH FEBRUARY 1876.

At the meeting on this date Mr Donald Dott, Caledonian Bank, Inverness, was elected an ordinary member. Mr A. R. Macraild presented the Society with a copy of Blackie's "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen." The other business before the meeting was of a routine character.

17TH FEBRUARY 1876.

At the meeting on this date, the Secretary intimated that Professor Geddes, Aberdeen, made a donation of copies of his Lectures on Celtic Literature to the Society. Dr Farquhar Matheson, Soho Square, London, was elected an ordinary member. Mr Lachlan Macbean, Inverness, thereafter read a translation of

CONLAOCH.

The following is a translation from one of the Gaelic poems preserved since about the beginning of the sixteenth century in the Book of the Dean of Lismore. In that collection it is ascribed to Gillecallum Mac an Ollaimh, that is, Malcolm Macanolla or Macinally, or the son of the Doctor. The translation is as literal as possible, and more faithful to the original than any translation of this piece which I have yet seen.

The foundation of the poem is as follows. Cuchullin, when a young man, went to receive his training at a celebrated institution in Skye. While there, he gained the affection and confidence of a

native lady. His education being completed, he returned to his castle of Dundalgin, forgot his sweetheart of Skye, and married the daughter of a certain Forgan. Meanwhile, the deserted maiden gives birth to a child whom she names Conlaoch. Him she trains to the use of arms, and, charging him to tell no man who he is, sends him out to fight for his own right hand. It is thought that, like the mother of Hiawatha, her object in sending him out was that he might meet his father and revenge her wrong. The poem shows the sequel.

Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay mentions a MS. in the Advocates' Library which contains another, and I presume a prose, version of this story. He says it "sends Cuchullin first to Scotland to learn feats of agility from Doiream, daughter of King Donald, hence to Scythia [? Skia or Skye], where a seminary is crowded with pupils from Asia, Africa, and Europe. He beats them all, goes through wonderful adventures, goes to Greece, returns with certain Irish chiefs, arrives in Ireland, and is followed by his son, a half Scythian [? Sgiathanach], whom he kills at a ford." The chief incident is of frequent recurrence in Celtic poetry and folk-lore. The tale of Carthon given in Macpherson's Ossian is a good example. Signor Prioli, in his "Illustrations from Ossian," gives two pictures illustrative of that story. The first shows Clessamor's ship borne away by the heartless winds while his young bride is left wringing her hands on the shore. The second represents the fatal fight between Clessamor and his son, whom he had never seen before.

Dr Maclauchlan, editor of the Book of the Dean of Lismore, mentions a Persian tale, "Zohrab and Rustum," closely resembling the story of the "Death of Conlaoch."—

I have heard an ancient story,
Heard a doleful, plaintive legend;
Now 'tis meet to tell it sadly,
Though it fill our hearts with sorrow.

Firmly grasping sons of Ruri,*
Race of Connor and of Connal,
Swift to take the field their young men
In the Pentarchy of Ulster.
None came to his house contented,
None of all the men of Banva,†

* *Ruri.*—"Clann Rughraidh, a powerful race who occupied the province of Ulster at an early period after having expelled the Clann Deaghaidh or the Dalcassians, afterwards of Munster."—*Dr Maclauchlan.*

† *Banva or Banba*, according to Irish writers, was of old a name for Ireland.

For in trying one more battle,
Ruri's race had been victorious.

Fierce of mien, there came a warrior,
Came the dauntless hero, Conlaoch,
Came to see our beauteous country,
Came to Erin from Dunscaïch.*
Connor thus addressed the others—
"Who will meet the youthful hero?
Who will ask him of his story?
Ask him, and take no refusal?"
Then went Connal, arm of vigour,
To demand the young man's story.
Having met the hero's onset,
He was seized and bound by Conlaoch.
Yet the hero would not rest him,
Fearless Conlaoch, fierce of manner,
Till a hundred of our people
He had bound, though strange to tell it!
From the wise High-king of Ulster
There was sent a message-bearer
To the chieftain of the Conni,
To the Knights' renowned chieftain;
To Dundalgin,† fair and sunny,
The old fortress of the Gaël,
That wise stronghold that we read of,
And to Forgan's prudent daughter.
Thence came he of deeds of valour
To our country's generous monarch,
To the people of green Ulster,
Came the Cù-na-cruva-rua,
Came the Red-tree Knight to see us.
With white teeth and cheeks like berries
Came he in our need to help us.
"Long," thus to the Cù spoke Connor,
"Long has been thine aid in coming,
While the lover of bold war-steeds,
Valiant Connal, lies in bondage
With an hundred of our people."
Connal—"It is hard to be a captive,
Thou that helpest friends in trouble."

* *Dunscaich* was a famous stronghold in Skye, said to have belonged at one time to Cuchullin. The ruins of it are yet to be seen.

† *Dundalgin* (Dun Dealgain) was probably Dundalk.

Cù—"'T were not wise to meet his weapon,
Seeing he has bound strong Connal."
Connal—"Think not to refuse to meet him,
Prince of keen, blue, gleaming sword-blades,
Arm that never failed in battle,
Think upon thy thong-bound patron."
When Cùchullin,* Knight of Cullin,
He of blades, thin-leaved and slender,
Heard strong Connal's lamentation,
Then he moved with arm of power,
To obtain the young man's story.
Cù—"Tell us, now we've come to meet thee,
Love, who fearest not the conflict,
Smooth-skinned youth of blackest eyebrow,
Tell us of thy name and country."
Conlaoch—"Ere I left my home I pledged me
That I'd never tell my story;
Could I tell it to another,
For thy love to thee I'd tell it."
Cù—"Thou must meet me in the combat,
Or, as friend, relate thy story.
Take thy choice then, tender hair-lock,
But 'twere wise to shun my onset.
Let us not then join in anger,
Noble Leopard! Pride of Erin!
Arm of valour in the battle!
I unbought would tell my story."
Then they bore against each other,
And no feminine combat had they,
Till the youth received his death-blow,
The hard-handed, valiant young man.
(Yet Cùchullin, Knight of Cullin—
He of fierce and hard-fought battles—

* *Cuchullin's* name has been explained in various ways. Cu is the Gaelic for a dog or hound. One Highland story purports to be an account of the manner in which Cuchullin killed the watch-dog of a certain Cullin and had to act as watch-dog himself, whence he was called Cu-Chulainn, the dog of Cullin. It is more probable that this story was made to account for the name, and that *cu* here means not a dog, but is the old Gaelic word for a knight or champion, preserved in our word curaidh, a hero. There are Cullin mountains in Skye and in Ireland, after either of which the knight might be called, or, what is more likely, he might be called the knight of the holly (cuilinn) tree. The red-berried holly may have been the "red tree" after which an order of knights were then called, and it is certain that of this order Cuchullin was the head. Carbair who killed Oscar, the Ossian, is said to have been a member of this order. Cuchullin lived in the first century, and was thus two or three generations anterior to Ossian.

On that day was discomfited ;
His one son by him had fallen,
He had slain his son in anger,
That fair bough, so brave and gentle)

"Tell us," thus the clever Cù spoke,
Said the crafty Knight "Inform us,
Since thou'rt ever at our mercy,
Tell us fully name and kindred ;
Think not now to baulk our question."

"I am Conlaoch, son of Cù, and
Rightful heir of high Dundalgin.
It was I unborn thou leftest
When at Skia thou wert learning.
In the East seven years I tarried,
Gaining knowledge from my mother ;
And the only thing I wanted—
Wanted yet of all my training—
Was the pass by which I've fallen."

Then the great Cùchullin thinking,
While his dear son changed his colour,
Thinking of his generous spirit,
Mind and memory forsook him,
And his sorrow almost severed
Life and beauty from his body,
Seeing, lying in the valley,
The brave hero of Dundalgin.

Great and difficult to speak of
Is the grief that is upon us !
I have heard an ancient story !

24TH FEBRUARY 1876.

At this meeting, Peter Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston, was elected a life member of the Society; and Denis A. O'Leary, Charleville, Cork, and Peter Fraser, collector, Beauly, ordinary members. On the motion of Mr Murdoch, seconded by Mr Macfaild, the Society unanimously agreed to the following resolution, and instructed the Secretary to send a copy thereof to Mr Dallas, clerk to Dr Bell's Trustees, and to Provost Simpson :—"The Gaelic Society of Inverness respectfully direct the attention of Dr

Bell's Trustees to the desirability of electing a gentleman to the office of Rector of Farraline Park Institution, now vacant, who (other qualifications being equal) is conversant with and able to teach the Gaelic language."

2D MARCH 1876.

At this meeting, Thomas O'Hara, Inspector of National Schools, Gort, Ireland, was elected an honorary member; Donald Ramsay, Academy Street, Inverness, and Wm. Macdonald, Hilton, do., ordinary members; and Alexander Packman, Church Street, do., a junior member. Thereafter, the Secretary, in behalf of Mr William Morrison, M.A., Dingwall, read the following paper, being

NOTES ON THE AFFINITY BETWEEN GAELIC AND GERMAN.

It requires no small amount of fortitude, even in the present day, to assert that Gaelic has even the remotest connection with the great group of languages termed by German scholars the Indo-Germanic. One must be prepared to withstand the ridicule not only of the learned but the affected contempt of the illiterate. The question of the antiquity of Gaelic has been popularly relegated to the region of amiable manias, valuable only as tending to excite mirth, even in the minds of the frivolous and vain. One of the strangest facts to explain is the contempt shown by men of undoubted scholarship regarding the claims of the Celtic tongues to rank as members of the great family of the European languages. One of these scholars, Dr Latham, asks in despair what can be the value of "Grimm's Law" as a principle in unravelling the tangled web of these European languages, seeing it admits the Celtic tongues into their community? Another, Max Müller, asserts dogmatically that "Celtic words may be found in German, Slavonic, and *even* in Latin, but only as *foreign words*, and their amount much smaller than is commonly supposed. A far larger number of Latin and *German* words have since found their way into modern Celtic dialects; and these have frequently been mistaken by *Celtic enthusiasts* for original words, from which German and Latin might in their turn be derived."

That we are not advocating a hopeless cause, we may learn from the fact that men quite as eminent, though not now so much heard of, have settled the question that the Celtic language has an

undoubted alliance with the Indo-Germanic stock. Dr Pritchard, in his profound treatise "On the Eastern Origin of Celtic Nations," has proved beyond doubt and above cavil, that the Celtic has the highest claims to rank as a member of the great Aryan family of tongues. Bopp, in his "Sanscrit Roots," gives long lists of cognate Celtic words; and the learned French philologer and antiquarian, Terzon, expressed his conviction that "the Teutonic is quite full of Celtic roots." To Dr Pritchard belongs the honour of being the first to originate a critical investigation of modern Celtic languages and their relationship to the other branches of the European stock. So strongly has the claim of affinity with the Teutonic family been asserted, that we find two eminent German scholars crossing swords on the question. A learned treatise by Von Adolf Holzman, entitled "Kelten und Germanen, eine historishe Untersuchung," published at Stuttgart in 1855, is met by one equally erudite from the pen of Dr H. B. C. Brandes, Leipzic, 1857. Dr Holtzman starts the strange theory that Tacitus and the other ancient writers upon the early German tribes were wrong in making the distinction between Germans and Celts. He holds that the Germans are Celts, that the Cymri and the Gaels are not Celts, and he maintains that the political complications consequent on the great French Revolution, gave rise to the opinion that the Germans and Gauls were essentially distinct nations, that both parties, in that time of fierce passion, affirmed that nations so antagonistic in feeling must have been ever dissociated in their origin. He is evidently forced to this hypothesis by the fact that the ancient geographers termed all Central Europe west of Scythia by the name Celtica. Dr Latham, in his anxiety to deny community of origin to the Celtic with other European tongues, is driven to the absurd theory, that the numerals in Gaelic, which have an uncomfortable resemblance to those of the other Aryan tongues, were imported by St Columba from Latin into Gaelic. This is really sheer drivel, and unworthy of a great man. However wide words expressive of other ideas may have departed from the primitive ones, yet the simplicity, or oneness of notion in our ideas of numeration, is surely a presumption in favour of the similarity of the vocables expressive of number to be found in almost all tongues.

The mist is gradually uplifting from off the history and philology of the Celtic language, and the bold rugged forms are looming on inquiring minds as the mighty fragments of an earlier world. The study of Gaelic has been criminally neglected, especially by those to whom it is known vernacularly; and now, per-

haps, that the sad fact is becoming more and more patent that the venerable tongue is about to be reckoned among the dead languages, some interest is excited in its study. The death of a language is the death of all that is distinctive in the people who use it. The strong individuality of Gaelic is well shown by its almost total rejection of exotic words, and as that characteristic arises, of course, from the mental idiosyncrasy of the people who speak it, the gradual abandonment of the language shows a corresponding obliteration of the features of mind finding expression in that language.

That the Celts—I take the Gaelic or Irish tribes as the advanced column of the Celtic host who swept over the plains of Europe from the East—have had a common origin in the great cradle of the Aryan nations is an indisputable fact. The question I propose is, what evidence have we of an affinity between nations so ethnographically distinct as the Celts and the Germans? A cursory view of the question is all that can be ventured upon, so as to avoid the reflection that a mere beginner should have his hardihood, in launching out on the tempestous sea of etymology, tempered by discretion enough to acknowledge the difficulty of the undertaking and the frailty of his bark. In reading the Germania of Tacitus, one cannot fail being struck with the obscurity that hangs over the pages of that proverbially clear-headed man's book when he deals with the manners and situation of the German tribes.

We have no difficulty whatever in understanding how it happened that seas, rivers, and mountains should retain their Celtic names, after the Celts were either driven further to the west, or were absorbed in the German or Slavonic nations that subsequently occupied their territories. For example, in the opinion of competent scholars—Adelung for instance—the name of the Rhine seems only another form of Rhodanus, and to be connected with "Eridanus, Danube, Don, Tanais," &c., and signifies in the Celtic "the water" or "the river." The "Danubius" was commonly applied to that part of the river above Vienna; below that town it was called the Ister—the Dan (ister); both terms being equivalent to the Gaelic or Celtic "upper" and "lower" waters. The Celtic names of the German tribes are a sore puzzle to philologists. Dr Latham looks at the Celtic elements in these names with the strongest suspicion. Where Tacitus is explicit in using the word "Gallica," for instance, as applied to a tribe called the "Gothini," Latham, on account of his Celtophobia, attributes to Tacitus a gratuitous mistake in believing that the tribe was

Celtic at all, and not rather as Gallician or Slavonic. Again, he will not allow the possibility of Celtic remnants being left among the Teutons, as persistent pools, after the great tide of their Celtic brethren fell back; for, in such an instance as that of those termed vaguely by Tacitus, "Gentes Æstiorum," dwellers on the coast of East Prussia, and of whom he expressly records that their language was like that of Britain, Latham hazards the theory that the 'Britannica" of Tacitus was but a Latanised form of "Pryttisce" or "Prutskaja" in its Slavonic form, and, in fine, that these people were Lettish or Lithuanian.

When Latham meets names such as "Treveri," "Triboci," the Celtic forms of the words, perhaps, do not convince him altogether so much as the fact that St Jerome distinctly asserts regarding the Treveri, that they spoke the language of the Galatae of Phrygia, which we know to have been Celtic. These forms suggest the Cornish ones found in such names as Trelawney, &c.

The origin of the name "German" has been a problem and likely will remain so. Some would have the name from the Gaelic, "gairm," to call, as signifying men who shouted in battle. That could scarcely be distinctive of any people in the days when "every battle of the warrior was with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." A better etymology is "Wehr-men"—guards. We have the word in Anglo-Saxon, "Wer"—a man, and in Moeso-Gothic, "aoir'—a man, evidently the Gaelic "fear," and the Latin "vir."

That Tacitus used the word "bard," instead of the German, "scop" or "skald," as the name of the minstrels of those tribes inhabiting ancient Germania, is surely an undesigned proof of the prevalence of the Celtic language over Central Europe.

One of the greatest difficulties in the Germania of Tacitus, is to explain who were the Cimbri. That these people occupied the Cimbric Chersonnese is a settled point. That they were Celts is highly probable, geographically isolated though they were from their brethren. Their name being but a Latinized form of the great Cymric branch of the Celts, and the description of their manners by Plutarch, are surely sufficient to decide their identity as a Celtic people. What is remarkable is that the Celtic word "Cumaraice" means a place of valleys, and the name now given to the Cimbric Chersonnese is Denmark, a word in the Anglo-Saxon meaning "land of valleys," from "denu" and "mark." We need have no difficulty in understanding how completely the Celtic language once spoken in Denmark has disappeared. From the time of Tacitus until the Jutes and Angles appear on the stage of

history, a period of migrations, absorptions prevailed all over Europe. We have only to look back on our own country to see, even in our neighbourhood, how thoroughly the Celtic or Gaelic has been swept out of the district of Buchan, for instance, since the date of the "Book of Deer."

So much for the historical connection of the Celts with the Germans on the Continent. That many words have found their way into German from the earlier Celtic settlers is highly probable, though of course what these are cannot now be determined very accurately. That there are numerous words common to both languages, modified indeed by the organic peculiarities of the races, is an undoubted fact. To a casual observer who compares the words found in a dictionary of each tongue, Gaelic, Anglo-Saxon, or Modern German, the number of cognate words cropping up on every page is striking, and deserves more than a mere expression of astonishment. Apropos, to one learning a new language, it surely is the most rational method, as well as the most pleasant, to observe a family likeness in words spoken by peoples separated by large lapses of time or vast tracts of space.

The etymology of words is not of itself a sufficient guide for perceiving an affinity between two or more languages. We must also have a comparison of their grammatical configuration. Unless attention be paid to that, we may be led into the wildest vagaries, and be even inclined to shout that we have made a discovery which, on further search, proves to be but a linguistic mare's nest.

The grammar of Gaelic—at least the accidence, being so like Hebrew, led inquirers, especially clergymen, for an obvious reason, to classify Gaelic with the Shemetic group. Now, if words are taken, the resemblance will not carry us to that group. The fact that Gaelic, like the other Aryan languages, is characterised by an organic root, expressive of a general idea, to which inflectional additions give a specific meaning, and that such roots are not necessarily characterised as three consonants without vowels, as in the Shemetic tongues, is sufficient to place Gaelic in the Indo-Germanic group. The following grammatical similarities may be considered :—

I. In Gaelic, as in German, the cases of nouns soften the radical vowel for the plural, or add "an," or a similar sound. The dative plural is characterised by adding a labial inflection—"ibh" in Gaelic; "um" in the old Norse and Anglo-Saxon.

II. In the comparison of adjectives, if we take the irregulars in Gaelic—for really they are the only adjectives compared—in the case of the vast majority of Gaelic adjectives, so called, we have nothing else than the genitive singular of the noun.

We have in Gaelic, as in Old High German and Anglo-Saxon, two forms in the comparative, and these ending in "ra" and "sa" for Gaelic; Old High German, "ro" and "za"; and in Anglo-Saxon, "or," "re," and "se."

III. The pronouns, "me," "thu" or "tu," "bhur," are no doubt from the same origin as the corresponding words in the German dialects, as well as those in the classic tongues. I venture with hesitation to classify the possessives under the two heads "ne" and "s," as Latham does, though we have in Gaelic the "na" and "sa" used as possessive encletics.

IV. The verb "bi" in Gaelic has this one feature, at least, of resemblance to the corresponding German verb, that the verb "be" in its different forms is, in the early dialects, according to Jacob Grimm, expressive of the future tense, and not of the present.

We need not be surprised at the number of prepositions, conjunctions, and other particles to be found alike in the Celtic and Gothic tongues, for these words being but abruptions of a primitive language, and expressive of the same modifications of ideas, remained the same through the current of ages, however much abraded and broken. Amongst the most striking are—

Gaelic, "ath"—again; "ed," Anglo-Saxon; and "id," Gothic. Gaelic, "do"—with difficulty; "tor," Icelandic. The Anglo-Saxon "ed," Latin "re," we have in "ed-nivian"— to renew: the Gaelic "ath-nuadhachadh." The Gothic "idreigos"—repentance; Gaelic, "aithreachas." The Anglo-Saxon "to" (Latin, dis; German, zer; and Iceland, tor) is used as a prefix with much the same force as "do" is, do-labhairt—unspeakable.

The orthography of doubtful Gaelic words may be settled by a knowledge of cognate words; for example, whether it be "do" or "de." Stewart, in his admirable Gaelic Grammar, holds that "do"—of, as in "do la," "by day," should be spelt "de," and adduces the analogy of Latin in the phrase "de tertiâ vigiliâ and de nocte." Now, in the northern languages, "to" and "at" mean the same; in fact, in Icelandic, "to call" is "at kalla," so that the "de" in Latin may be rendered by "at" or "to"; hence analogy as well as logic is in favour of "do" instead of "de." The translators of the Gaelic Scriptures were therefore right in the spelling of the particle "*do*."

I beg to append a list of Gaelic words taken at random, with their equivalents in the German dialects.

Gaelic.	Anglo-Saxon.	German.
Bagh—a bay	Bige	Bai
Balg—a bag	Baelg	Balg
Ball—a ball	...	Ball
Báta—a boat	Bat	Boot
Beic—a courtesy	Big-an	Bogen
Beic—a peak	Pïc	Pick (provincial)
Beir—to bear	Ber-an	Ge-*burt*—a birth
Beum—a stroke, a stream, a knell; *e.g.* beum sleibhe, beum sgeithe, beum soluis	Beam—a post, a wind instrument, a trumpet, a ray of light	Baum
Biceir—a cup	...	Becher
Blath—fruit	* Blaed—a leaf	Blat
Brug—a fort	Brug. Burg	Borh (Icelandic)
Clag—a bell	...	Glocke
Carcair—a prison	Carc—a house of care	...
Casa—a cough	Host	Husten
Corn—a horn	Horn	Horn
Car—a turn	Cyr	...
Crog—a book	Cric—a crook	...
Croch—saffron	* Crodh	...
Ceap-adh—to catch	Cep-an—to catch	...
"Deas"—right or south	...	O.H. German, "Zeso." Gothic, "taisho" } right or south
Dragh—draw, drag, trouble	...	Er-trag-en

(Here it may be observed that the aspirate "h" in Gaelic is no necessary part of the root, as it probably was unknown in early Gaelic.)

Deachd	Teach	Zeichen
Doire—wood	Treowa (a tree)	...
Gruaim—a frown	Grim	Grimmig
Gin-eadh—to give birth	Acenn-an	...
Glan—clean	Claen	...

* Blowian—to bloom, different from blawian—to blow (as a wind)

* Greek, Κροκος—the crocus.

Geall—a pledge	Geld—a fine	Gelt-en
Fill—a fold	Feald	Falte
Gne—kind	Kin, cen	...
Im-lich	Lick	Lichen
Stad—to stop	Stand	Stand
Sluagh, or rather sluadh (judging from Welsh)	Leod	Leute
Laoidh—a song	Leoth	Lied
Slige—shell	Scylle	Schell
Scallag—a servant	Scalc—a servant	Schalk—a rogue
Goirid—short from Gearr—to cut	Scort—short Sceran—to cut	Kurz
Gaidheal	Weallas (foreigners)	Welsch
Goil	Weallan—to boil up	Wellen
Uilinn—the elbow	Elna	Ellen-bogen
Teach—a house	Thaec	Dach—a roof
Reachd—a statute	Riht	Recht
Radh—to speak	Raed	Rath—counsel
Run—mystery-secret, *e.g.*, run-chleirach—a secretary	Run — secret letter, the runes or hieroglyphic letters of the Norsemen	...
Tapaidh—brave	...	Tapfer

9TH MARCH 1876.

At the meeting on this date, a number of books, presented by Mr Craigie, Brechin, were produced. The thanks of the Society were accorded to Mr Craigie for his valuable present. Mr Hugh Rose, solicitor, read the following paper on

HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY.

So much has been written during the last eighty years on the poetry, music, and literature of the Celtic race in general, and of the Highlands of Scotland in particular, that it is impossible to treat a subject such as this with any pretence to originality; and, accordingly, I can only claim to have arranged in a somewhat methodical form the gleanings of a course of reading in this and kindred topics, in a form which may not be uninteresting to many

whose tastes incline in the same direction, and to have brought into prominence certain local traditions and historical incidents touching Highland minstrelsy, which may have escaped the notice of some, and may be new to others.

When and by whom the melodies peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland were composed, and how long they continued to be handed down by tradition, are questions not easily answered. Many of the airs were doubtless formed upon models of an early period, probably from chants, choruses, and intonations of church service. But whatever changes in the course of time may have taken place in their form, it was undoubtedly from certain early models that our Highland melodies derive their essential and peculiar character. Apart from the poetry and the marked associations connected with it, there is something striking in the music of the songs. It is like no other music—its very strains betoken antiquity.

It is an interesting but by no means an easy question to answer whether the ancient melodies of Scotland were chiefly the invention of an order of men who conjoined music with poetry, who sung verses of their own composing to the harp; or whether they were composed and performed by mere instrumental performers on the violin, the harp, the cruit, or three-stringed harp, and such kind of instruments as were common throughout the Highlands; who, like the Troubadours of old, wandered up and down the country eking out an existence by reciting romances, singing songs and ballads to the harp, violin, &c., or whether they originated among shepherds tending their flocks, who felt the sentiments of which pastoral songs are so expressive. Whatever may have been the source of inspiration, it must be observed that a certain similarity is readily traced more or less perfect between the melody and the words, and that the spirit and genius of the one must have inspired and awakened that of the other.

The rhythm and measure of a verse, together with the sentiment, often seem to carry intonation or *air* along with them, for we never can commit the words of a song or ballad to memory with the same naturalness and ease as when we have first become familiar with the melody or air which re-echoed the words; and, on the other hand, it may be asserted with considerable show of reason, that a favourite air is more likely to suggest or help one through with the words.

Mr Tytler, in his History of Scotland, states that there can be little doubt that in Scotland, as in France and England, the profession of a minstrel combined the arts of music and recitation,

with a proficiency in the lower accomplishments of dancing and tumbling; and in the reign of David the First, at the Battle of the Standard, fought in 1138, minstrels, posture-makers, and female dancers accompanied the army. Further, he relates that during the royal progresses through the kingdom, it was customary for minstrels and singers to receive the sovereign at his entrance into the different towns, and to accompany him when he took his departure. The country, he says, from a very early period, maintained a privileged race of wandering minstrels, who eagerly seized on the prevailing superstition and romantic legends current at the time, and wove them into rude, but sometimes very expressive, verse, who were welcome guests at the gate of every feudal castle, and fondly beloved by the great body of the people.

It is generally believed that the distinctive characteristics of Highland music three or four centuries ago were not very different from the traditional music of England, Ireland, and Wales, but since that time the national music of those countries has undergone considerable change in consequence of the introduction of harmony and chromatics, while that of the Scottish Highlands has retained all its ancient peculiarities down to the present time.

Little is known of the structure and origin of these ancient Highland melodies. Nearly all the songs composed for many generations have been to airs of great antiquity, and we know that when the bard betook himself to the composition of a song, he invariably mentioned the name of some well-known popular song and melody, in accordance with which the new song was to be sung. It is thought that very few airs of any merit have been composed in the Highlands for at least two hundred years, but many old airs are believed to have been lost since the time when emigration commenced. But in the present time every style of musical composition, regardless of merit, is committed to the press and preserved, while formerly, musical compositions, unless they possessed great merit, or had a local interest connected with them, were soon neglected and forgotten.

It is related by the Welsh Bishop Cambrensis, who flourished in the 12th century, that standard models of poetry and music were adapted by the bards and harpers to every circumstance of importance in social life. These have existed for unknown ages in the country, and the rhythm and measure of them have served to guide the successive generations of minstrels; and though the native harpers became extinct more than a century and a half ago, the pipers have since contributed to preserve some of the ideas which were associated with the use of the harp. For in-

stance, they used to say, "Ceud phort na h-Alba"—the first model tune in Scotland; "Dara port na h-Alba"—the second best tune in Scotland, until all the models had been numbered and named. In allusion to the keys in music, the old pipers used to say *Nan robh na h-iuchraichean agam shiubhlain an domhainn le buaidh*, that is, If I knew the keys, I could travel the world and win every prize. There is hardly any distinction of keys on the bagpipe, and these ideas must have been adopted by the pipers from the harpers, whose music is found to be in the regular keys and modes of ancient tunes.

Again, the uniformity and strict similarity of the modes and metres of many of the ancient Highland laments and elegies, and other popular productions, composed at great intervals of time and at places remote from each other, clearly demonstrate that in Highland minstrelsy there was nothing done at random, but that there was a design and system established at a remote period, which we continue to recognise at the present day, and still adhere to, even after the extinction of the bards.

Until within the last 300 years, it is believed that Scottish music was but rarely committed to paper, but it has been ascertained that among pipers and harpers, probably for many centuries previous, a mechanical system of notation prevailed, though not in writing sufficient to preserve the cadence and expression of certain airs, and this system again tended greatly to preserve and recall the melody itself.

But I pass from this part of the subject for the present, to consider the scope of the instrumentality by which the music of ancient Caledonia was fostered and transmitted to us, at least such of it as has survived the turbulent periods of war. So far, then, as minstrelsy had to do with the preservation and careful transmission of original airs, there were three classes of musical performers, who mainly, if not exclusively, treasured and kept alive the favourite airs of the people—first, the harpers, with their vocal airs; second, the pipers; and third, the performers on the violin, or fiddlers, and their accompaniments. A few remarks on the first of these, with special reference to the position assigned to the harper, will probably illustrate this assertion.

The frequent mention of the harp in the older poetry of the Highlands leads to the inference that the instrument was in high esteem, and much cultivated among the people; for such was the estimation in which the harpers were held, that they were supported by the voluntary contributions of communities, and often were put in possession of certain portions of land as a reward for their services.

Nearly all the music in the Highlands appears to have at one time been composed for the harp, the cruit or three-stringed harp, and the voice; but from the period of the harp's cessation, before the middle of the last century, it is probable that Gaelic songs and recitations have not been sung with that truth and precision which a musical accompaniment would have ensured to the singer. In regard to common songs and elegies, &c., a succession of bards of no mean ability has kept the spirit of song alive till our own day. A great quantity of their poetry has been published, but much of the music to which they were sung has not. The veil of obscurity hangs over the early history of the harp in Britain, as well as in the adjoining countries, and though it is stated by Roman authors that instruments like lyres were in the hands of the Celtic bards in Gaul, yet, as the lyres assumed so many forms in different ages and countries, the only certainty is their having been stringed instruments of music. Diodonis Siculas (A.D. 45) records that "the bards of Gaul sang to instruments like lyres, praising some and satirising others;" and Ammianus Marcellinus (A.D. 390) informs us that "the bards celebrated the brave actions of illustrious men in heroic verse, which they sung to the sweet sounds of the lyre." And on the authority of contemporary Roman authors the British bards were said to be similarly engaged. The harp is frequently mentioned in some of the oldest Gaelic poetry extant, that of Ossian, for instance. The inartificial style of the poems was adopted by many other ancient bards, it being a combination of the heroic, hymnic, odic, dramatic, and narrative styles, sung either as recitative or song, and all except a few susceptible of being sung to the harp, and to different permutations of one form of melody. St Columba and his clergy (A.D. 565) are said to have been performers on the harp, but as Ireland claims them as her sons, though residing in Iona, I merely mention the fact without setting up a claim for them as native Highlanders. Bede gives us to understand that, in the 7th century, the harp was so generally played in Britain, that it was customary to hand it from one to another at entertainments; and he speaks of one who was so ashamed he could not play upon it that he slunk away for fear of exposing himself. The harper invariably accompanied his lord or patron, whether on a mission of war or peace, and it would appear that such was the confidence reposed in him, that he was permitted to enter the private apartments of his master. This intimacy was, however, on several conspicuous occasions seriously misplaced, for we are informed by the historian Buchanan, that Eocha, one of the early Kings of Scotland, was killed by a harper who lay in his bed-

chamber. That must have happened in the end of the 8th century. From a Gaelic MS., containing memorabilia of Inverness, and quoted by Sir Walter Scott in the "Lord of the Isles," we learn that Donald, Lord of the Isles, was murdered by his own harper at Inverness, in the year 1385, after the memorable misfortune which followed his incursion into Athole. It is said by the historian of King James I. (Meagor) that, "on the harp, he excelled the Irish or the Highland Scots, who are esteemed the best performers on that instrument." Again, he says of the Highlanders, "For instrumental music in the accompaniment of the voice they make use of the harp, on which they perform most sweetly." Queen Mary's harp and the Caledonian harp, which were discovered in the possession of the family of Robertson of Lude, in Perthshire, in 1805, are supposed to be favourable specimens of such instruments as were in use centuries previously. The latter of these was brought by a lady on her marriage into the family of Lude about the year 1460, and it remained there until presented, along with the former instrument, by their possessor, Robertson of Lude, to the Highland Society of Scotland early in the present century. John Garve Maclean of Coll, who lived in the reign of King James the Sixth and that of his successor, was a performer and composer on the harp, and two of his compositions are still extant. James Grant of Sheugly, in Glen-Urquhart, the author of a song describing a contest between the violin, pipe, and harp, for superior claims to public favour, lived in the 17th century. He was a performer on all these instruments, and a poet, but few of his compositions are extant, or even mentioned. Very few of the Highland lairds or high churchmen in the 15th and 16th centuries but retained harpers. The following is an extract from the will and testament of John Campbell, Bishop of the Isles, of date 4th October 1585, preserved in the archives of Cawdor Castle. After a number of other legacies occurs the following, viz.:—

"I laif to David Macfeye, harper, by (besides) his hundred pounds I awcht him with the fye (fee) Sax lib.

(Signed) "Jo. B. of Ihyles."

This Bishop was successor to the memorable Bishop Carswell, who had, in the dedication of his catechism, complained that the Highlanders paid more attention to idle tales, and songs of Fin MacCuthaill and Goll MacMoirne, than to the Word of God.

The family of Mackenzie of Gruinard, in Wester Ross, were

celebrated performers on the harp for many generations. The family of Mackenzie of Applecross not only were performers, but famed as patronizers of that instrument. In the 17th and 18th centuries, when the harp was beginning to decline in Scotland, Irish harpers continued to make their appearance. One of these paid a visit to Mackenzie of Applecross, who was so pleased with his performance that he gave him a handful of gold out of his right hand and a handful of silver out of his left. On returning to Ireland, and being asked whose was the most liberal hand he had found in Scotland, he said the right hand of Applecross, and being further asked whose was the next best, he said—"the left hand of Applecross." John Macdonald, the Keppoch bard, otherwise called Iain Lom or Manntach, composed a song on the Duke of Gordon during the exile of Charles the Second, in which the following lines occur :—

"Bha mi eòlach a'd thalla,
Bha mi steach ann ad sheòmar
Bhiodh ann iomairt air thaileasg
A's da chlarsach a' co' stri.

"I was acquainted in your hall, and have been into your chamber. It was customary to play at chess, and to have two harps playing in emulation." One of our last harpers was blind Lachlan Mackinnon, of Skye, who died only in the 18th century. Many of the Highland Lairds were not only patrons of the harpers, but they themselves excelled in the performance of that instrument. For instance, some of the Lairds of Macleod had a practical knowledge of the instrument. The ancient family of Rose of Kilravock have been distinguished for their musical taste from time immemorial. At what period they adopted the harp as their family crest is unknown, but our oldest heraldic records exhibit it as such, and we may infer that the instrument was held at one time in high estimation and cultivated in the family. In a song, made in various metres, by the bard James Macgregor, complimentary to the Laird of Grant, before the disuse of bows and arrows, he says it was customary in the evenings to have the music of harps in his mansion. In the accounts of the Lord Treasurer for Scotland, from 1436 to 1548, a period of 112 years, it is recorded that over 50 payments had been made to individual harpers whose names are given, besides payments to whole groups of minstrels.

The following is a list of noblemen and others in the Highlands,

three centuries ago, who retained harpers :—The Duke of Argyll retained two harpers, 1503 ; the Laird of Balnagown, one, 1502 ; a harper at Glenluce, 1505 ; the Thane of Calder, one, 1502 ; two harpers at Strathfillan, 1502 ; one at the Kirk of Balquither, 1502 ; a harper at Dingwall, 1506 ; Maclean of Lochbuy's harper, 1506 ; the Bishop of Ross's harper, 1506 ; the Bishop of Caithness's harper, 1506 ; the Earl of Sutherland's harper, 1507 (whose name was Donald Maclean).

In the poems of Ossian, and frequently in Gaelic songs, we find frequent mention made of the harp and the estimation in which harpers were held. There was a vast mass of Gaelic poetry composed before the extinction of the harp, which speaks with rapture of the delight the people took in that instrument. The poetry and the song of the bards, and the harmonious tenderness of the music of strings which accompanied the rehearsal of their verse, were highly conducive to that generosity of sentiment and susceptibility of feeling so conspicuous in the poetry of Ossian.

It may be interesting to know that there are many memorials of the former existence of harpers in different parts of the Highlands. In the Isle of Skye occur the following—"Baile 'chlarsair," or the harper's town; "Inneal a' chlarsair," the harper's instrument, a hill in the parish of Waternish ; "Gualainn a' chlarsair," the harper's shoulder, the shoulder of a hill in the parish of Snizort; "Cnoc a' chlarsair," on the estate of Kilcoy, or the harper's knoll. There is a field in Mull called Fan mor nan clàrsairean—the harper's field—and a window in Duntulm Castle called the harper's window. The tradition about the place is that a harper dwelt there. There is an inn in Ross-shire called the Tarradale Inn. The site on which it is built is called Carn a' Chlarsair, the harper's cairn. A cairn of stones formerly stood there, said to have been raised to commemorate the death of a harper who was murdered by a band of robbers whom he accidentally met in the night time. It is said they were urged to this cruel act by fear that he might give information against them. This happened at a period when small water-mills were being introduced into the Highlands. The story goes that "Ian Dubh a' ghiubhais," or Black John of the Fir, who was an ancestor of Mackenzie of Ord, took umbrage at the Laird of Tarradale, and resolved to do him an injury. He proceeded at midnight with a band of gillies to Tarradale, and stole the apparatus of a mill, and, coming along with their spoil, they overtook the wandering harper on their way, near where the inn of Tarradale now stands, and cruelly murdered him on the spot. It is further said that "they planted the ap-

paratus of the mill where the mill of Ord stands at the present day, and there never has been a mill at Tarradale since." This incident may lead to a knowledge of the period. The field adjoining the site of the cairn is called *Achadh a chlarsair*, the harper's field, it is supposed from its proximity to the scene of the murder. There is a stone pillar at Nigg, in Ross-shire, said to be of ancient erection, having the figure of a harp engraved on it. There is another pillar near Brechin having the figure of a harp. There is another figure of a harp on Dupplin Cross, in Perthshire, where the harper is represented as sitting on a chair behind the instrument in the act of performing.

Roderick Morrison, or Rory Dall, a blind man, was, perhaps, the last harper of any note or respectability. He was bard and harper to the Laird of Macleod at Dunvegan Castle, and died early in the eighteenth century. He was the son of the Rev. Colin Mackenzie, Episcopal minister in the Island of Lews; and Mr Macdonald, in his essay on Highland music, observes that he was born a gentleman, and lived on that footing in the family of Macleod. He was well-educated, but having lost his eye-sight from small-pox when at school in Inverness, he betook himself to the harp, and became an excellent performer. Murdoch Macdonald, a pupil of Rory Dall's, was afterwards bard or harper in the family of Maclean of Coll, where he remained till 1734. Six of Morrison's songs and elegies have been published, and are said to possess great merit. The airs of these songs are well-known in the Highlands and Islands. They differ from the vulgar tunes called "Ports," some of which are ascribed to Morrison, to procure popularity and sale for them, but it is doubtful whether he ever composed any of them. A brother of Roderick's, named Angus, once Curate of Contin, in Ross-shire, was born in the Lews about the year 1651, and died at Contin. His grave is still shown near Strathpeffer.

The three-stringed cruit was also at one time common in the Highlands, but the violin, from its superior power and capacity as an accompaniment, has long superseded it.

In an old Gaelic poem, "Sitheal Caoilte," from the recitation of Allan Dall Macdougall, we have the following lines :—

"Cruit bhuidhe fhonnmhor air thri teud,
Clar liomh fo shoillse na 'n seud."

"The yellow tuneful crowd with three strings,
The harp refulgent with glancing gems."

In Mackenzie's report on the poems of Ossian, we have the following observation on the cruit or crowd:—

"Cruit is the name of a stringed instrument, used of old in Scotland and Ireland, which was the same with the Welch crwdd or crwth.

"For a long time past it has been confined to North Wales, so that the people of that part of the Principality have been accustomed to consider it as being exclusively their own."

"Bu lionmhor cruit agus clar,
B'iomadh bard a sheinneadh sgeul."

"Many were the crowds and harps,
Many the bards to sing the tale."

In the parish of Urray, Ross-shire, there is a farm called *Cruitach*, or the crowder's land. In Perthshire there is a corrie mentioned by the Bard Duncan Macintyre, in two of his songs called *Coir a chriutear*—the crowder's corrie.

The Macmhuirichs were bards and seanachies to Clanranald for three hundred years, and had been employed in the same office by the Lords of the Isles long before the family of Clanranald arose. *Achadh nam bard*, the bard's field in Troternis, was held by Duncan Macruari, from Sir James Macdonald. His successor was John Maccodrum, many of whose compositions are extant. A rock in the vicinity of Dingwall is called *Craigabhaird*—the bard's rock.

With reference to the modes of tune adopted by the Highland harpers, it may be observed that "teud," a musical string, meant or represented a mode, tone, or tuning. It is believed that a certain string was selected as the most suitable for each song or melody; for frequent allusions are made in Gaelic poetry to "Teud an dàn," the string of the song or poem, and also to "Teud a chiuil," the string of the melody or music, just as we speak of keys. A bard calls his lover—

Leigh mo cheille 's teud mo dhan—
Restorer of my reason and string of my song.
Mo theud ciuil 's gach ait am bithinn—
My string of melody wherever I am.
Bu bhinne na teud chiuil a guth—
More melodious than the string of melody her voice.

The harpers again were fond of exercising on what is now termed the major mode or key, as distinguished from the minor. From a preference given to the former, it was called "Lur-ghleus," that is the string or sound of power. The practice of adducing variations from tunes in that mode is alluded to by the bard in the following quotation :—

"Am bricein beth a's lub air,
'Se gleusadh lù a theud—
"The linnet with curved neck,
Playing on *lú* his string."

On a future occasion I shall conclude my observations on the harp, and refer to the change in Highland minstrelsy by the introduction and continuance of the bagpipe as a national instrument, &c.

30TH MARCH 1876.

At the meeting on this date, Mr John Mackay, of Ben-Reay, Montreal, read the following paper on

ROB DONN.

In the extreme North of Scotland there is a large district of country which, from a period beyond the reach of history, has been inhabited by the Clan Mackay, and in common parlance is known as the Reay country. It took this name from Sir Donald Mackay, one of the most celebrated Chiefs of the Clan, who was raised to the peerage in 1628, as Lord Reay. This territory is upwards of sixty miles in length, and of an average breadth of about twenty-four miles, and comprehends the extensive parishes of Reay, Farr, Tongue, Durness, and Eddrachillis. In other words, it occupies about three-fourths of the county of Sutherland and a small part of Caithness, its area being over 900,000 acres.*

In the very heart of this country, there was born in the year

* Although the whole of this extensive district passed into the hands of the Sutherland family about forty years ago (in 1837), it is still called, and probably will continue to be called the Reay country for ages to come.

1714, a man, who is better known in the North Highlands at the present day than any other individual who has appeared in the country during the past two or three hundred years; and who was to the North Highlanders, as his contemporary Duncan Ban Macintyre was to the South Highlanders, what, half-a-century later, Robert Burns became to the Lowlanders of Scotland—the poet of the people.

Robert Mackay (the individual referred to), or *Rob Donn* as he was commonly called, was the son of a humble but worthy couple, Donald and Janet Mackay. His father rented a small farm at Alt-na-Caillich, where Robert was born, and is said to have been a man of great piety, of quiet and retiring disposition, but not distinguished by any special talent. His mother, however, is said to have been very clever, and to have had some poetic skill. Her memory was remarkable, and she was able to recite long poems of Ossian and other ancient minstrelsy of the Highlands; for at that time, when few could read and books were scarce, the recitation of poetry was practised by all; but her knowledge of this lore was more than ordinarily extensive. She lived to a very advanced age, and was a woman of singular fortitude. It is recorded of her that at the age of eighty-five, when tending her sheep at a considerable distance from home, she had the misfortune to fall and break her leg, but she bound it up and contrived to get home unassisted; and, while afterwards enduring the operation of getting the fracture set, soothed the pain by crooning a Gaelic song.

The parish of Durness, in which Alt-na-Caillich, the birthplace of Rob Donn, is situated, is one of the grandest in the Highlands; and a more fitting spot for the nursery of a bard of nature could scarcely be found. The strath lies embossomed in lofty hills, terminating at the upper extremity in a mass of mountains piled together as if nature wished to exhibit the rude but majestic grandeur of mountain, rock, cataract, corrie, and glen. At the lower extremity Ben-Hope rises in abrupt and towering magnificence, lifting its head far above the wilderness of mountains all around, and presenting a series of giant cliffs which rise towering in succession to the very summit. On the northern side Loch-Hope washes the foot of the mountain and stretches onwards for about five miles, its banks decked with groves of birch, divided here and there by little spots of the brightest green, which give variety to the scene, and provide excellent pasture to the flocks of sheep to be seen all through the glen.

first verse Robert is said to have composed was when he
ned only his third year. He had got a new dress (a kilt
ɜt in one), such as little boys still wear in some parts of
ılands, not unlike a short petticoat, with a body fitting
ɔund the waist, but instead of buttoning in front, his was
fasten at the back. His mother and the whole household
een summoned early one morning to some out-door pur-
left alone in the house, became anxious to get abroad in
garb, but found himself defeated in every attempt to
on. He therefore sallied forth in his little night-shirt,
ing met by his mother, coming towards the house, he was
ɔy her for being seen out of doors in such a state. The
ɔw replied in a verse in which he reproaches the tailor for
he had played him in placing the buttons behind.

ı about seven years old, a gentleman then living in the
rhood (John Mackay, Musal, but better known as *Iain
ainn)*, prevailed on Robert's parents to allow him to
o his service. The precocity of the boy, his quickness
were sources of frequent amusement and wonder to Mr
and the younger members of the family, with whom he
ıme a favourite. Mr Mackay was an extensive grazier
ɜ-dealer, a business then followed in the North Highlands
ınd those few persons of superior intelligence and attain-
Robert's first employment was to herd calves, and when
dvanced sufficiently in years and strength, he assisted in
lroves of cattle to the markets in the South of Scotland
th of England. Thus he became known wherever the
ı could carry an anecdote or recite a verse; and at Falkirk
Kendal Fair, his witty sayings, satires, elegies, and love
re soon famous.

is family he remained till the time of his marriage. The
ıd unvaried kindness shown him, and the liberal manner
he was treated in this household, were never forgotten;
ver retained lively and grateful feelings towards all its
—especially to his master. It is no trifling praise to
t though they now and then had a difference, the bard's
nd affection returned when the casual excitement had
nd even while it lay upon his mind, he was never known
iven it the least utterance, in any shape bordering upon
t. On the death of Mr Mackay our poet composed an
his memory, which combines a forcible, energetic descrip-
haracter and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can
in any poetry of its kind. This poem is entitled, Marbh-

rann do Iain MacEachainn, and has been put into an Eng dress by a young clansman, a son of the late Angus Mack piper to her Majesty the Queen, from which the following ver may be given :—

MacEachainn, now that thou art dead,
O! whither shall we go to find
A man to stand us in thy stead,
As large of heart, as true, as kind?
It were a hard experiment
To find a man of years like thee:
If, in the future, one be sent,
How few shall live that day to see!

Thy life was, ah, how different
From that of him still spared by fate—
Increasing land and hard-wrung rent,
Which strangers' hands will dissipate;
Who shall be called to join the dead,
And in Death's narrow chamber laid,
The only words by poets said—
"Behold the misery he made!"

The letter of the law some keep,
And yet hard creditors are they;
What legally they can, they reap,
What the law *makes* them, that they pay.
Though want and poverty they see—
Not less through pity grows their sum;
Shut eyes and purse alike will be
Against the poor and needy one!

O man, that hast thy day of power,
And fain would'st well-remembered be,
Seize swiftly on the passing hour!
Now is thy opportunity!
Thou art on Death's grim battle-field;
He won his laurels 'mid its din:
Shame on the coward who would yield!
Fight as *he* fought and ye shall win!

Though there be some who laugh to scorn
The man of liberal heart and hand,
This prayer to Heaven should be borne
From all the quarters of the land—

That that blest day we soon may see,
When man shall love his brother men,
Nor barter all eternity
For selfish three score years and ten!

Who needs advice must want it now,
And see the prosperous times depart—
All clouded is the poet's brow,
With none to reverence his art,
None seek to make the sad rejoice—
And when I ask why joys are fled,
They answer me with tearful voice,
"Alas, is not MacEachainn dead?"

I see the gathering of the poor—
Now poor, indeed, since thou art dead—
And closed for aye the open door,
Where love consoled and bounty fed!
And strangers now are praised to me
As lib'ral—I know only one!
But, ah, the wandering stars we see
After the setting of the sun!

Rob Donn married Janet Mackay, daughter of a respectable all farmer in his native parish, and in her he found a help-meet ırthy in every respect. She is said to have been, in her humble here, a woman of ready wit, much good sense, and of most ıiable disposition. She had a musical ear, and voice unrivalled the country; and an ordinary pastime of their winter evenings ıs for the whole family to join their voices in song. On Sunday enings psalms took the place of the secular songs sung on the her nights; and it was Rob's practice to wind up each day's ings by asking the family to kneel, while he led their devotions a simple, earnest, and heartfelt prayer. They had thirteen ildren. One of his sons was a corporal in Macleod's Highnders, now the 71st Regiment, and to quote General Stewart, frequently revived the spirits of his countrymen, when drooping ı a long march, by singing the humorous and lively productions his father." After his marriage Rob resided for a short time on farm belonging to his late employer. But Donald "Lord Reay, true hearted chief, resident constantly amidst his 'children,' and ırticipating in all their affections, frequently claimed for himself .e care of the rising bard, . . . and Rob was invested with ı office which more than satisfied his ambition, and carried with

it abundant respect in the eyes of his fellow-mountaineers." He was appointed Bo-man, or head cattle herd, at Balnakiel, a position at that time of considerable responsibility and trust. In this situation he remained for the greater part of his after lifetime. His wife at the same time had charge of the dairy.

When the first regiment of Sutherland Fencibles was raised, in 1759, Rob joined as a private soldier, being urged by several of the gentlemen holding commissions in the corps, to accompany them. The admiration of his talents, joined to his own respectable and becoming demeanour, had, long previous to this, procured him admittance to the society and family circles of all the better and higher classes in the county. In the regiment he was not asked to do duty as a soldier, excepting in a way that left him, with the consent of the officers, master of his own time. He was, in fact, the bard of the regiment; and while his companions were at drill, he was at large enjoying himself. In one of his rambles he was met by a Major Ross, who had just joined the regiment, and to whom he was not yet known. The Major, imagining he had made a clandestine escape from duty, stopped him, abruptly demanding, "To what company do you belong?" "I belong to every company," retorted the bard, who did not relish being dealt with so magisterially. The Major next asked him, "Your name?" The bard replied in a verse of four lines, which can only be fully appreciated by those acquainted with the county of Sutherland and its history. What he said may be translated as follows:—"I am a Sutherland, among the Sutherlands; a Gordon, among the Gordons; a Gunn, among the Gunns; but at my own home I am a Mackay!" He then walked off, waiting no further questions, with as proud a step as the Major himself could assume. The Major was very angry, and complained to the Colonel about his gross breach of military law; but the latter explained that the poet was a privileged man, and begged him to pass over the apparent want of respect; and when he had made the bard's acquaintance he would feel still more inclined to forgive him. Major Ross and Rob, however, were never on friendly terms, and the bard composed several songs in which this over-strict officer is very sarcastically handled.

Rob remained with the regiment during the four years it was embodied, and when it was disbanded in 1763, returned to his home at Balnakiel. While Rob was with the regiment in the South, Donald Lord Reay died. The bard was very much attached to his Chief, who also had a deep respect for his faithful vassal. His elegy on the nobleman sets f oitl li

character, describing the life of beneficent and useful retirement he spent among his peaceful and affectionate Clan, at once their father, their friend, and their pride—the patron of industry, honesty, and worth. The following are from a translation of the elegy on Donald Lord Reay;—

Mine eyes have ne'er beheld a Christmastide
So full of tears and pain! Alas, my Chief,
The old year has removed thee from our side,
The new year but recalls us unto grief!
He that was chiefest where the tale was told,
Where music breathed, and poets' songs were sung,
Dwells in Death's lowest room beneath the mould—
For ever stilled beside the church of Tongue!

Full oft relentless Death has wounded thee,
O noble House of Reay, with cruel thrust—
Nor spared the topmost branches of the tree,
But strewn its goodliest blossoms in the dust;
But ne'er before within my memory
He chilled so warm a heart within the clay—
A heart so full of Christian charity—
As thine, O Donald, noble Lord of Reay!

I know my praises cannot swell thy fame,
Nor dost thou need them on that heavenly shore!
For like a fruitful branch is now thy name,
Where blossoms cluster ever more and more—
But if the great that shall come after thee
In daily life thy deeds do not rehearse,
No satire slight upon their lives shall be
The slow and mournful music of my verse.

The man with bounteous appetite for wealth—
Who seeks to feed his soul with yellow ore,
And lives to heap up riches for himself—
Will blame thee that thou left no miser'd store.
Then out his gathered treasure will he bring,
And praise himself, and bid his soul be gay--
But this is he whom Heaven's Almighty King
Shall call the great fool on the Judgment Day!

If one should search from first to last God's Book
And read the history of the saints therein,
Though sometimes they the narrow path forsook,
And for an instant gave a place to sin,

Though oftentimes they stumbled in the race,
And oft were lured astray by Satan's art,
Yet of this little *meanness* not a trace
Shall there be found in any godly heart!

Persons devoid of faith are fruitless weeds,
Their boisterous words are many and untrue,
But in that higher speech whose words are deeds,
There one shall surely find their words are few;
'Tis with the rich man as with him in need,
If they are faithless, they are bare of fruit—
Alike a soulless body is their creed
And all their virtues flowers without root!

Had'st thou by nature been a man of greed,
How soon had grown the tempting glittering hoard!
If thou to Pity's tears had deigned no heed,
And hard-wrung rents with human curses stored!
But no! for when the rents to thee were paid
It was more joy to thee a thousandfold,
To see a glad face in God's image made
Than the King's image on the yellow gold!

Poets there are among us who will praise
Men high in power for the hope of gain;
And others will a tim'rous strain upraise
For fear their lord should frown did they refrain.
And so that goodness is proclaimed in verse
Which in their acts not even *bards* could see;
Such oft the songs of praise that bards rehearse
But such is not this elegy of thee.

There have been lofty men among thy sires,
In mind and wisdom, courage and renown,
Who in the proud pursuits of their desires
Have acted like the wearers of a crown!
Yet far less praise than thee they must receive
For Christian grace, and faith, and charity;
It is less hard to *hope* than to *believe*
That better men will e'er come after thee!

After Lord Reay's death, Colonel Hugh Mackay, a son of the bard's early employer, came to reside at Balnakiel. He retained Rob in his employment; nor were the fond associations of boyhood and early days forgotten by either, notwithstanding the

lifference of rank that age now more plainly showed to be between hem. The bard composed several songs in honour of the Colonel, of whom he was very fond, but he did not like the Colonel's wife. She was of a penurious disposition, and is referred to frequently, but always with a sharp sarcasm on her meanness.

The bard continued with Colonel Mackay till his wife, feeling the infirmities of age, found she was no longer able to undertake the duties connected with the management of the dairy. They then removed to a small farm in the neighbourhood, called Nuy-beg, but had not been long there when she, whom he so tenderly loved, died. He grieved after her very deeply; his greatest earthly treasure was gone; and a few months afterwards he was laid beside her in the churchyard of Durness. He died on the 5th August 1778, being then about sixty-four years of age. The death of the bard caused a univeral feeling of sadness over the whole county; and, it may be said, there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend, those only excepted whose immoralities or failings had rendered them objects on whom he exercised, with severity, the powerful lash of his satire. He was honoured with a funeral like that of a chief, the proudest and simplest of the clan standing together, with tears in their eyes, when he was laid in the grave. In 1829 a monument was erected over his remains, at the expense of a number of his clansmen, with suitable inscriptions in Gaelic, English, Greek, and Latin.

The majority of Rob Donn's poems are of a humorous or satirical character, and with few exceptions they are admirable. Both characteristics are interwoven in many of his songs, and the acuteness with which he lays open the motives of action, is excelled only by the power of ridicule he brings to bear upon those who have done wrong. He seems, with true dignity, to look more at the offences committed than at the persons committing them. But he was no regarder of persons, and spared neither peer nor peasant, when he thought they required censure; his own employers coming in for a share of his satire on several occasions. While in Lord Reay's employment he composed a very severe satire on Lady Reay, because she had tried to screen a favourite waiting-woman from the censures of the Church, using her influence with the clergyman for that purpose. Rob tells her in the poem that when the influence of high rank is used to shield sin or crime from punishment, then we must expect that such example will be imitated in the different grades of society, and a state of moral turpitude be the result.

Of purely descriptive poetry, he composed but little. Two

of his songs, which come under this denomination, are very beautiful. One is a description of Winter, the other a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life. The latter is a dialogue between two young ladies—daughters of his first employer—one of whom, just returned from town, where she had been at school, praising a city life; the other, yet ignorant of town, upholding the pleasures of rural retirement, and the beauties of the bard's own native glen. Of course, the advocate of the pastoral life has the best of it.

Love is a never-ending theme with almost every poet, and our bard having a tender heart, gave expression to his feelings in many a love-song. One of these was composed on his return from the south, where he had been with his master's cattle, and going to see his sweetheart, "the fair-haired Annie," learned that she had forsaken him and pledged herself to another! In the song he urges his suit, and tells Annie of his great love. She replies that he has been long away, and must have a very high opinion of himself if he thinks that she could wait an indefinite time for him, when six others were daily urging their suit, and begging her to make them happy! He ends by saying that though the light of his life would thus be gone, yet it was impossible for him to tear her image from his bosom. The air to which the song is sung is also his own composition, and is sad but very beautiful.

I have already given two specimens of his elegies, and it is in these compositions we have the best specimens of our bard's talents. All over the Highlands, until days not long gone by, every district had its bard or bards, and when any celebrated individual died, it was customary for his death to be followed by an elegy, to perpetuate the remembrance of his virtues. That such praises should always be justly bestowed, and not partake of poetic exaggeration, is not to be expected. But of Rob Donn it is positively asserted that his elegies were the result of genuine feeling; that they conveyed the truth; and also, that on such occasions his verse could never be hired or enlisted by any prospect of self-interest or advantage. In the last verse of his elegy on his first employer—Iain MacEachainn—he refers to this, and says—

> "I flatter not—but speak of things
> And virtues which mine eyes beheld."

His most celebrated poem of this description is *Marbhrann Eoghainn*, or Ewen's Elegy. The circumstances under which it was composed were as follows:—Rob was benighted on a deer-

stalking expedition, near the head of Loch-Eriboll, and took shelter in a hut belonging to an old man named Ewen, whom he found stretched on his pallet, apparently at the point of death. He had heard that morning of the death of Pelham, then Prime Minister to King George the Second. The idea of his death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrasted with poor Ewen's state, set him to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable, through weakness, to converse with the bard, who kindled a fire, sat down, and having composed his poem, hummed it over. But although too exhausted to speak, Ewen had still a keen sense of hearing, and also of pride; for when Rob came to the last verse, which referred to the lowly condition of the dying man, he felt so incensed that, summoning his remaining strength, he crept out of bed, seized a club, and wielded a blow at the poet's head! Rob had barely time to jump aside and avoid the stroke, and had some difficulty in pacifying the old man. The following is the poem:—

'Tis thou that dost instruct us Death!
That we should learn ere yet too late
The longest lives are but a breath—
Thou callest hence both small and great!
But these thy latest actions, make
Us ope' at once our slumb'rous eyes—
Thy sudden leap from Britain's Court
To this low nook where Ewen lies!

Long time, O Ewen, yes long time,
Has dread disease foretold thy fate,
Now nigh Death's door dost thou repine,
With no one to compassionate!
If unimprov'd the time has pass'd,
And many a crime been done therein,
Yet hope remains while life shall last,
Oh! yet repent thee of thy sin!

If we believe thy word, O Death,
These lessons we shall ne'er let slip;
There is no mortal drawing breath
Too vile for thy companionship!
This solemn truth when will we learn,
Death's vision is both high and low—
From Ewen's sores thou dost not turn—
Great Pelham felt thy mortal blow!
Long time, O Ewen, &c.

Thou makest grief in Court and Hall,
When at thy touch Earth's glories fade!
The ragged poor man thou dost call,
For whom no mourning will be made!
All men, O Death, thy face shall see,
And all be forced with thee to go!
Watchful and ready should we be,
'Twixt Pelham high and Ewen low!
Long time, O Ewen, &c.

And all around thy victims fall,
Unseen thy sudden bullets fly;
The voices round us loudly call
That we should be prepared to die.
Thou that art lowest in the throng,
Hast thou not heard that Ewen dies?
And thou by God made great and strong
That low in dust great Pelham lies?
Long time, O Ewen, &c.

Friends of my heart! And shall not this
Make all our thoughts to heaven tend?
Society a candle is
That flames away at either end!
In Scotland, where's a humbler man,
O Ewen, than thy father's son?
And in all Britain, greater than
This Pelham, save the King, was none!
Long time, O Ewen, &c.

In this elegy the subject is made a general one, the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death, sounded to mankind, in the simultaneous fall of high and low, rich and poor, and the circumstances which led to its composition, certainly show a poet's mind. An anecdote regarding it was related by the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, minister of Durness. One very stormy Sunday morning he had doubts as to the propriety of holding service in the church, as he did not wish to detain the congregation; and he knew, if he once began to preach, he might forget himself, and detain the people longer than was desirable. A friend, who was staying with him, said, "I think it necessary to hold a short service, and I'll tell you what to do—just go to church and sing *Marbhrann Eoghainn*, for it will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give!" Mr Macdonald adds his appreciation of the elegy did not go quite so far as to induce him to adopt this advice.

Our bard and Mr Macdonald were great friends, and, at the end of the year in which the latter died, he composed a monody on him, of which the following is a translation :—

O, mouth of eloquence! O, lib'ral heart!
O, mind with wisdom stored and soul of grace!
Hand without stint or meanness to impart,
A smile of loveliness, and frownless face.
In grief's sad wilderness I tarry long;
Amid the gay I shed the secret tear;
No more I care for wisdom or for song—
No song can please me which thou canst not hear!

They changed their manners now since thou art dead,
No more they care the heavenly crown to win;
They heed no more what thou in love hast said,
And God has given them over to their sin.
Some, when thou first departedst, wept for thee;
But grief grows old, no longer now they sigh;
But not so soon will grief depart from me,
Here, at the year's end, sad, O sad, am I!

I love thy little ones, I love thy kin,
I love thy fame, which ever shall abide,
I love the songs which thou wert wont to sing,
The very churchyard ashes at thy side!
Oh, that two generations we had had
Of thee! My sorrow for thee cannot die;
The year departing, leaves me no less sad;
Here, at the year's end, sad, O sad, am I!

But Rob Donn was celebrated for his witty sayings and ready answers, as well as for his poetry, as the following anecdotes will show:—He was on one occasion in the north of Argyllshire, and meeting a gentleman asked him some questions relative to his way. The gentleman addressed (a Mr Macdonald) said—"I perceive, my man, by your dialect you belong to the North—what part there?" "To Lord Reay's country." "O, then, you must know Rob Donn." "Yes, I could point him out to you in a crowd." "Pray, then, tell me what sort of person he is of whom I have heard so much?" "A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves." Mr Macdonald, who, it is said, was no mean poet himself, did not like the reply, and thought he had met with a rigid censurer of the Northern bard. After a

pause, pointing to Ben-Nevis, Mr Macdonald asked—"Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain?" "I never was." "Then you never have been so near to heaven." "And have you, yourself, been there?" "Indeed, I have." "And what a fool you have been to descend," retorted the bard, "are you sure of being ever again so nigh?' Macdonald replied—"I'll be shot, if thou be not thyself Rob Donn." The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

A vacancy having occurred in the parish church of Durness, the Rev. John Thomson was appointed to the charge. He was not very clever, but was a good man, and of retiring habits. Rob being in Thurso, was met by the Rev. Dr Nicolson, a man of great talents, but very lazy in his calling, and neglectful of his duties. Expecting to be entertained by one of the poets sallies at Mr Thomson's expense, Dr Nicolson said—"Well, and how does Mr Thomson, now-a-days?" "Mr Thomson," replied the bard, "is doing what you never did, or will do—he is doing his best!"

The poet, a sketch of whose life I have here recorded, was a simple Highland drover, and perfectly unlettered, for he never knew his alphabet; but the habits of oral recitation were in vigour all about him, and "ere he marked himself man" he had laid in a prodigious stock of such lore as from time immemorial had constituted the intellectual wealth of the country. His knowledge of Highland traditions, legends, and ballads of all sorts, is reported to have been quite extraordinary. The Sundays in that quarter were days really devoted to religion; and while yet a mere youth, he mastered a more intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures than perhaps falls to the share of many persons with the greatest of modern privileges. This Bible knowledge he acquired through extempore translations, made by his first employer and other educated people in the parish, for in those days the Gaelic Bible had not been printed.

Besides being a poet, he was also a musician, and composed the airs to which many of his songs are sung; and, it is said, he did not on any occasion take more than two hours in the composition of even his longest poem.

It speaks a great deal for the worth of his personal character, that although he was dreaded as a satirist throughout the North Highlands, quite as much as Burns was in the Lowlands of Scotland, he was promoted in due time, with universal approbation, to the dignity of ruling elder of the church in the parish where he resided, and continued to hold that responsible office without reproach to the end of his life. This was no small honour in those days.

"The satirist, in short, was dreaded, but only by the vicious; and the poet respected and beloved by all whose esteem he desired to possess—vice was the mark of his satire, but virtue the favourite theme of his muse."

A number of his poems and songs were collected and published by the late Rev. Dr Mackintosh-Mackay in the year 1829. The volume, which contains upwards of two hundred of Rob's compositions, made some stir in literary circles at the time of its appearance. Sir Walter Scott reviewed it in the "Quarterly," and in his criticism places our bard "among the true sons of song." Sir Walter concludes his review in these words:—"There is little time to be lost if the, as yet, unprinted literature" of the Highlanders "is to be preserved at all. In spite of all that can be done . . . the language of the Gael, like their peculiar manners, must ere long disappear from this island. Even of their blood, if things go on as they have been doing for the last forty years" [this was written in 1830] "there will, at no distant date, be more in Canada than in Scotland. But no semblance of their old system of society is at all likely to be built up in the Transatlantic wildernesses to which they are so rapidly removing themselves; and we fear but little of the more poetical part of their character will survive through more than a single generation those ties of patriarchal attachment and devotion which foreign violence could never disturb," . . . but "which the avarice of vanity has not hesitated to sever."

Surprise has often been expressed how such a man as Rob Donn, without a grain of what is commonly called education, should be able to compose pieces embodying such pure and refined sentiments as those contained in his elegies and other poems. But the state of society in the Highlands in those days was very different from what it is now. Then, the ties of clanship were strictly observed; there was a close friendly feeling between its various members—from the Chief to the lowliest cottager—and, further, there was a constant fraternal interchange of ideas between rich and poor, which gave a polish to the speech of even the humblest among them, not to be found in people of the same social scale among the Lowlanders or English. Hence, in a measure, that purity of expression found in the works of all the Gaelic poets. Nobility of sentiment, a high sense of honour, the ridiculing of vice, and the praise of virtue, were the natural results of such a system, and these were themes to which the poets delighted to give utterance. These feelings still linger in some districts of the Highlands at the present day. But, "alas! how fallen, how

changed" is the "country" Rob Donn made vocal with his song. The straths and hill-sides which, in his day, and for a couple of generations after, sustained a happy, contented, and industrious population, in "peace and plenty," are now solitary as the desert—sheep and deer have supplanted men!

As an illustration of the state of society in the Highlands in Rob Donn's time, I may state that an aunt of my father's told me repeatedly she remembered well that almost every evening her father (my great-grandfather) considered it a duty to go into the kitchen of his house, where his servants and a number of the small tenants would be assembled, and read aloud to them. That is, he would put into Gaelic what he found in the few books and newspapers which at that time found their way to his remote locality, as few of the servants or small tenants could understand English. Then remarks were made on, and conclusions drawn from, what had been read. And, the old lady would add, it was surprising how acute and pointed many of the remarks were. This was practised all over the Reay country, as well as other parts of the Highlands. The superiors regularly informed and explained to their dependants all that was going on, it being then considered no small part of the duty of the higher classes to elevate the mind, as well as assist in increasing the means of their humbler relatives and clansmen. With such habits, it is not to be wondered that the people of the country were of refined and moral character. "A dishonourable action excluded the guilty person from the privileges enjoyed by his equals; grievances of every kind were inquired into and redressed; and the humble orders of the community had a degree of polish, and a manly mildness of deportment, in domestic life, to which few of the present day have attained, much as has been said of modern improvements." The imprint of this is still seen in the superior bearing and speech of the Reay country peasantry, even after the lapse of nearly a century.

In conclusion, Sir Walter Scott's warning has not been altogether in vain, for the labours of Mr J. F. Campbell in collecting the Gaelic tales and poems he has already published were, I have been told, first suggested by reading the criticism on Rob Donn in the "Quarterly Review." But much remains to be done, and the members of a Society such as this can help greatly in rescuing many a literary gem from oblivion, by collecting poems, songs, and ballads they have heard in their younger days, but which have never been printed. Every glen in the Highlands, almost every village has its local poet; and our Society would be a fit repository for such

fugitive pieces as I have hinted at. May I, a stranger, take the liberty of directing the attention of the Council to this, more especially as we are soon to have a Chair in Scotland (thanks, above all, to Professor Blackie) for Celtic Languages and Literature. Every scrap that can be gathered will be of importance.

6TH APRIL 1876.

At this meeting, Mr Robert Macleod, Leuchars, Fife, was elected an ordinary member. The Secretary, on behalf of Mr C. S. Jerram, M.A., Windlesham, Surrey (an English gentleman who, by study, has acquired a knowledge of the Gaelic language), read the following paper, entitled—

SOME CAUSES OF THE IMPERFECT APPRECIATION BY ENGLISHMEN OF THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

Before beginning my remarks, I would beg leave to draw your attention to the *wording* of my title, in explanation of the method I propose to follow in treating the subject I have chosen for our consideration this evening. The terms I desire to define and explain at the outset are three in number, "Englishmen," "Appreciation," and "Ossianic."

Under the appellation of *Englishmen* I intend to include all those who are not by birth and language "children of the Gael," whether actual natives of Scotland, or of the non-Gaelic-speaking districts of Scotland and Ireland; all, in short, who cannot be supposed to have any national or patriotic bias to start with, in favour of Highland literature in general, or of Ossianic poetry in particular. The neglect of this distinction, as shown in the indiscriminate confounding of all the inhabitants of Scotland, as though they were one in race and language, is a fertile source of error.

Secondly, I mean to use the word *appreciation* in its legitimate sense by derivation, of *putting a due price or value* upon a thing, that is to say, praising its merits when they exist, but not, on the other hand, being blind to its defects.

Thirdly, by *Ossianic* poems, I understand, not only the celebrated collection purporting to have been made by James Macpherson, but also the poems contained in other similar collections,

especially in the *Sean Dàna*, published by Dr Smith, of Campbelton, in 1780, to a portion of which I happen to have devoted my own more particular attention. But I shall, of course, give the first and chief place to Macpherson's *Ossian*, as being the larger and better known collection of poems, which profess to treat of the exploits of Fion, the son of Comhal, and of the other heroes known and designated as the "Fingalian."

I can scarcely hope to achieve anything like a complete or consistent treatment of my subject, without involving myself to some extent in the celebrated controversy respecting the authenticity of the aforesaid poems; nevertheless it is not my intention to conduct you through all the mazes of this dispute, which bids fair to continue, at least for some time yet to come. This I desire to avoid for two reasons; first and chiefly, because, though I have studied the question with much interest, I do not feel that I have as yet come to what I can call a definite conclusion upon its main issues; and secondly, because the controversy has lately been begun afresh, with some amount of newly discovered material, to which I shall have occasion shortly to refer, but whose value I do not wish to judge prematurely. For the present, therefore, I will simply crave for indulgence, while I briefly enumerate some of the leading facts of the case, and give you a summary of the principal arguments which have been adduced on both sides of the question.

About 120 years ago, Jerome Stone published his translation of a Gaelic poem entitled "Albin and Mey." I mention him particularly, because he was not a Highlander, but an inhabitant of Fifeshire, who, having a school at Dunkeld, took advantage of his residence there to learn the Gaelic language, and make the aforesaid translation. I venture therefore to claim him as the first "Englishman" (in the sense I have already explained) who showed his "appreciation" of Gaelic poetry. His rendering is described by Mr J. F. Campbell, in vol. iv. of "Tales of the West Highlands," p. 79, as "a paraphrase, but faithful."

James Macpherson was born in 1738, and was first a student at Aberdeen. In 1759 he met with John Home, with whom he held a conversation, which led him to translate and publish two specimens of ancient Gaelic poetry. Then, by the advice of Dr Blair, he was induced to translate others, and in 1760 he published a volume entitled "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland," now rather a rare book. The professed original of these Fragments was never published, and has not been discovered; the English version is paraphrased in

the same peculiar style with which we are all familiar in the *Poems of Ossian.* In 1762 and 1763 appeared the English of *Fingal* and *Temora,* with an appended Gaelic text, professedly the original of the seventh Duan of the latter poem. (Hence it appears that it is not quite correct to say that Macpherson never published any Gaelic at all, till he was forced to do so long afterwards by the pressure of public opinion; for he seems to have brought out this fragment in 1763 of his own accord.) The other poems of the collection—*Cathloda, Comhala,* and the rest—were published about the same time, and gained an immense reputation, so that in a short time they were translated into nearly every language of Europe. Of these the Italian version, by Cesarotti, is perhaps the one most generally known. In Britain, however, they began to be denounced as manifest forgeries, by many men more or less eminent in the world of letters, among whom the names of Dr Johnson, Mr Laing, and Mr Pinkerton, were most conspicuous, and will most readily occur to all who are conversant with the subject. Of the criticisms of the two last named gentlemen I do not propose to speak, except by way of a passing observation. Mr Laing mainly contented himself with depreciating assertions concerning the inability of a barbarous people to produce such specimens of literature; while Mr Pinkerton devoted his industry, with some apparent degree of success, to the proving a charge of plagiarism against Macpherson, who, as he alleged, had stolen numerous ideas and expressions from the Bible, from Homer, Virgil, and other ancient sources. But with Dr Johnson we are very much more concerned; for I venture to regard his influence as a prime moving cause of the result we are considering—the unreasoning opposition to the claims of the Ossianic poems at this period. I mean that at the time of their first publication an unfavouable bias was given to public opinion through the influence of the man who was undoubtedly able to turn its current in almost any direction he pleased. He was certainly in the proper sense of the word a *great* man, and one to whom we all, Englishmen and Scotchmen alike, owe an immense debt of gratitude; but there was withal much of the bigot in his character. Prejudiced he was and overbearing in his behaviour towards those who differed from him; impatient of contradiction, and a genuine hater of all imposture, or what he believed to be such. He did not always condescend to assure himself of the truth of his facts, and on this ground, if on no other, he by no means appears to advantage as regards the part he took in the Ossianic controversy of his day. He roundly stated his conviction that the Scottish people

were so barbarous and ignorant, that it was simply impossible that they could ever have produced any poetry worth preserving, with a great deal more to the same effect; and he ended with the bold assertion that no Gaelic MS. existed one hundred years old! The first statement was, of course, tantamount to assuming the very thing he had set himself to prove, the second was the result of pure ignorance, and not perhaps a deliberate falsehood; yet the English public took for granted that what the great man said was true, and believed accordingly. With such ingredients in his mental composition as I have described, it is easy to imagine what Dr Johnson's feelings must have been, when he heard that one James Macpherson, belonging to a nation against which he had always been strongly prejudiced, and whose character for veracity he was always disposed to question, had published what purported to be a genuine collection of ancient Gaelic poetry, of which he offered no more than an English version of his own, the originals, if ever there were any, being (as it appeared) studiously kept out of sight. The doctor at once denounced the whole business as an impudent attempt at imposture, and considered himself to be the proper person to expose it. "Where are the MSS?" he exclaims. "They can be shown if they exist. So far as we can find, the Erse [Gaelic] language was never written till very lately. A nation that cannot write has no MSS. None of the old Erse families had a single letter in Erse that we heard of. You say that many can remember parts of Ossian. I believe all those parts are versions of the English; at least there are no proofs of their antiquity." And then see his final letter to Macpherson, the last of a correspondence, conducted with unusual acrimony and violent abuse on both sides. It runs as follows:—"Mr James Macpherson! I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian! What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. . . . Your rage I defy; your abilities are not so formidable, and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard, not to what you shall *say*, but to what you shall *prove*." This last allusion to "morals" is an insinuation of untruthfulness against Macpherson, and agrees very well with what Dr Johnson had said, in a previous letter to Boswell, of the Scottish people generally:—"I am surprised that, knowing as you do the disposition of your countrymen to tell lies in favour of each other, you can be at all

affected by any reports that circulate among them." That the man who wrote in this fashion was terribly in earnest there can be no reasonable doubt; yet there is nothing in all that he says which is worthy of the name of *criticism*, nor anything pertinent to the matter in dispute, except the just and proper demand for the production of the alleged originals. That Macpherson did not produce them at the time, if he had the power to do so is, to say the least of it, an unfortunate circumstance. The rest is mere unverified assertion on the part of Dr Johnson, combined with prejudice as narrow as it was violent; but coming as it did from the foremost literary man of the age, and a recognised leader of public opinion, his criticism gained celebrity, and carried with it a weight which is distinctly felt in its effects upon the popular mind of Englishmen even to the present time.

The other day I got hold of a little book, published in or about 1810, entitled "True Stories from Ancient History," and designed for the use of children. From this book I have taken the following extract:—"Fingal, King of Morven, died about this time (A.D. 280.) The poems that describe his actions are called 'Ossian's Poems,' as it was pretended they were written by Ossian. But it is generally believed that they were chiefly composed by Mr Macpherson, the gentleman who published them. Why he should not acknowledge having written pieces of so high beauty and merit is a riddle difficult to be explained. Why any rational person should assert the thing that is not true must ever be inexplicable." I am afraid this last is far too common a phenomenon to call for extreme surprise; but what I wish to draw attention to is the very loose manner in which the main results of the Ossianic controversy are stated in the extract above quoted, which, being intended for the instruction of children, may be supposed to embody in a condensed form the current belief upon this subject at the time the book was written.

I have taken Dr Johnson simply as the originator and most conspicuous example of those who have indulged in this unreasoning style of criticism (falsely so-called), upon the claims of Macpherson's *Ossian* to authenticity. It would be tedious to enumerate even the names of others who followed in his wake, but I will conclude this portion of my subject by a citation from Lord Macaulay, who was too eminent a man to be passed over entirely without notice. In his biography of Samuel Johnson, the only remarks he has condescended to make with respect to the Ossianic question are as follows:—"Macpherson, whose *Fingal* had been proved to be an impudent forgery, threatened to take vengeance with a cane.

The only effect of this threat was that Johnson reiterated the charge of forgery in the most contemptuous terms [see the letter quoted above], and walked about during some time with a cudgel, which, if the impostor had not been too wise to encounter it, would assuredly have descended upon him, to borrow the sublime language of his own epic poem, 'like a hammer on the red son of the furnace.'" It has been the fashion, in some quarters, to single out the name of Macaulay for special reprobation, because, being himself a Scot by birth, he chose to vilify one of his own compatriots, and to treat the professed liberator of his country with contempt and scorn. I see no justice in this complaint; the question is one of fact, not of patriotism; and if Macaulay had chosen to support his view of that question by a fair course of argument, based on an intelligent examination of the alleged facts, he ought not to have been deterred from doing so by any national considerations whatever. What we have to complain of is that he does not condescend to do anything of the kind, but merely reiterates in his own forcible style assertions which others had made before him, and which we cannot by any stretch of imagination suppose to have been intended by him as arguments at all.

We now come to what I will designate as the second cause of the opposition of Englishmen and non-Highlanders generally to the claims of the so-called poems of Ossian during the lifetime of Macpherson. They were published at a time when the hostile feeling between the supporters of the ill-fated house of Stuart and the Hanoverian Government was almost at its height. Long before these days, as Macaulay tells us (this time without much exaggeration), "a Highlander was synonymous with a thief;" and those of them who had retained the Gaelic customs and language (the *dress* had been absolutely proscribed), were the objects of suspicion and contempt to the English-speaking public in both countries. Sir John Sinclair (quoted by Dr Clerk in the preface to his edition of *Ossian*) says—"In 1762, when *Fingal* was published, there existed both in England and in Scotland a great spirit of hostility to everything connected with the Gaelic language, on account of the zeal with which the Highlanders of 1745 had supported the house of Stuart. Hence many were induced to decry the beauties of Ossian." Can we then suppose that at such a time, and under such circumstances as these, the "appreciation" of the Ossianic remains should have been otherwise than "imperfect."

Hitherto we have been dealing solely with the English paraphrase by Macpherson, concerning the date and authorship of which there has never been any dispute, and in which, as all

competent judges must admit, there are many passages of rare excellence and beauty. The history of the Gaelic text which professes to be its original is a curious one; and it is upon the degree of authenticity which can be allowed for this text that the whole "Ossianic controversy" is founded. It is admitted on both sides that Macpherson did collect a number of Gaelic ballads in the Highlands; the question is—What were these? and how much of genuine material is contained in the Gaelic text of 1807, the only one which we now possess? I shall recur to this subject presently; meanwhile I will briefly sum up what I have been able to collect respecting Macpherson's proceedings. It appears that instead of publishing his MSS. when first requested to do so (with the exception of the Seventh Duan of *Temora*, which we have seen was published in Gaelic in 1763), he deposited them with his London publishers, where they remained for a whole year, without anyone taking the trouble to examine them. Incredible as this may seem, it is asserted as a fact beyond all possibility of contradiction. It is further said that Macpherson would have published the MSS. then, if he could have got a sufficient number of subscribers to defray the expenses; but it was not till about 1790 that £1000 was subscribed for the purpose, and he then set about preparing a copy, but unfortunately died before the work could be completed, in 1796. The MSS. had been already sent to Mr John Mackenzie, of the Temple, who was Macpherson's executor; he soon afterwards died, and his son delivered them to the Highland Society of London, who finally published the book in 1807. Now it must be remembered that these MSS. had passed through the hands of more than one editor, not including Macpherson himself; also that Dr Ross, of Lochbroom, to whom the task of editing was chiefly entrusted, re-wrote the whole work, having had special instructions to adapt the orthography to the received standard of the Gaelic Bible of 1801. And when, in addition to these facts, we consider what the original collection is likely to have suffered at the hands of Macpherson and his coadjutors during those five or six years of preparation, we shall find it difficult to believe that the Gaelic of 1807 is a true and faithful transcript of those originals, even if there were no internal evidence pointing to a similar conclusion. Thus much, I think, I may safely assert respecting the general question of the authenticity of this Gaelic text; what more immediately concerns the subject of this paper is the belief, which I hold most strongly, that the said Gaelic text cannot be in its entirety a translation from the English of Mac-

pherson. I will not go so far as to say that no portions of it are so, but I am speaking of the work as a whole, and of its best parts especially. These are in many ways superior to the English version; simpler in diction and grander in style than the latter, which, admirable as it is in many respects, and decidedly a work of genius, does nevertheless often produce the effect of something "akin to bombast," as Mr J. F. Campbell truly says in his popular Tales of the West Highlands. I am sorry to be compelled to differ from this eminent authority with regard to his latest assertion on this point, in a letter to the "Highlander," dated September 1875; but as he there gives no reasons for it, whereas he has given very good and sufficient reasons for the opposite view on p. 144 foll. of the work I have just referred to, I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous if I exercise my own right of judgment in favour of Mr Campbell's earlier opinion, that the notion of the Gaelic Ossian being a translation from English is "something almost absurd," and that "it is impossible that it can be a translation from Macpherson's English." The very imperfections and in some cases positive errors, which are to be found in the latter, show that the translator had before him a text not greatly differing in those portions from the Gaelic of 1807, and yet that he has in several instances quite missed its meaning. I subjoin one or two specimens of the Gaelic with the two versions of Macpherson and of Dr Clerk in his lately published edition of Ossian, italicising those portions in which the former has given an incorrect or imperfect rendering. In *Cathloda*, line 42 foll., the Gaelic is :—

"Thusa chòmhn'cheas am measg nan clàrsach,
A sgiath bhallach druid-sa gu m' làimh;
Till an sruth mòr so *o m' thaobh*,
No *ri m' thaobh* bitheadh do thuineadh fo làr."

This is the address of Fingal to his shield, which Dr Clerk thus translates :—"Thou that dwellest amid the harps, thou spotted shield, close on my arm; turn this torrent from my side, or by my side lie under ground." Macpherson's paraphrase has very little sense, if any—"Come down, thou dweller between the harps! Thou shalt roll this stream away, or waste with me in earth."

In the fourth Duan of *Temora*, the spirit of Cairbar appears to his brother Cathmor, and foretells the issue of the war in these terms—

"Tachradh sòlas do d' anam féin;
Chualas caismeachd *o threun* air magh;
Thug am bàrd an dàn le feum,
Tha astar mo cheuman 's a' ghaoith;
Tha mo chruth 'an talla *ciar*,
Mar dhealan nan sian fo fhuath,
'Nuair a bhriseas e claon air sliabh,
Stoirm oidhche *a' triall o thuath*,
Cha bhi am bàrd air chall o d'uaimh;
'Nuair a thaisgear thu suas 's an ùir,
Tha sìol nan dàn mu thréin *a luaidh;*
Tha d'ainm mar *fhuaim* o ghaoith tha ciùin,
Tha *toirme tròm a' bhròin* 's a' ghleann;
Tha guth *fada thall* air Lubar."

Dr Clerk's version is—

"May happiness betide thy soul!
I heard the voice *of the brave* on the field,
The bard gave forth the song *with power*,
The path of my steps is on the wind;
My form is in the *dusky* hall,
Like dreaded lightning of the storms,
When it bursts and scatters on the hill,
And the night tempest *travels from the North.*
A bard shall not be wanting at thy grave;
When thou shalt be laid in dust,
The sons of song sing of the brave.
Thy name is as *the sound of* a gentle wind;
The heavy moan of grief is in the glen;
A voice is *far away* on Lubar."

Observe how much Macpherson has missed in his rendering of the above passage. "Joy meet the soul of Cathmor! His voice was heard in Moilena. The bard gave his song to Coirbar. He travels on the wind. My form is in my father's hall, like the gliding of a terrible light, which darts across the desert in a stormy night. No bard shall be waiting at thy tomb, when thou art lowly laid. The sons of song love the valiant. Cathmor, thy name is as a pleasant gale. The mournful sounds arise. On Lubar's field there is a voice."

There is a celebrated passage in the first Duan of *Fingal*, de-

scribing the chariot of Cuchullin. It begins with the line (in the Gaelic of 1807)—

"Carbad, carbad, garbh a' chòmhraig,"

and for ten lines onward Macpherson's translation is highly spirited and in the main correct. But the eleventh and twelfth lines are not so successfully rendered—*e.g.*, "The sides are *replenished* with spears, *the bottom is the footstool* of heroes." Now, as the Gaelic has no equivalent for the words in italics, but may be literally rendered, "It is the *dwelling-place* of spears, of shields, of swords, and of heroes," it might be supposed that Macpherson had here a different text from that of 1807, especially as we find quite another version of the whole passage given in the Appendix to the Report of the Highland Society's Committee. This I should really be inclined to believe to be the case, were it not for the evidence which presents itself on nearly every page of the English *Ossian*, of the translator's propensity to improve upon the simplicity of his original, by inserting what he imagined to be ornaments, in the way of metaphors and flowery additions of his own. Several examples of this are given in the Society's Report, and their opinion is that in Macpherson's translation the clearness of the original is "frequently lost in words, of which the sound pleases the ear, but which are of a general indeterminate sort, that might belong to any other place or object of a similar kind." Therefore I do not feel by any means sure that Macpherson did not insert the phrase, "footstool of heroes" in the passage in question, in preference to simply giving the literal translation. But the best, or rather the worst of the story (as affecting Macpherson's credit as a translator), remains to be told. The passage continues with a fine description of Cuchullin's steed, too well known to need citation, and the last two lines of the Gaelic run thus—

"Bu shoilleir a dreach *'s bu luath*
'Shiubhal; Sith-fada b'e ainm."

i.e., "Shining was his form, *speedy his pace; his name Si-fada*" (or "Long-stride"). But Macpherson has actually blundered so far as to take the name *Siubhal* for a part of the horse's name; and so, disjoining it from the clause to which it belongs, he has favoured us with the memorable rendering—"His name is *Sulin-sifadda!*" Will anyone maintain that the Gaelic of *this* line was composed after or from the English as its original? By whom and when

the Gaelic itself was written (whether the actual text of 1807 or an earlier one) is a different question altogether. That it could not have been the work of Ossian, or of any bard of the third or fourth century A.D., in its present *epic* form, ought to be obvious to all, and there are sufficient grounds for asserting that Macpherson could not have done it for himself. The question, though one of great interest, is not material to the subject before us, all I am now concerned to prove being that the Gaelic is on the whole *not a translation from the English*, that it is vastly superior to it, and lastly, that it has suffered very much at the hands of the translator. The third cause then which I assign for the "imperfect appreciation by Englishmen of the Ossianic poems" is their ignorance of the Gaelic language, and the consequent necessity imposed upon them of reading these poems in a version often incorrect, and in most points inferior.

The defects of such a paraphrastic rendering appear still more prominently in Dr Smith's *Sean Dàna*, in the English version of which he has imitated Macpherson's peculiar style, and on the whole imitated it badly. In his introduction he makes no secret of the principle upon which he worked, and he is so far more candid than his predecessor; for he tells us plainly that after collecting his specimens of ancient Gaelic poetry, he arranged them as seemed best to himself, and that "a few lines are sometimes thrown in to join episodes together." The unsatisfactory nature of his translation induced me to attempt a new one, which, notwithstanding several errors discovered since the publication, is at any rate more literal than Dr Smith's, and does not aim at enlarging or improving upon the professed original. Allow me to cite two instances of the Doctor's version from my Introduction, and to compare them with my own. Both are from the First Part of *Dàn an Deirg*.

Line 9—"'San là ud bha Comhal nam buadh
Le cheòl a' s le shluagh air an leirg;
(Ge h-ìosal fo chluainein an fhéidh
An diugh an laoch treun ann am feirg,
A leaba fo chòs nan clach,
Am fasgadh na daraig aosda).'"

This I have rendered thus:—

"On that day was Cual the glorious [lit. 'of victories.']
With music and with his host upon the plain;

(Though low beneath the pasture of the deer
To-day lies the hero, once terrible in wrath,
His bed under the hollow of the stones,
In the shelter of the aged oak)."

Dr Smith's paraphrase runs—"Comhal *sat on that rock*, where now the deer graze on his tomb. The mark of his bed are *three gray* stones and a *leafless* oak; *they are mantled over with the moss of years.*" All this last sentence comes out of the single word *aosda*.

Line 47—"A Dheirg sin am bàrra nan crann,
Is fann an iall ris an d'earb thu;
Mòr-bheinn cha 'n fhaic thu gu bràth.
Tha d'fhalt ànrach air tuinn 'g a luasgadh;
Is mòr do bheud, a dhoinionn!
Togaibh, a thaibhse, leibh e!"

This is addressed by Cual to the supposed ghost of his lost comrade; it forms a highly poetical apostrophe. I will not trouble you with the literal translation, but Dr Smith has turned it into a plain prosaic narrative by paraphrasing it thus—"Dargo climbed the mast *to look for Morven*, but Morven he saw no more. The thong broke in his hand, and the waves, with all their foam, leapt over his *red* wandering hair. *The fury of the blast drove our sails, and we lost sight of the chief. We lost sight of the chief*, and bade the ghosts *of his fathers* convey him *to his place of rest.*" There is indeed another version of the fourth line—"Dh'fholuich tonna bàite uainn thu," which may represent, "We lost sight of the chief"—but otherwise the italicised portions have no equivalent whatever in the Gaelic text. In this then, as in the case of the more famous collection, a want of acquaintance with the Gaelic must prove a serious drawback to the due appreciation of these poems.

Here I might conclude, did I not feel that a certain recent addition to our Ossianic literature demands something more than a passing notice. I refer to Dr Hately Waddell's "Ossian and the Clyde," lately published in Glasgow, whose main object and scope I cannot better describe than by giving an extract from a letter which I received from him last year. After mentioning some of the causes of the general lack of interest in the Ossianic poems, which I have already stated, he continues—"The geographical obscurity was so gross and impalpable, that nobody could

realise a single scene with certainty; and thousands were induced to believe that the obscurity itself was the surest proof of imposture. If the scenes had been distinctly recognisable, the poems would have had a sort of permanent interest, even though they had not been believed; but being neither believed on the one hand nor understood on the other, popular interest began at last to fail. The object of my work is to localise and identify every scene described to such an extent of minuteness, that any intelligent reader at this hour may set his own feet where Ossian and Fingal once stood 1500 years ago." The object he here proposes to himself he has certainly carried out with extraordinary elaboration, and in many cases with much apparent success. I can only refer you to the book itself for his identification of Lutha and Torlutha with the Blackwater and Drumadoon in Arran; of Cromla, Jura, and other places renowned in *Fingal* and *Temora*, with corresponding localities in the north-east of Ireland; of the Lake of Lego with Lough Neagh; of Ithona, Inishuna, and Lumon, with the district about the Rhinns of Galloway and the Solway Firth, and many more too long to enumerate. I have neither space nor the requisite independent information for a criticism of this remarkable work; that every reader will rise from its perusal with a conviction that the geographical and topographical difficulties have in every single instance received a full and complete solution, is more than the author himself would probably expect; that he has collected a vast amount of material, both interesting in itself and calculated to throw much light upon the subject he has undertaken to investigate, may, I think, be freely admitted. And as Dr Waddell is the only person who has ever thought of adducing this particular kind of evidence in support of the authenticity of Macpherson's *Ossian*, it is but fair that he should enjoy the credit of having done so.

The causes, then, which I have adduced for the comparative neglect of Ossianic literature, are four in number—1. The paramount influence of Dr Johnson, and other literary men, at and after the time of Macpherson's publication of his *Ossian*, combined with other unfortunate circumstances in connection with the early editions; 2. The hostile feeling between the two political parties in Scotland and England about the middle of the last century; 3. The inability of most Englishmen to read the poems in the Gaelic language, assumed to be the original; 4. Certain geographical obscurities, which gave an air of unreality to the narrative, and confirmed the disbelief in its historical accuracy.

The result of all this has been a comparative neglect of the

national language and literature in the very quarter where they ought to have been most carefully fostered, that is, among the Highland people themselves. Long ago many ministers of religion thought fit to discourage the recitation of the ancient tales and ballads in the long winter evenings, as a misemployment of time which might be better and more profitably spent; while at other times an exaggerated notion of utility has led many of the Gaelic-speaking people to neglect, if not to despise, the cultivation of their own language, and thus practically to further the *anti-Celtic* influence which has been doing its work elsewhere with alarming effect. But there are signs of a better state of things already approaching—nay, even already come. When classical scholars, at home and abroad, are beginning to think the Celtic language, and the remains of Celtic literatures worth their serious attention; when Professors in Scottish Universities are devoting their time and labour to the same object; and when a great movement is being made for the establishment of a Celtic Chair both in Edinburgh and in Oxford, there is surely ground for hoping that the treasures of Ossianic lore will not be suffered to lie unheeded and forgotten. In the matter of the Ossianic controversy, much may be done, if both sides will only submit to hear an unprejudiced statement of *facts*, where these are known, and to draw an unbiassed conclusion from them. But whoever was the author of these poems, they are full of beauties, and will richly repay the trouble of the student who learns the language in which they are presented.

I have only to add that, if my own labours shall have tended in any degree to this result, by introducing certain of these poems to a larger and more intelligent circle of readers, and increasing the interest that should be felt in them, as specimens of Gaelic literature, I shall not feel that the work has failed of its reward.

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NOTE.

With reference to the foot-note on page 149 of the last volume of Transactions, Mr Jolly writes to the Society that, when speaking on the teaching of Gaelic at the annual supper of the Society in 1875, he referred, amongst other matters, to the fact that Highland schools could be successfully taught by Lowland teachers who did not know Gaelic, for the purpose of showing that the area of selection of teachers for Highland schools need not be narrowed to Gaelic-speaking teachers only. In proof of this he named certain schools he had visited, which were amongst the best schools in the North, which were taught by Lowland teachers, ignorant of Gaelic when appointed, and regarding which he had noted the very high general intelligence of the pupils. The schools he then mentioned were — Lochcarron, Eddrachillis, Portree, Duirinish, Benbecula, and Kingussie, all which were taught at the time he referred to by non-Gaelic teachers. None of the teachers of these schools had written to the newspapers on the subject, with the exception of the teacher of Portree, who had written to the opposite effect to the "Highlander." The only teacher of all those he had spoken of, who had acquired Gaelic since settling in the Highlands, was the teacher of Duirinish, who had written a sensible letter, in reply to one from Mr Jolly, to say that though he had acquired Gaelic he would not begin with it in school.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

VOLUME VI.

1876-7.

TRANSACTIONS

OF

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OF INVERNESS.

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YEAR 1876-7.

Clann nan Gaidheal an Guaillean a' Cheile.

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John Noble, Castle Street.
James Fraser, C.E., Castle Street.

LIBRARIAN.

Charles Ferguson, Raigmore.

BARD.

Mrs Mary Mackellar.

PIPER.

Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan.

BANKERS.

The Caledonian Banking Company.

COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS.

CO-SHUIDHEACHADH.

1. 'S e ainm a Chomuinn "COMUNN GAILIG INBHIR-NIS."

2. 'S e tha an run a' Chomuinn :—Na buill a dheanamh iomlan 'sa' Ghailig; cinneas Canaine, Bardachd, agus Ciuil na Gaidhealtachd; Bardachd, Seanachas, Sgeulachd, Leabhraichean agus Sgriobhanna 's a' chanain sin a thearnadh o dhearmad; Leabhar-lann a chur suas ann am baile Inbhir-Nis de leabhraichibh agus sgriobhannaibh—ann an canain sam bith—a bhuineas do Chaileachd, Ionnsachaidh, Eachdraidheachd agus Sheanachasaibh nan Gaidheal no do thairbhe na Gaidhealtachd; coir agus cliu nan Gaidheal a dhion; agus na Gaidheil a shoirbheachadh a ghna ge b'e ait am bi iad.

3. 'S iad a bhitheas 'nam buill, cuideachd a tha gabhail suim do runtaibh a' Chomuinn, agus so mar gheibh iad a staigh:—Tairgidh aon bhall an t-iarradair, daingnichidh ball eile an tairgse, agus, aig an ath choimneamh, ma roghnaicheas a' mhor-chuid le crannchur, nithear ball dhith-se no dheth-san cho luath 's a phaidhear an chomhthoirt; cuirear crainn le ponair dhubh agus gheal, ach, gu so bhi dligheach, feumaidh tri buill dheug an crainn a chur. Feudaidh an Comunn Urram Cheannardan a thoirt do urrad 'us seachd daoine cliuiteach.

4. Phaidhidh Ball Urramach, 'sa' bhliadhna .	£0	10	6
Ball Cumanta	0	5	0
Foghlainte	0	1	0
Agus ni Ball-beatha aon chomh-thoirt de .	7	7	0

5. 'S a' Cheud-mhios, gach bliadhna, roghnaichear, le crainn, Co-chomhairle a riaghlas gnothuichean a' Chomuinn, 's e sin—aon Cheann, tri Iar-chinn, Cleireach Urramach, Runaire, Ionmhasair, agus coig buill eile—feumaidh iad uile Gailig a thuigsinn 's a bhruidhinn; agus ni coigear dhiubh coinneamh.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

CONSTITUTION.

1. The Society shall be called the "GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS."

2. The objects of the Society are the perfecting of the Members in the use of the Gaelic language; the cultivation of the language, poetry, and music of the Scottish Highlands; the rescuing from oblivion of Celtic poetry, traditions, legends, books, and manuscripts; the establishing in Inverness of a library, to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people; the vindication of the rights and character of the Gaelic people; and, generally, the furtherance of their interests whether at home or abroad.

3. The Society shall consist of persons who take a lively interest in its objects, admission to be as follows:—The candidate shall be proposed by one member, seconded by another, balloted for at the next meeting, and if he or she have a majority of votes, and have paid the subscription, be declared a member. The ballot shall be taken with black beans and white; and no election shall be valid unless thirteen members vote. The Society has power to elect distinguished men as Honorary Chieftains to the number of seven.

4. The Annual Subscription shall be, for—

Honorary Members	£0	10	6
Ordinary Members	0	5	0
Apprentices	0	1	0
A Life Member shall make one payment of	7	7	0

5. The management of the affairs of the Society shall be entrusted to a Council, chosen annually, by ballot, in the month of January, to consist of a Chief, three Chieftains, an Honorary Secretary, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five other Members of the Society, all of whom shall understand and speak Gaelic; five to form a quorum.

6. Cumar coinneamhan a' Chomuinn gach seachduin o thoiseach an Deicheamh mios gu deireadh Mhairt, agus gach ceithir-la-deug o thoiseach Ghiblein gu deireadh an Naothamh-mios. 'S i a' Ghailig a labhairear gach oidhche mu'n seach aig a chuid a's lugha.

7. Cuiridh a' Cho-chomhairle la air leth anns an t-Seachdamh-mios air-son Coinneamh Bhliadhnail aig an cumar Co-dheuchainn agus air an toirear duaisean air-son Piobaireachd 'us ciuil Ghaidhealach eile; anns an fheasgar bithidh co-dheuchainn air Leughadh agus aithris Bardachd agus Rosg nuadh agus taghta; an deigh sin cumar Cuirm chuideachdail aig am faigh nithe Gaidhealach roghainn 'san uirghioll, ach gun roinn a dhiultadh dhaibh-san nach tuig Gailig. Giulainear cosdas na co-dheuchainne le trusadh sonraichte a dheanamh agus cuideachadh iarraidh o'n t-sluagh.

8. Cha deanar atharrachadh sam bith air coimh-dhealbhadh a' Chomuinn gun aontachadh dha thrian de na'm bheil de luchd-bruidhinn Gailig air a' chlar-ainm. Ma's miann atharrachadh a dheanamh a's eiginn sin a chur an ceill do gach ball, mios, aig a' chuid a's lugha, roimh'n choinneamh a dh'fheudas a t-atharrachadh a dheanamh. Feudaidh ball nach bi a lathair roghnachadh le lamh-aithne.

9. Taghaidh an Comunn Bard, Piobaire, agus Fear-leabharlann.

Ullaichear gach Paipear agus Leughadh, agus giulainear gach Deasboireachd le run fosgailte, duineil, durachdach air-son na firinn, agus cuirear gach ni air aghaidh ann an spiorad caomh, glan, agus a reir riaghailtean dearbhta.

6. The Society shall hold its meetings weekly from the beginning of October to the end of March, and fortnightly from the beginning of April to the end of September. The business shall be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least.

7. There shall be an Annual Meeting in the month of July, the day to be named by the Committee for the time being, when Competitions for Prizes shall take place in Pipe and other Highland Music. In the evening there shall be Competitions in Reading and Reciting Gaelic Poetry and Prose, both original and select. After which there will be a Social Meeting, at which Gaelic subjects shall have the preference, but not to such an extent as entirely to preclude participation by persons who do not understand Gaelic. The expenses of the competitions shall be defrayed out of a special fund to which the general public shall be invited to subscribe.

8. It is a fundamental rule of the Society that no part of the Constitution shall be altered without the assent of two-thirds of the Gaelic-speaking Members on the roll; but if any alterations be required due notice of the same must be given to each member, at least one month before the meeting takes place at which the alteration is proposed to be made. Absent Members may vote by mandates.

9. The Society shall elect a Bard, a Piper, and a Librarian.

All Papers and Lectures shall be prepared, and all Discussions carried on, with an honest, earnest, and manful desire for truth; and all proceedings shall be conducted in a pure and gentle spirit, and according to the usually recognised rules.

INTRODUCTION.

In issuing the present Volume, the Publishing Committee avail themselves of the opportunity of congratulating the members of the Society on the success which has attended the Society's labours during the past year. At the same time, they observe, with pleasure, that they have now many able coadjutors in the Celtic field in different parts of the country—more especially in the large cities of the South.

The work in which the Society has been engaged during the period that has elapsed since Volume V. was issued to the members has been crowned with all manner of success. The Annual Assembly and Annual Dinner have been everything that could be desired—large and enthusiastic audiences gathering on each occasion to honour themselves by patronising the patriotic meetings of their country.

The establishment of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University is now almost an accomplished fact. The sum of £10,000 which Professor Blackie set himself to collect has been in his hands long ago; but before taking steps towards the appointment of a Professor it was thought desirable to raise £2,000 additional—to have a capital of £12,000—in short, to have such a capital as would yield a salary of from £500 to £600 per annum to the Professor, independent of fees. That sum will soon be raised, and it is believed the Celtic Professor will be discharging his duties during the session of 1878-9.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., has succeeded in getting the Education Department to place Gaelic on a more equitable footing in the Schools of the Highlands. Since he entered Parliament he made special efforts every session to get Gaelic recognised in the Scotch code of Education; but until the session of 1878, he was

unable to attain that desirable object. Since the publication of the code of that year, he has prepared a statement relative to the concessions made, and we cannot do better than give it here. It is as follows :—

Tenor and Effect of the Scottish Education Code for 1878, as regards the Gaelic Language.

"Formerly the only reference in the Code to the Gaelic language was in these words—'In districts where Gaelic is spoken the intelligence of the children examined under any paragraph of his Article (19) may be tested by requiring them to explain in, Gaelic the meaning of the passages read.' Practically this came to nothing, for the teacher getting no remuneration had no call or object in teaching Gaelic.

"In the Code for 1878, there are two additions. First, Article 17 (i.) bear that 'The income of the school is applied only for the purpose of public or State aided schools;' but it is explained in a foot-note thus :—'This may include part of the salary of an organizing teacher, or a teacher of Gaelic, drill, cooking, or any other special subject, employed by the managers of several schools.'

"The effect is, that the ordinary school funds and rates may be applied by the School Boards towards paying teachers of Gaelic according to the importance attached by the Boards to instruction in that language, and which will, no doubt, vary according as Gaelic may or may not be the prevailing language.

"Second, Under the head of Government grants for attendance to day schools, Article 19 c. 3, there is attached a foot-note—'Gaelic may be taught during the ordinary school hours, either by the certificated teacher or by any person specially appointed for the purpose.'

"There is no limit to the time per week within which Gaelic may be taught. This is left to the discretion of the School Boards, who should deal with each school separately, and fix times suitable and appropriate. Supposing that in the matter of hours, equal to one day out of five is devoted to Gaelic, one-fifth of the Government attendance grant, varying as children pass Standards 2 and 3, or all up to 6, would then be earned by Gaelic.

"It is to be hoped that as the concessions now made were attained with difficulty, all School Boards where the Gaelic language prevails, will at once proceed to work out the amended Code, and give the subject full and fair trial." "C. F. M."

We have also to add with pleasure that the Messrs Nelson, of Edinburgh, are issuing their "Royal Readers," beautifully illustrated, in Gaelic and English combined, to suit the requirements of the new Code.

Celtic books are appearing from time to time, in different parts of the country. Mr W. F. Skene, has now published two volumes of his learned and exhaustive work, "Celtic Scotland." Professor Rhys, of Oxford, has just issued a volume of Celtic Lectures, which has been cordially received by the English press.

Celtic music is being cultivated with enthusiasm. Mr Logan of Inverness has published two collections of *Ceol Mor* and other Highland music both of which have met with a ready sale. Mr H. C. Gillies, in 1877 published a small collection of Gaelic songs with music in the sol-fa notation, which, we are informed, sold well. During the same year Mr W. S. Roddie, A.C., and Mr Lachlan Macbean, Librarian of our Society, published a collection—"*Orain agus fuinn Ghaidhealach*"—of Gaelic songs with translations, and music also in the sol-fa notation. The edition was a very large one, but in about six months it was all bought up. *The Highlander* gives a Gaelic song with music in the sol-fa notation every week; while the *Celtic Magazine* presents one monthly with music in the old and new notations. These facts are ample evidence of the present popularity of Highland music.

Altogether, the Committee have every cause to congratulate the members of the Society on the present flourishing condition of the Celtic World.

21 Union Street, Inverness,
March, 1878.

TRANSACTIONS.

FIFTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY.

THE Fifth Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness took place in the Music Hall, on Thursday, 13th July, 1876, and was one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. The hall was crowded in every part; and, as the audience assembled, the piper of the Society, Pipe-Major Maclennan, discoursed Highland music on the bagpipe in excellent style. Professor Blackie, Chief, presided, and was supported on the platform by—Provost Simpson, D. Davidson of Tulloch, Bailie Macbean, Bailie Davidson, Bailie Noble, Bailie Macdonald, Rev. Alexander Macgregor, Inverness; Dr Stratton, Devonport; Messrs Donald Davidson, Drummond Park; W. Jolly, H.M.I.S.; Alexander Dallas, Town-Clerk; Colin Chisholm, Namur Lodge; D. A. Macrae, Fernaig; D. Campbell, representative of the Ossian Club, Greenock; D. Macrae, Ardintoul; Captain Chisholm, Glassburn; and Dr Forbes, Viewfield.

The Chief stated that apologies for absence had been received from various gentlemen, and he called on the Secretary, Mr Wm. Mackenzie, to read their names. These were as follows:—Dr Charles Mackay, Professor Masson, Major Lyon-Mackenzie, Sheriff Macdonald, Inverness; Captain Macdonald, Ben-Nevis; A. Mackintosh Shaw, London; Colonel Mackenzie of Parkmount; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; D. Cameron of Clunes; H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk; Mackintosh of Mackintosh; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart.; General Sir Patrick Grant, Bart.; D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; E. W. Mackintosh of Raigmore; W. Mackenzie, Ardross; J. F. Campbell of Islay; G. Malcolm, Invergarry; Cluny Macpherson; Colonel Ross of Cromarty; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart.; Major Grant, Glen-Urquhart; Prof.

Geddes, Aberdeen; Captain Fraser of Balnain; C. S. Jerram, Oxford; John Mackay, C.E., Shrewsbury; K. Murray of Geanies, and Principal Shairp, St Andrews.

Principal Shairp wrote:—

"There are few things I should have more enjoyed than to have taken part in your gathering on the 13th July. But I regret to say that I have engagements which will make it impossible for me to go north at that time. I hope that your Society, besides stimulating patriotic Celtic feeling, aims at doing something intelligent and deliberate towards preserving the natural spirit of the Highlands and adapting it to the altered circumstances of modern life. With regard to economics, might not something be done by the Society towards preserving or rather restoring small or moderately-sized farms throughout the Highlands—such farms as the more industrious of the native population might occupy, instead of having the whole country made over to a few vast sheep walks, possessed by Lowland and probably absentee farmers, with here and there on the shores and loch sides and moors, fringes of half-fed native crofters? Your Society might not be able to do anything directly. But if they would try to turn men's thoughts that way, and to show how more of the native people might be maintained, in comfort to themselves and benefit to the country, by a better and more considerate distribution of holdings, this in time would have a practical effect. The views I advocate are those which I learnt long ago from the Rev. Dr Macleod of Morven, than whom no man has a larger knowledge of the Highlands, and a deeper love for the Highlanders. There are many other objects which I have no doubt your Society promotes—such as the preservation of the vast stores of native music and collection of the Gaelic lyrical poetry. Another very interesting question is the religion of the Highlanders, as it was from the days of St Columba all through the middle ages; and the changes which it has passed through since the Reformation. This wide and deeply interesting field which your Society has before it, I hope it may be enabled to cultivate wisely and well."

A party of young ladies, led by the Honorary Secretary, sang "Air faillirinn illirin uillirin, O," and were cordially encored. Thereafter,

The Chief addressed the Assembly. On rising he was received with enthusiastic cheers, which were again and again renewed. After a few preliminary observations, he said—It appears to me that, if the Celtic societies and Gaelic clubs of Scotland are to

exist in any style that goes deeper than kilts, and dinners, and after dinner speeches, or vespertine addresses that they ought principally to aim at three things—(1) They ought to declare war most distinctly and emphatically against that monstrous and abnormal system of managing Highland property, which has created so much misery in these trans-Grampian regions, a system of which, judging by its results, the grand inspiring principle seems to have been that a country is then to be considered most prosperous when the population of the rural districts has been reduced to the minimum, and the facilities for non-resident proprietorship raised to the maximum. Whoever acts, or has acted, on such principles, by whatever motives induced, whether from that eagerness to gather gold, which is willing to snap all social bonds and disown all social obligations; or from the perverting influence of narrow theories of political economy, placing the prosperity of nations in the amount of accumulated material wealth, rather than in the physical and moral health of the inhabitants; or in any other way from the general habit of over-riding and crushing the weaker part of the community, which is the besetting sin of the strong—for all majorities are apt to be tyrannical—from whatever cause in any district the systematic depopulation of whole tracts, and desolation of our most beautiful glens, has proceeded, or may be now proceeding, in the Scottish Highlands, we hold it our most sacred duty in the name equally of humanity and religion, and Celtic patriotism, and British policy, to protest against such high-handed selfishness, and such pernicious infatuation. We know how the Divine command originally sounded—*be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it!* and we are not able to understand why this command should be applicable to all parts of the world, only not to the Scottish Highlands. We are perfectly aware that the Highlands of Scotland are comparatively a poor country, and cannot be expected to maintain a flourishing peasant population to the same extent as the more favoured fields of the south. No doubt, also, there exists in the heart of the Highlands, as in most mountaineers, a passionate love of country, which may have led them sometimes to prefer starving in their own country to becoming rich in Canada or New Zealand. We consider it, therefore, a duty of landed proprietors to make such regulations in regard to the tenure of property as will render an excessive subdivision of small farms, and a creation of a pauper peasantry impossible; as it is also the duty of the Government, in co-operation with the local proprietors, to establish such a machinery as will enable a certain portion of the population to hive off,

when it has become impossible for them to live in comfort at home. But emigration is one thing, and depopulation another. A wise forester thins the trees; but it is the hot sirocco that dries up their juices, and the rude blast that tears up their roots. We believe that a substantial peasantry is the backbone of a nation's strength; we know that no peasantry, whether in the peaceful fields of labour, or in the bloody strife of the battle, ever behaved with more loyalty and more manfulness than the Highlanders. We glory in the character and in the achievements of our Highland regiments—regiments which, in the days of their most brilliant exploits, were made up mainly of the sons of our Highland peasantry; and we must weep, not only as Highlanders, but as men, and as members of society justly feel indignant, when we see that the sons and grandsons of these noble defenders of our national interests, and worthy representatives of our national character, have not always been kindly cherished by their natural protectors, as they ought to have been, but, in not a few cases, rather neglected and disowned; flung away like weeds, carted off like rubbish, and, sometimes, even systematically exterminated. Of course we are too wise to indulge in vehement declamations against any class of society; we know that the greatest social evils are often caused by a combination of unfortunate influences, which bear people along like an under-current, causing them not only to ruin other people without meaning it, but even to commit suicide on their own best interests. But we know also from history that in the movements of great classes of men there has always been manifested a tendency of the strong to trample on the weak; and we say that somehow or other, since the unfortunate flash of misguided loyalty in 1745, the strong have trampled down the weak in many parts of the Scottish Highlands, and the results are what we see—the Highlands without the Highlanders; the kilt without the body; the body without the soul. Now, it is against this sad state of things that the Gaelic societies of Scotland are called upon to protest, and not only to protest, but to use their influence by effective word and deed, wherever they may have opportunity; and I hereby do, in their name, solemnly protest against all manifestations of such anti-social tendencies from whatever quarter they may proceed. We desire to send it forth with no uncertain sound that we consider it the first duty of every proprietor to maintain upon his property as great a population as is consistent with their comfort and with the rational management of property; and with this view to map out his estate in such a way as that by the due admixture and just balance of large and small farms with

their natural complement of crofters, all the elements that belong to a healthy rural society shall be preserved; and we make this protest, not as sentimentalists or speculators, but as practical men in the interest of the British nation, which will be the worse and not the better for the extermination of the Celtic peasant; in the interest of our Army and Navy, which was always best served by heather bred men; and in the interest of the labour market, which is now suffering not a little under the action of a diminished rural population. And we make this protest, as we hope, at a particularly favourable moment, when we are beginning to feel, in not a few ways, the pinch caused by the infatuation under which our great proprietors have too often acted; and at a moment when that right noble gentlemen, the Duke of Sutherland (God bless him!) is showing to the world on a Titanic scale, that whatever others do he, for one, will act on the conviction that the existence on his property of a numerous and prosperous peasantry will surround his head with a halo more glorious than that which encircles the brow of the brightest saint in the calendar. There are some land improvers who, when any project for the good of the district is laid before them, in the first place always ask will it pay? and if the scheme is not likely to pay, that is to yield profit to them immediately in the shape of base gold, they will have nothing to do with it. Such questions may, with propriety, be put by land merchants and land speculators; but our artistocracy have special representation in the House of Lords, not as land merchants, but as protectors and cherishers of the population. The Duke of Sutherland plainly knows this, and acts as a man who feels that two per cent. return, with the love of his people and the respect of all wise men, is better than ten per cent. with the curses of one class and the contempt of the other. But while the Gaelic Society looks upon the peasantry as the main strength of the Highlands, it is very far from looking with jealousy on the rights, privileges, and rational recreations of the upper classes. I, for one, have always been an enthusiastic advocate of field sports of all degrees, from the boyish delight of burn-trouting to the aristocratic triumphs of deer-stalking. If the existence of a numerous and hardy mountain peasantry contributed in so great a degree to the fame of the British soldiers all over the world, the practice of grouse-shooting, deer-stalking, and other field sports contributed no less to the education of the British officer. There were deer forests in the Highlands before the '45, and those who loved the Highlands best—as Duncan Ban, for instance—were

generally the best deer-stalkers. But what I, as an individual, object to, and what I think all Gaelic Societies should emphatically object to, is that deer-forests in any district that historically supported a happy human population should be so extended, so cultivated, and so protected, as to make the maintenance of a peasantry a secondary consideration, or rather a thing by all means, in every decent way, to be got rid of. We assert with emphasis, not only as Highlanders, but for the public interest, and as a matter of plain policy, that the care of all Highland proprietors in districts which are not absolutely wild, bare, and incapable of improvement, should be for the people in the first place, and only after them for the deer and the grouse. As little have I, as an individual, or the Gaelic societies in general, any unconquerable aversion to sheep. Sheep are the best stock in certain places; and it was a wise policy which introduced sheep farming on a more extensive scale into the Highlands; but what we object to, exactly as in the case of deer-forests, is that this particular method of Highland farming should have been pursued to such an excess, with such a headlong speed, and such a blind infatuation, as to have, in not a few places, actually annihilated the object for which all Highland farming exists, viz.—the existence of a well-conditioned and well-distributed Highland peasantry. We will not believe that mutton cannot be provided for Glasgow merchants and Edinburgh lawyers except by the expatriation of all our honest Highlanders, and the farming out of whole districts to a south country sheep-merchant who does not belong to the country out of which he sucks his wealth. We do not believe in the economical benefit of a few gigantic farms without population; and as to absenteeism in every shape, we hold it to be a plain dereliction of duty in those who habitually practice it, and the bringer of blight and barrenness to those unfortunate districts which by such dereliction are deprived of the superintendence which naturally belongs to them, and the fostering care, which from the dependent position of their inhabitants, they are entitled to claim. The second thing to which the Celtic societies in Great Britain ought to devote special attention is the moral and intellectual improvement of the Highlanders; and in this department, also, we shall find that blunder has been heaped on blunder, and offence upon offence, even more glaring, and if possible even more pernicious, than in the domain of physical well-being and material interests. All who have considered this important matter seriously—and I wish that our zealous improvers of the breed of cattle and sheep would look a little more closely into it—must be

aware that the postulate of all good, intellectual and moral training for Highlanders, lies in the wise use of their mother tongue, combined with a thorough study of English. The necessity of the first element has from time immemorial been loyally recognised within the elevating region of the Christian pulpit; as long as Gaelic sermons are preached in Highland parishes the Highlanders will have good reason to say that they are a peculiar people, and not grudged the enjoyment of that spiritual nutriment which suits them. But as a citizen of the British Empire, every Highlander was entitled to claim that he should be thoroughly trained in the general language of the Empire, the language of business, and a language which, when acquired, would unlock to him the highest treasures of knowledge to which he was entitled to aspire. To afford this advantage to the poor Highlander situated in remote and unfrequented parts of the Empire, a liberal and well appointed school machinery would have been necessary; but it is a known fact that in this department the Government and governing classes of this country so shamefully neglected their duty, that it was practically impossible for a great number of Highlanders to be able to read either their Gaelic or their English Bibles. In not a few places no teaching was provided; what could be got was got not from the authorities—but from the extraordinary exertions of apostolic ministers and benevolent ladies. In some places English was learned as Latin is learned in bad classical schools; it rumbled about the ear, but never stirred the heart, much less took any grip of the brain. This arose partly, no doubt, from the inefficiency of ill-paid teachers, being, in fact, the necessary result of hasty and superficial work; but it arose also from the systematic neglect of the modern tongue, which was neither used as the natural avenue to the hearts and brains of the pupils, nor as the most effective stimulus to the intellectual acquisition of English. The notion indeed that the mother tongue is of no use in school training, and should be altogether discarded in the region of intellectual culture —however inconsistent with any true ideal of a Highland education —has prevailed to a large extent among the Highlanders, and has done as much harm to their moral and intellectual character, as the illegitimate intrusion of deer-forests into the natural domain of the crofter, or the mania for monster sheep farms, has done to their physical well-being. And if in the matter of deer-forests and sheep farms, it may seem natural for the Highlander to mutter his curses chiefly against the Lowland stranger (though I do not think that these curses are in all cases levelled against the prime offenders), it

is on the other hand undeniable that for the neglect of the teaching of their own language in schools, and for the disgraceful fact that a great proportion of Highlanders can read neither their Gaelic nor their English Bibles in any proper fashion, the Highlanders themselves are the party principally to blame; and the Highlanders of all classes, I fear, from the highest to the lowest. It is to be regarded as a great social misfortune that so very few of the Highland proprietors take any thought of the pleasure and privilege of being able to speak in the kindly accent of the mother tongue to the people, by the sweat of whose brow, and the labour of whose hands, they hold their position in the social economy of the country. It is a well known fact, that so far from doing their natural duty in this matter, and cultivating a close and familiar relation with the tenantry, not a few of the best proprietors—perhaps the majority of them—systematically taught their children to avoid the mother tongue lest they should corrupt their English! And when in addition to this would-be genteel snobbery, teaching them to disown the kindly accents of their mother tongue, the organ in which so much noble lyric poetry has been expressed, and even now is being expressed, they got into the habit of sending their sons to England for education (at a time, too, when education in English schools and colleges was as shallow and as hollow as it possibly could be!), it was only natural that the future lords of the inheritance of the Macleods and Macdonalds should return to their Highland homes with nothing Highland about them but the kilt on a show day, and a piper with naked legs and puffed cheeks strutting before the door at stated hours. The upper classes in the Highlands were, with a few noble exceptions, systematically denationalised; and the middle classes, where a middle class existed —for the old tacksmen wisely took flight when they saw that they were to be overwhelmed by the invasion of the shepherd kings from Tweedside—the middle classes, with the flunkeyism which in an aristocratic country naturally clings to them, were not slow to follow their example. Even the ministers of the Gospel who, one might have thought, should have been above such worldly-minded views and such aping of the fashions of the rich and powerful, were found in their own manses teaching their Highland daughters to sing to the piano, anything rather than the patriotic strains and the manly sentiments of their own great bards. Gaelic was vulgar; Alastair Macdonald was not known in Belgravia; and Tennyson was fashionable; and the minister's daughters had an ambition to be, not what God made them, noble Highland women,

but fine London ladies, and that was enough. Even the ministers themselves—some of them at least, I fear—were base enough to wish Gaelic dead, in order that they might have a better chance for a rich Lowland living, and not be laughed at when they went up to Edinburgh, on account of the use which Highlanders sometimes make of their nasal organ in speaking! With all this baseness and servility and lack of a healthy self-esteem among the upper classes, it is no wonder that the poorer classes, though they still cling obstinately to the Gaelic, and love to say their prayers only in the mother tongue, became in many cases practically indifferent to their Gaelic Bibles, and were content to submit to have the Highland soul sucked out of them by a Lowland schoolmaster who had been at the University forsooth, and could spell through an ode of old Roman Horace in a lame sort of way, but who knew no more of the Gaelic Bible and of the Gaelic Bards, and of everything that a Highland teacher ought specially to know, than he did of Chinese. Thus Gaelic was gradually extruded from its natural place in Highland schools; and the Lowlander, who believed only in himself, and the supposed divine mission of the Teut to trample out the Celt on all the public platforms of Highland life except the pulpit, triumphed gloriously. But we have not yet come to the worst. The death warrant which the Highlanders had been thus preparing for their own language and literature, was to be signed by the law; and the mother tongue, which before had only been fashionably neglected, was now to be legally banished from the schools. A code for Highlanders, proposed by a conclave of red tape educational *doctrinaires* in mighty London, could not be expected to recognise such a vulgar thing as a Gaelic Bible or a Gaelic song-book. Red tape is not fond to recognise local feelings or local rights; it delights in the monotony of a central rule. Mighty Metropolitan Nimrods, indeed, who swarm in the Houses of Commons and Lords, might easily obtain from the highest imperial authority a recognition of deer in glens where men used to be, and of grouse on the unfenced moors; but a recognition of the right of the poor Highland cottar to be taught to read his own Highland Bible in his own Highland school was never dreamt of. The law protects the rich; but the poor protect themselves, and go to the wall. That was the plain English of the matter. By the Education Code a bribe was held forth to the poor schoolmaster that he should teach English and not teach Gaelic, even when he was able. And thus we may certainly say that the London Code—for it was forged in London, though it has

now put a Scotch coat on for the nonce—and the Scottish School Boards, which carry out its principles, are burying the Highlanders alive, whence death will necessarily follow; for a people never can live when the language has been taken from them in which all their heroic traditions and all their noblest inspirations are embalmed. Without Gaelic the Highlander will be a Highlander no longer; he will not only be lost as a special type of the Briton whom history and poetry combined to honour, but he will be humiliated and degraded, as in fact he has been in a great measure already. His education, divorced from the fine emotional inspiration that flowed from his rich popular poetry, will become hard and square, and unlovely—what we are accustomed to call utilitarian—that is, an education useful for the acquisition of things external—the material and tangible and bodily—but useless for reaching those fountains of living water from within, which, when properly stimulated, pour themselves forth in streams that irrigate and fertilise and make fragrant and beautiful our best men. What then, we are now bound to ask, can the Highlanders do, now that their language and their nationality have been systematically disowned by the educational authorities of the country? What can the Highlanders do—those of them at least who believe in themselves, and have not already become diminished and degraded editions of John Bull? What can they do to keep themselves alive a little longer, and, if they must die, at all events to die standing, and like true Highlanders? There is only one device to save them from total obliteration. What the Government won't do for them, let them do for themselves. If schoolmasters must be bribed in this mercenary age and in this mercantile country, let us bribe them to be good Highlanders. Let all Gaelic societies set apart annually a portion of their funds for an increase of salary to the schoolmasters who teach Gaelic, and for prizes to the best Gaelic readers. This could easily be done. But the way will not be found unless there be a wish and a will—a warm wish, and a firm will, and a will altogether—there lies the difficulty. If the best half of the Highlanders are already in Otago and Canada and Melbourne, and if one half of the other half is altogether Saxonised or in various ways sold to the Saxon, what can the poor remaining half of the residuary half do? That is your province to consider. I am a Lowlander, and can only give advice. If you are not fit to lead yourselves in this matter, you are not worthy to be led at all. The third and last matter to which the Gaelic societies should direct their attention is the proper equipment and

utilisation of the Celtic Chair about to be established in the University of Edinburgh. This Chair, for which the subscribed funds now amount to above £8500, is sure to be set at full work in a very few years, if it were only by the natural increase of the paid up fund; though I must say in passing, now that a Celtic Chair has already been founded in Oxford, with £600 a-year as salary, it will be a thing not particularly creditable to the Caledonian intellect if this event do not take place within a twelvemonth from the present date. But, however that be, the practical result of the established Chair will depend very much on the determination of the Highlanders themselves to do justice to the exertions of the professor in expatiating scientifically on the language, poetry, history, and antiquities of the great Celtic family in these islands. One thing that the professor will have to do is to see, in the first place, that the preachers of the Gospel destined for Highland parishes shall be trained to the idiomatic and elegant use—after the model of the great Macleod, the author of the *Teachdaire*—of the language of the people. Another important matter is that the same class of persons, viz., the ministers, shall be taught to estimate the poetry and literature of the language in which they preach in a more liberal fashion than they have done hitherto, and from what I hear, have been accustomed to do. There must be no narrow-minded preference for sermons, and *Dan Spioradail;* no illiberal squinting at Duncan Ban because he was a gamekeeper, or Alastair Macdonald, that he was a Papist. Then the young men who study Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, must be taught that their own Gaelic is in many respects, as a language, not less worthy of attention, and particularly presents a most interesting array of linguistic facts that have not yet received the attention which they deserve from the comparative philologers. A similar training will prepare the Highland schoolmaster for the more effective discharge of his duties; for there cannot be a doubt in the mind of an intelligent educationist that a scientific knowledge of the mother tongue will be an instrument of the most admirable power, in the hands of a teacher, who is teaching Highland young persons, English or Latin, or any language. In this as in other matters judgment is formed by comparison; and the mother tongue in this regard presents a large and rich and an accessible field of culture, which nothing else can compensate, and which only a shallow sciolist, or a narrow pedant will despise. And in order to achieve these results which will naturally proceed from the Celtic Chair, it will be necessary to

attach to the professorship some half dozen of bursaries—scholarships, or fellowships, as they are called in England—to enable destined schoolmasters and preachers to travel, and study not only in the Highlands, but in Wales, in Ireland, and in Bretagne, and the Isle of Man, whatever belongs to the topography, antiquities, poetry, traditions, and history of the various Celtic peoples; and at the same time to acquire by studying under the great foreign scholars a standard of excellence in philology far transcending what they have been accustomed to be satisfied with at home. All this will tend to restore to the Celt in some degree that position in the intellectual world which, by his own neglect and misfortune, rather than by the fault of others, has been hitherto denied him. One other remark I wish to make in conclusion. I think if the Highland Societies mean to do anything effective in the way of stimulating Highland life, Highland sentiment, and Highland prosperity, they should unite and form one great association for the purposes of common action. I borrow this suggestion from a series of admirable papers in the last year's volume of the *Gael*, entitled "Levers to Elevate our Peasantry," signed Machaon, which I recommend to the serious consideration of all true lovers of the Highlanders. What such an association might achieve, I am not wise enough to prophesy; but I know that union is strength; I know that combination and organisation have done great things in other domains; and if the Highlanders are not altogether depressed, dispirited, and degraded, I do not see why it should not be able to do something for them also.

During the delivery of his address a Gaelic telegram from Mr Mackay, Shrewsbury, congratulating the meeting, was handed to the Professor. The telegram was read among the plaudits of the audience—the Professor adding that John Mackay was "one of the noblest and best men alive." The Professor was frequently cheered as he delivered his address, and resumed his seat amidst deafening cheers.

Miss Maclernan sang, with her usual good taste, "The Flowers of the Forest." The Highland Fling was then danced most gracefully and vigorously by Mr Angus Gordon, Abernethy. Mr Donald Graham, Glasgow, followed with a Gaelic song, "Beinn Nibheis," and elicited the warm applause of the audience, an *encore* being demanded and responded to. Miss Westland next appeared, and sang "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" very sweetly and pleasantly.

Mrs Mary Mackellar, Edinburgh, the Bard of the Society, was then introduced. She recited, amid cheers, the following poem composed by her for the occasion :—

"COMHRADH EADAR AM BARD 'S A CHLARSACH.

"*Am Bard.*

"A chlarsach ghaoil, O ! c'uime nochd,
Nach cluinn mi uat ach osna throm ?
'Nuair b 'aill leam luinneag bhi gu binn
'Seirm feadh gach coill, is machair lom.

"O mosguil, a Chlarsach na Tuath !
Cha b'e do dhual'chas caoi-ran broin,
Is toinnidh mis' umad iadh-chrann,
Min-fhraoch nam beann is canach loin.

"Is tric a mhol thu le h-ard phonc
Na mic shonna a thoill do rainn,
Duisg is seinn do 'n Chomunn chaomh
A tha an diugh na d' aobhar cruinn !

"Is iomadh sar bhios cruinn a nochd,
'S an comhradh ard mu thir an fhraoich,
Tir nam beann 's nan gleanntan aigh
Is tric a dh' araich na sar-laoich.

"An comhradh binn mu chainnt nam Fiann
Leam is miann bhi 'g eisdeachd riu,
Is pioban tartrach le binn cheol
A' toirt na tim a dh'fhalbh dhuinn dlu—

"A' dusgadh fearalachd 's gach sonn ;
Is baintighearnan, le fonn neo-ghann,
A' deanamh gairdeachas le h-aoibh
An cuimhneachan nan saoi a bh' ann.

"*A' Chlarsach.*

"A nighean ghaoil, gur mor mo run
Do Chomunn ur nam fiuran treun ;
Mar bhata do laimh an fhir aosd'
Tha comhnadh nan laoch dhomh fhein—

"Iad dhomh mar bhraonaibh ciuin a' Mhaigh,
A bheir caoin-bhlath air lus is geig ;
Mar ghathan soluis na coinnle,
A bheir drills' air soillse na leug.

"Mar aiteal grein do'n duine thinn,
Mar chopan fion do'n chridhe fhann,
Tha na Comuinn so, toirt beath as ur
Do chlarsach bha tursa feadh bheann.

"Ach cha sheinn mi luinneag a nochd,
'S air caithream ard cha dean mi luaidh,
'S ann tha mi ri mulad 's ri caoidh
Mu thir mo ghaoil 's mu chlann mo shluaigh.

"Thig leamsa gu Beinn Nimheis ard,
'S a ris gu Beinn Fhuathais an fheoir,
Is ma tha faireachduinn na d' chri'
Chi thu na bheir uat do threoir—

"Na bothain chleachd bhi air gach raon,
Is gu dlu mu thaobh nam beann,
'S fuar an teallaich 's fad air faontraidh
An dream ghaolach chleachd bhi annt.

"Far am biodh mnathan caoin-gheal, grinn,
A' togail am maothrain a suas,
Gu ceatharna fhoigheantach laidir,
Bu ro mhath a phaigheadh an duais.

"Gu ursannan catha nach geilleadh,
Ged a bhiodh an eiginn cruaidh ;
Bu smior iad an cnaimh nan ceann-feadhna.
Ged 'se nochda sgeul mo thruaigh !

"Nach fhaicear an clann air na raoin,
No 'n oigridh na'n sgaothan 's na glinn ;
Is luinneag buana, bleothain, no luaidh
Cha chluinnear o ghruagaichean grinn.

"Dream mhor gun fheinealachd, gun cheilg,
'S na'n rioghalachd bu choma leo
Ged a mharbht' an teaghlaich 's iad fhein
Na'm biodh an cinn-fheadhna beo !

" Cha chluinn mi 'nochd an tir an fhraoich
Ach coin is caoraich, 's glaodhaich Ghall,
'S cha 'n ioghnadh mis' a bhi ri' caoidh
'S mo theud a bhi gu h-aoibhneas mall.

" *Am Bard.*

" Is ioghnadh leam fhein do chainnt,
A chlarsach ghrinn nan teudan oir,
Ged is sgapt' tha sliochd nam fear
A thogadh creach 's a leanadh toir.

" Cha choir ga d' phonc-sa a bhi tursach,
Is uaibhreach a dh'fheudas tu seinn,
'S lionmhor, ainmeal feadh an t-saoghail
Sliochd na laochraidh bha na d' ghlinn.

" Cha'n eil ni bh'ann ri m' linn fhein
Do ghniomh euchdach, a sheinneadh Bard,
Anns nach robh pairt ga d' chloinn air tus
A' cosnadh cliu is urram ard.

" Bha Sir Cailean le Ghaidheil threun'
Riamh buadh'ar 'san streup mar bu dual,
Le 'm pioban 's am brataichean sroil
'S an claidh'an mor is goirt a bhuail !

" Ach cha 'n ann 'sa chogadh a mhain
A choisnear deadh chliu le do shuinn,
Ni mo 's ann a direadh nam beann
A shealg an daimh 's na h-eilid duinn.

" Ach an cogadh a mhaith ris an olc,
Na'n treun ghaisgich churanta mhor,
A' claoidh luchd foirneart anns gach tir,
'S a' cumail neart ri luchd na coir.

" A' giulan soluis gu duthchan cian
'S a measg fhineachan a b' fhiadhaich greann,
Mar ghathan oir troimh na dubh-neoil
An casan gloir-mhor air gach beann.

" An t-ollamh Duff sa chiabhan liath
Na 'n coron sgiamhach air an treun,
Sar ghaisgeach an cogadh na firinn—
'S tha am mili' ud leat fein.

"'S am Muileach, Daibhidh Mac Dhunleibhe,
Mar reul na maidinn 'san tir chian,
Thriall e troimh neoil is deuchain gheur
A dh-innseadh gu'n eireadh a' ghrian.

"Mar abstol ard-bha e do'n t-sluagh
Nach cuala mu fhlaitheas no Dia,
Is bhriseadh leis cuibhreach an traill
Mu'n d'fhalbh e gu Parais an Triath.

"Dh' fhag e mar dhileab g' a dhuthaich
Cungaidh a chur ris a lot chruaidh,
Slabhruidh an truaghain a bhristeadh
'S a thoirt gu meas a measg an t-sluaigh.

"'S an t-oigfhear a chaidh mach 'na lorg
Feadh fineachan borba tir na grein,
Is Camshronach o Lochaidh e,
Meangan ard dhe d' chraobhan fein.

"'S tha air do chul na dh'innseas deas
Do bhuadhan 's a sheasas ard-chuis
Do dhaoine, do dhuthcha 's do cheol,
O'n Bhanrigh mhoir is caomha gnuis.

"'S Ceann-feadhna gaoil a Chomuinn aigh
A sheinn sinn, a chlarsach nan teud,
An t-ard-fheallsanach, Blackie nam buadh,
Ceannard uasal measg nan ceud!

"'Nuair tharruingeas e 'chlaidheamh le smachd
Is niarachd mac bhios dhuit na namh;
Is ge b'e labhras foil mu d' thir
Bheir e chri' dha 's a dheas lamh.

"Mile failte do'n Cheann-fheadhna!
'S do Chomunn greadhnach tir an fhraoich,
Tir thuathach nam fearaibh laidir
A bhios, mar bha iad riamh, na'n laoich!"

The party of young ladies then appeared and sang the old favourite boat song, "Fear a' Bhata." And here it may be mentioned that the ladies forming this party were:—Miss Young,

Huntly Street; Miss Forbes, Clachnaharry; Miss Mackintosh, Douglas Row; Miss Sharp, High Street; Misses Mackintosh, Drummond; Miss Flora Matheson, Denny Street; Miss Mary Macrae, Hill Street; Miss Macdonald, Castle Street, and Miss Mackay, Drummond.

The next speaker was the Rev. Alexander Macgregor. He said—Fhir-shuidhe Urramaich,—Cha bheag an toil-inntinn, ach a's mo na sin a' chomain a bhuilicheadh air Comunn Gailig a' bhaile so, le bhi ga d' fhaicinn a' cur maise air a' chaithir sin, air am bheil thu 'n ad shuidhe air an fheasgar so. Tha 'n daimhealas, an cairdeas, agus an deagh-run leis am bheil do chridhe air a dheachdadh a thaobh nan Gaidheal, 'n an nithe air am bheil deagh-fhios againn uile—agus 'n an nithe a ta 'dusgadh suas teas-ghradh a' Chomuinn so do d' thaobh! Ged tha fuil nan Gall 'n ad chuislibh fein, gidheadh, tha thu 'deanamh gach spairne 'n ad chomas chum an fhuil sin a dheanamh ni's deine agus ni's deirge, le deagh-fhaile fallain agus fiorghlan nan gleann agus nan garbh-chrioch Gaidhealach. Ged nach deachaidh agad fathasd air saill, no sult, no reamhrachd a chur air na cnamhaibh cruaidh sin a rugadh leat, gidheadh, tha thu ullamh, ealamh, susbainneach, subailte, chum gach cuis agus cleachdadh a bhuineas do na Gaidheil athleasachadh. Is mor am feum a ta aca air Fear-tagraidh co *dichiollach, dian, dealasach*, ris-san a ta co freagarrach 'n a shuidhe air an ceann an nochd. Saoghal fad' agus deagh-bheatha dha! Is solasach an ni gu'm bheil an Comunn so, bliadhn' an deigh bliadhna, a' dol ann am meud. Tha na buill aige a' fas, a chuid 's a chuid, ni's lionmhoir'; tha na ruintean agus na cuspairean a ta aige 'san amharc a' soirbheachadh ceum air cheum—agus tha gach deagh-run agus dochas a nochdadh air tus m'a thimchioll, air am fireanachadh chum na cuid a's fhaide. Cha'n 'eil an diugh cinneach fo'n ghrein a's airde cliu na na Gaidheil. Gun ghuth a thoirt aig an am air an gaisge, an euchd, agus an treubhantas ann am builsgean gach cruadail anns an robh iad anns gach cearnuidh dhe'n t-saoghal—tha na Lunnainich fein a' toirt dearbhaidh a nis air a' mheas a ta aca air danaibh, ceol, agus bardachd shliochd nam beann! Faicibh gach cruinneachadh a bha o cheann ghoirid ann am Priomh-bhaile na rioghachd, far an do lion an Comunn Gaelach cridheachan nam bantighearnan Sasunnach le toil-inntinn gu'n choimeas, 'n am doibh a bhi 'g eisdeachd ri "Gu ma slan a chi mi mo chailin dileas, donn" agus ri oranaibh eile dhe'n ghne sin! Tha sin uile taitneach, agus ro thaitneach do 'n Chomunn cheanalta againn fein, a rinneadh suas le buill a ta

measail agus uasal, treibhdhireach, agus cliu-thoilltinneach! Gu robh buaidh leo, oir tha na cuisean cianail agus cruaidh gu'm biodh na Gaidheil a bha riamh co dileas agus treun ann a bhi 'dionadh na rioghachd anns gach linn, air an sarachadh agus air an claoidh, mar a tha iad air an la 'n diugh. Tha iad air an greasadh leis na Goill ann an criochaibh cumhann; agus tha na machraichean agus na glinn anns an d' araicheadh iomadh curaidh gaisgeil agus calma, air am fagail a nis aig na feidh, agus aig na cearcan-fraoich! C'ait am faighear a nis an laochraidh gharg, agus na fir chuimear, chalma, cheanalta sin, a bha 'nam milltibh ann an aireimh, deas aig gach gairm, gu dol a mach fo 'n ceannardaibh crodha, a chogadh an aghaidh naimhdean na rioghachd? C'ait am faighear iad sin a nis? Ma shiubhlar air feadh nan gleann agus nan garbh-chrioch anns an d' aruicheadh na seoid sin nach tionndaidheadh an cul ri caraid no ri namhaid, ciod a chithear an diugh? O an sealladh bronach! Cha'n fhaicear a thall agus a bhos, ach aos-laraichean nan aros anns an d' rugadh iomadh treun-ghaisgeach, air an lionadh leis na cluaranaibh, an eanntagach, agus le brogan-na-cuäige! Sealladh gun teagamh bronach! Am famh agus an ialtag a' gabhail comhnuidh ann am fardaichibh nam flath sgiamhach, a chuir an teicheadh air gach namh an aghaidh an deachaidh iad riamh a mach. Togaidh gach cearnadh dhe 'n t-saoghal fianuis air fearalas agus euchd shliochd nam beann Albannach. Cha dichuimhnichear gu brath an gaisge anns an Eiphit agus anns na h-Innsibh—anns an Spainn agus an Fhrainge—agus anns gach crich dhe 'n talamh, anns an robh iad ullamh, ealamh, mar ghrad bhoisge an dealain, chum na naimhdean a sgiursadh gu braighdeanas no gu bas! Ach, mo thruaigh! tha na cuisean air an atharrachadh. Tha'n laochraidh so a nis air an ruagadh mar na cearcan-coille air na beanntaibh, agus air am fogaradh do thiribh cein. Tha na feidh agus na caoraich bhana an diugh ag ionaltradh air na raointibh far an d' aruicheadh gaisgich a bhios iomraideach am feadh a mhaireas eachdraidh an t-saoghail! Tha gach Comunn Gaidhealach a' deanamh an dichill chum na truaighean so athleasachadh, ach cha'n 'eil an obair soirbh. Tha'n *t-Ard-Albannach* fein a' dol gu 'dhulan le' bhonaid leathainn 's le bhreacan-an-fheile, chum a luchd-duthcha a theasairginn. Tha caraid dian eile 'sa bhaile so le leabhran miosail fein, co treun 'sa dh'fheudas e air taobh nan Gaidheal. Tha e co tairis, cruaidh as an leth ris a' chabar-feidh sin a ta aige mar shuaicheantas. Tha'n leabhran aige a' boisgeadh soluis a mach mar shradan teine á cloich chum a luchd-duthcha a theagasg, agus a shoillseachadh le Gailig agus le Beurla! Agus

am measg nan Gall fein, gheibhear cuid aig am bheil speis agus co'-fhulangas da'n taobh; ach cha'n 'eil a h-aon 'n am measg gu leir a ta co dian, deothasach, daimheil, ris an Ollamh Blackie, ar Fear-suidhe urramach air an fheasgair so! Tha oibre-san follaiseach, agus mairidh iad an uair a bhios sinne gu leir 'n ar duslach agus 'n ar luaithre. Is Uachdaran Gaidhealach an t-Urramach foghluimte, oir cheannaich e seilbh-fearainn 's a' Ghaidhealtachd agus bu ro mhaith leis a bhi 'na Cheann-cinnidh—ach cha'n 'eil fios agam ciamar a thigeadh e dha breacan-an-fheile a chur uime, agus osain ghearra a spadadh air na casaibh caola sin. Tha eagal orm gu'm bheil a' choluinn agus na calpanna mò's caol—ach biodh sin mar a dh' fheudas, tha'n cridhe ceart, agus air an oigìreachd aige-san cha'n fhaicear fiadh no fireach. Gu robh buaidh leis-san, agus leis na Gaidheil da'm bheil mor-speis aige, oir—

"Tha iad rianail, runail, dileas,
Is seasmhach, siobhalt, coir;
Tha iad daimheil, cairdeil, fir'neach,
Fearail, fialaidh, mor!

"Cha'n 'eil eolas ac' air mi-run,
'S cha mhi-ghean leo a' choir;
Bunailteach a ghnath do'n fhirinn,
'S air ceartas dian an toir.

"'S binn, ro bhinn, a' chanain ghrinn ac',
Gu'n choimeas 'n tir fo'n ghrein;
Canain ghlan, a gheibh 'san linn so,
Gach cuideachadh a's speis.

"Tha luchd-daimh nan Gaidheal lionmhor,
Is dian an cairdean treun;
Blackie 'n aigh! 'se fein an dion ac',
Ni's treis' na cach gu leir!

"Gu siubhlach, subailt, susbainneach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, geur;
Gu cliarach, briathrach, cuspaireach,
Gu fior-ghlan mar an seud.

"Gu robh e son', gu robh e buan,
Gu robh e beo, gu'm faic
E caithir na Gailige gu luath,
Air 'steidheachadh le taic!

"O! togaibh iolach gairdeachais,
Do Bhlackie, 'n t-Olladh caomh!
O! furan 's failt 's an ait' so dha,
Mar Cheannard air bhur taobh!"

The address was attentively listened to, and cordially applauded.

Mr Finlay Cumming, Ross-shire, then sang "Mo Mhaili Bheag Og." Mr W. G. Stuart thereafter appeared in the comic sketch "Turus Eachainn do Phaisley," and, in answer to an encore, he recited "A Vision of Ossian and the Celtic Chair," by Professor Blackie, which gained the high commendation not only of the audience but also of the author of the poem. During a brief interval Pipe-Major Maclennan discoursed several pieces of music on the bagpipes.

Tulloch then spoke briefly. He concurred entirely with the remarks of their Chief as to the evils of the depopulation of the Highlands, and lamented them as much as any man. For himself he had never turned a man off his estate without cause given. He begged to say that while in the Highlands there were some who will not consider the rights of the peasantry, yet there were others who would not entertain the idea of depopulating the country. But it might be it was not in their power to carry out the schemes sketched out by the Chairman. The Duke of Sutherland was placed in a position to do so. He could say to this man go to the right and he did it, and to that other man go the left and he also did it; and there were others quite as willing to follow his example, but, as he had said, they lacked the power and means. After some other remarks, he concluded by saying that it should be to them a feeling of great gratification that this Society had a man so able for their Chief—a man who was doing his best to dispel the mists which surround the Gaelic language, its literature and traditions, and was also doing what he could to allow the sunshine of knowledge to break forth so as to enlighten and instruct his fellow-countrymen on Celtic subjects.

Mr Donald Graham then sang "Failte Bhraidalbann" in excellent style, and having been encored, gave "Moladh na Landaidh."

The next speaker was Mr D. Campbell, Vice-President of the Greenock Ossian Club. After alluding in very complimentary terms to the services which Mr Fraser-Mackintosh rendered in Parliament to the cause of Gaelic, Mr Campbell went on to say—Professor Blackie has succeeded so well with his project—the Celtic Chair—that apparently little is necessary for him but to

crown his noble enterprise by securing the proper man to fill the Chair. Valuable though the Chair be, the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools is still more so—it is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the people and to the prosperity of the Highlands. Questions will arise as to where we shall get men able to teach Gaelic grammatically, or at all, or where we shall get inspectors who can examine the schools. The answer is, offer adequate incentives to the study of the language, and there will be plenty of candidates to undertake the task. I cannot believe that Highlanders have less love for their own language than Lowlanders have for theirs. As for the inspectors, I question if we have not already enough of them for the whole Highlands. There is Mr Macleod, an early school-fellow of mine; and there are Mr Sime and Mr Ross; and if these be not enough, I would say, take Mackinnon out of the hands of the Edinburgh School Board and make an inspector of him. All these are Gaelic scholars, as well as able men otherwise. It may be asked what is the use of making such a noise about Gaelic when so many of the Highland glens and straths are being depopulated. I would answer by referring to the work which the noble Duke is carrying on in Sutherlandshire, and I would say, take courage, what the noble Duke is doing there, others can do on a smaller scale elsewhere. Sir Charles Ross of Balnagown, Bart., who has always been a generous landlord, will follow the Duke's example, because he has a great deal of land on his vast estates which could be profitably improved. The noble Duke's example cannot fail to tell upon others; and as it does, the glens and straths which are now reserved for wild animals, will soon be re-occupied by a virtuous population, and peace, contentment, and happiness will pervade the Highlands, and Celtic literature will flourish as the outcome of noble minds well supported and well cultivated. Perhaps I may suggest before sitting down that this Society should correspond with other Highland Societies, to make suggestions and work together in furtherance of those objects for which your Society was established. This would be "Clanna nan Gaidheal ri guaillibh a cheile" with double effect.

Mr A. Gordon then danced "Gille Calum," and thereafter the ladies sang "O theid sinn, theid sinn, le suigeart agus aoibh." They received a hearty encore, and sang a few stanzas of "Mairi laghach."

Provost Simpson said he rose with great pleasure to propose a vote of thanks to their Chief and Chairman. To-night the Chief had almost exceeded himself, and his address had been one of the

greatest pleasures they had ever listened to in that room. They would all agree that the Professor was indeed what he called himself some time ago—the Chief of all the Chiefs. He did not know of any man who more deserved their gratitude, not only for what he was doing in promoting the Celtic Chair, but also for his efforts to raise and elevate the character of the people, and in endeavouring to bring the times of the past back, when the Highlands will not only be a place for sheep and deer but for men. He trusted the Chief would live to see this realised. On the call of the Provost, the audience rose *en masse* and heartily cheered the Professor.

Professor Blackie in a few words replied. He moved a vote of thanks to the lady singers and other performers, remarking that if any of those barbarous and obfuscated persons who talk contemptuously of the Gaelic had been there and heard the ladies sing, it would have softened their hard faces and melted their flinty hearts into wax. The time was coming when he would have to hoist the flag of surrender, and whether he was laid near his Oban estate or elsewhere, his desire was that the inscription on his tombstone should be in Gaelic, not long winded, like some Gaelic sermons, but simply—"Here lies *Ollamh* Blackie, the friend and the advocate of the Gael."

The proceedings, which were very happy and successful throughout, closed about half-past eleven with the National Anthem in Gaelic.

2D NOVEMBER, 1876.

A meeting of the Society was held on this date, but the business was of a routine character.

16TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

At the meeting on this date the following new members were elected:—Messrs H. C. Gillies, Culloden; D. A. Campbell, Englishton Muir, Bunchrew; Simon Mackenzie, Kildonan, Lochbroom; M. Macdonald, Denny; Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness; and Charles Ferguson, Raigmore, Inverness.

Some discussion took place as to what form the winter re-union of the Society should assume. Some members were desirous of holding a social meeting or conversazione, whilst others were in favour of adhering to the old order of things—a dinner or supper. Ultimately, a motion to remit the matter to the Council for their consideration was carried. There was no other business of importance.

23D NOVEMBER, 1876.

At this meeting the following new members were elected :— Messrs Roderick Ross, 23 Rushford Street, Middlesboro-on-Tees; D. J. Macrae, Invershiel, Kintail; Evan Macrae, Braintra, Lochalsh; and John Stewart, Duntulm, Dunvegan.

The Secretary read the minutes of Council relative to the remit to consider what form the winter re-union of the Society should assume. The Council, by a majority of seven to one, recommended that no change be made, and that as hitherto a dinner or supper be held. Mr William Mackay, solicitor, moved that the recommendation of the Council be adopted. Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, seconded. Mr Lachlan Macbean, *Highlander* office, moved as an amendment that instead of a dinner or supper the re-union take the form of a social meeting, to which ladies would be admitted. Mr W. A. Smith seconded. After some discussion the motion was carried by a majority of 13 to 2.

On this date Mr H. C. Gillies read a paper entitled—

"REASONS WHY GAELIC SHOULD BE TAUGHT IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS."

Unfortunately, Mr Gillies subsequently mislaid the paper, and the Publishing Committee regret they cannot therefore give more than the following summary, which appeared in the *Free Press* of November 27, 1876 :—

"The first reason he gave was that the Gaelic was pre-eminently the language of nature. Any person who would devote a little time to the study of it could discover this. It was full of the class of words which in pronunciation expressed the idea involved. All languages had those words in some degree, but the Gaelic was full of them. It was this that strengthened the claim of its antiquity, and gave to it, above all other languages (with perhaps one exception), its character as the language of poetry and eloquent expression. It placed itself alongside with nature, and reflected ideas as they were really conceived in the mind, "with the precision of the most finely polished reflector," and left not a jot unexpressed in the most intricate feelings of the heart. And having inherited such a language were they to throw it away as not worth the having? Certainly not. It struck a person as very peculiar how a Highlander, with perhaps no education or instruction what-

ever, could express himself in his native tongue so pointedly and so happily, as if the heart itself spoke its thoughts, whilst the Englishmen of equal standing must have recourse to cant or slang, in order to express the commoner thoughts with ordinary intelligibility. This was because Gaelic was a natural language to the Highlander. A Highlander needed not the trumpet of cultivated speech to give effect to the voice of nature, since nature herself spoke by him in the simplicity of his native tongue, with a voice surpassing anything uttered by her handmaiden—Art. The Englishman was not so fortunate. Nature to him was not so prodigal. He had to study his language from his very birth, and even by study itself, to the comparatively few was it decreed that they should ever attain a marked power of expression in it, and these, when they did turn up, were called geniuses—a name which they deserved. Another reason which Mr Gillies gave was the peculiar suitableness of the Gaelic to the nature and character of the Highland people. After referring to some authorities on this point, Mr Gillies said—We see the peculiar suitableness of the Gaelic language to the nature of the Highland people, and how can we, while a fragment of this nature remains with us, express our ideas but through the language which gave them birth? When the Gaelic would fall into oblivion, the Gaelic race must pass away with it. Another reason for retaining the language was, "that as Highlanders, it is the language of our life and a part of our nature, a part without which we would dwindle into an inconceivable race, without a language and without a name." Imagine, he said, the Highlanders of Scotland, a race who have indelibly left their mark on the world's history, forgotten and unknown! Think of it, and say whether this language, which even the mountain streamlet seems to murmur, and the cataract to roar, is not worthy the attention of its sons and daughters! The fates, however, were apparently against the perpetuation of the Gaelic language; and let them, then, be up and doing, and, realising rather than believing that such an extinction is to be the fate of Highlanders and their language, they should make a strong effort to lay the foundation of a new Celtic life on the pure germ of the Scottish Gael. The Highlander could have no difficulty in learning the Gaelic, because it was inherent in him. It was not like learning a new language, where he had to cram word by word. So far as Gaelic was concerned, the young Highlander's vocabulary was already fairly stocked, and his ear might be his grammar for all practical purposes. He thought Gaelic should be taught in Highland schools,

because, as he argued, children would much easier pass their examination in Gaelic than the special subjects now taught under the code. Another reason was that by and through Gaelic, and Gaelic only, could we have rational, intelligent teaching in Highland schools. At present Gaelic was not much used, and the result was that boys and girls left school knowing nothing of man or of the world in which they were about to enter. They went forth, their only recommendation being ignorance of what they should know. This was our education, and it would remain so as long as the native language was not used as a means of culture, and an instrument for teaching. The understanding of a Highland child could not be reached without using the Gaelic as a medium for that purpose. Mr Gillies then dealt with the common belief that Gaelic interfered with the pronunciation of English. He contended that it did not—that it only enriched the style of speaking English. Speaking of his own education, he said—The method adopted of teaching English was the ruin of my judgment and of my reason. I grew up in darkness of the fact that I had a mind at all, till some lucky day in my early manhood, when I had become a fair scholar, I accidentally discovered that I could think and reason, and here began my education, which should at the time be far advanced. When I should be taught how to reason, I was lost in the mazes of a monosyllabic constitution. Another reason for teaching Gaelic was that we might preserve our Highland music. Milton described his ideal music as abounding—

> In notes with many a winding 'bout
> Of linked sweetness, long drawn out
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden chain of harmony.

Surely, he said, Milton must have heard some Gaelic songs sung, for this is just a perfect image of their airs. He advocated the teaching of Highland music in Highland schools, and stated that he taught his own pupils to sing the songs of our country. As to the practical part of the subject, he said he wished Gaelic taught as being the only medium whereby a Gaelic-speaking child could acquire a speedy and thorough knowledge of English. He therefore wished to see Gaelic used in Highland schools as a medium for teaching English in the junior branches, and Gaelic as a special subject under the Code, occupying a position similar to English

literature, taught to the advanced classes. The intelligence of the children should be treated by means of Gaelic on the day of examination, and this would necessitate a knowledge of Gaelic on the part of the inspector or his assistant."

30TH NOVEMBER, 1876.

The Society met on this date, but the business was of a routine character.

7TH DECEMBER, 1876.

On this date Mr Wm. Bain, *Courier* office, Inverness, and Mr D. Macpherson, 3 Union Street, Inverness, were elected ordinary members.

Further arrangements for the annual dinner were made, and thereafter Mr Lachlan Macbean, *Highlander* office, read an interesting paper on "Celtic Sentiment and Sentimentality," which he declines to publish.

14TH DECEMBER, 1876.

At this meeting Mr Charles Macdougall, writer, Lombard Street, Inverness, was elected member of the Society. Some further arrangements were made for the annual dinner.

11TH JANUARY, 1877.

After the meeting had made the final arrangements for the dinner, Mr Hugh Rose, solicitor, read a paper on "Highland Minstrelsy," for which he was awarded a vote of thanks. As, however, Mr Rose has not yet (May 7) been able to prepare it for the printer, we hope to give it at the end of the volume.

12TH JANUARY, 1877.

On this date the

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE SOCIETY

took place in the Station Hotel. There was a large and influential attendance. The chair was occupied by Professor Blackie, Chief of the Society, who was supported by Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Captain MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn; Mr H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire; Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector of Schools; Mr A. Macdonald, wine merchant, Inverness; Bailie Davidson, Inverness; Mr William Mackay, of Messrs Innes & Mackay, solicitors; Mr Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, &c. The croupiers were—Mr Chas. Stewart of Brin; and Mr Charles Innes, solicitor, Inverness. Among the general company were—

Rev. Messrs Macgregor and Maclauchlan, Inverness; Rev. Mr Macrae, Carloway; Messrs John Colvin, solicitor, Inverness; Roderick Macrae, Beauly; Fraser, Mauld; Macdonald, Station Hotel, Inverness; Alexander Fraser, accountant, Inverness; Charles Mackay, builder, do.; James Fraser, C.E., do.; Sime, H.M. Inspector of Schools; G. J. Campbell, solicitor; Murdoch, of *The Highlander*; Alex. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine*; Robert Grant, of Messrs Macdougall & Co.; James H. Mackenzie, bookseller; Alexander Mackenzie, wine merchant, Church Street; William Couper, Highland Railway; Alex. Mackay, contractor; Jonathan Ross, draper; A. Maclean, commission agent; Mac donald, live stock agent; Hood, commission agent; Andrew Fraser, cabinetmaker; W. B. Forsyth, of the *Advertiser*; Burgess, factor for Glenmoriston; Simon Fraser, banker, Lochcarron; Alex. Macleod, grocer, Bridge Street; Macdonald, grocer, Exchange; Wm. Mackenzie, draper, Bridge Street; Donald Campbell, do., do.; D. Whyte, photographer; Macraild, sheriff-officer; John Mackenzie, Telford Road; Charles Ferguson, Raigmore; Charles Macdonald, flesher, Union Street; Donald Davidson, solicitor; F. Macgillivray, do.; D. J. Mackay, do.; Cumming Allanfearn; A. Ross, architect; D. Middleton, coal merchant; A. Macdonald, flesher, New Market; James Fraser, Lombard Street; Æneas Fraser, Church Street; George Macbean, Union Street; W. G. Stuart; H. C. Gillies, Culloden; Macpherson, carpenter; Dr Mackechnie, District Asylum, Inverness; Deas, Church Street; D. A.

Campbell, Englishton Muir, Bunchrew; Hugh Fraser, Huntly Street; Wm. Mackenzie, secretary; Barron, *Inverness Courier;* Bain, do.; Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness; J. M. Duncan, *Highlander* office; L. Macbean, do., &c.

Rev. Mr Maclachlan said grace, and thereafter an excellent dinner was discussed. The following was the bill of fare :—

CUILM NAN GAIDHEAL.

SUGHAN—	SOUPS—
Mhaigheach, creamha, agus Cheann Chaorach.	Hare, Cock-a-leekie, Sheep's Head.
IASG—	FISH—
Glas-iasg 's leannra eisirein, agus adagan friochte.	Cod and Oyster Sauce, Fried Haddock.
SOITHICHEAN TAOIBHE—	ENTREES—
Iseanan earr-bhruichte, Muilt-fheoil ghearrte, Coineanan cuirichte, agus Taigeis.	Poulet Soute, Mutton Cutlets, Curried Rabbits, Haggis.
FEOIL—	JOINTS—
Mairt-fheoil agus muilt-fheoil (Roiste agus Bhruich), Ceann caorach.	Beef and Mutton (Roast and Boiled), Sheep's Head.
MILSEAN—	SWEETS—
Marag phlumbais, Ubhlan deasaichte, Sughan mheas agus ciathan, Cruaidh-thaoisean 's ubhlan milis, Aran agus caise, Measan.	Plum Pudding, Apple Tart, Jellies, Creams, Pastry and Pippins, Bread and Cheese, Dessert.

The Rev. Mr Macrae, Carloway, Lews, returned thanks, after which Mr W. Mackenzie, the Secretary, read the following apology from Cluny Macpherson :—

"Caisteal Chluanaidh, Ceann-a'-Ghiusaich,
"January 5, 1877.

"A charaid ionmhuinn,—Fhuair mi do litir chaoimhneil. Thoir taing uam do'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach air son a' chuiridh fhialaidh a thug iad dhomh gus an dinneir a tha gu bhi air an dara

la diag dhe'n mhios. Abair riutha, le mo bheannachd, gu'm bheil mi duilich nach urrainn mi bhi aig an dinneir, do bhrigh gu'm bheil coinneamh mhor gu bhi againn fhein air an dearbh latha sin faisg air a' chaisteal, 'nuair a tha suil agam ri moran de m' chairdean a choinneachadh aig a chluich-bhall. Ach feumaidh mi crioch a chur air an litir so. Ni mi sin le bhi 'guidhe a h-uile soirbheachadh do'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach. Tha mi 'guidhe bliadhna mhath ur dhuibh uile, agus moran diubh. Slan leibh. Is mise ur caraid dileas,

"CLUANAIDH, Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Chatain."

The Secretary also read the following extract from a letter received by him from Mr C. S. Jerram, Surrey :—

"My only claims, such as they are, for being noticed by *Clann nan Gaidheal*, rest upon the translation I made of Dr Smith's *Sean Dana* (Dargo and Gaul), which, I was glad to see, was so favourably received in Scotland, notwithstanding the imperfections in the performance, of which I am only too conscious. In the Celtic Chair, of course, I take a great interest, and was glad to do something last year in the way of collections for this object. My only fear at first starting was, that it might possibly become too much devoted to the interest of the Scottish Gael, to the exclusion (comparatively) of Irish, Welsh, and other Celtic branches. I thought the fact of the Chair being established in Edinburgh, and its being partly designed for the instruction of Gaelic students for practical purposes, might tend to such a result, just as I should have feared a preponderance of Welsh or Irish Gaelic, had the Chair been fixed at Carnarvon or Dublin. But Professor Blackie has assured me that *all* branches of Celtic are to have their due prominence—indeed, I know he is quite angry with those who speak of a 'Gaelic' instead of a 'Celtic' Chair, a mistake I have often heard made in England, and which I never fail to correct. And I think we may all safely trust the cause in the hands of such a man as Blackie, who has richly deserved all the encomiums that have showered upon him, both in public and private, since his noble exertions first began to bear fruit."

He also intimated that he had received apologies from Mr Mackintosh of Holm ; Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. ; D. Cameron of Lochiel, M.P. ; E. W. Mackintosh of Raigmore ; D. Davidson of Tulloch ; Provost Simpson ; Mr Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail ; Mr O. H. Mackenzie of Inverewe ; Surgeon-Major General Mackinnon,

C.B., Aldershot; General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B.; Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; Major Lyon-Mackenzie; Rev. Messrs A. Macrae, Clachan, Kintyre; W. Watson, Kiltearn; A. Macgregor Rose, Evie; and A. C. Sutherland, Strathbraan; Captain D. P. Macdonald, Fort-William; Major Grant, Drumbuie; Dr Buchan, Inverness; Dr Macnee, do.; Bailie Noble, do.; Messrs A. Dallas, Town-Clerk, do.; T. D. Campbell, do.; P. G. Wilson, do.; Fraser Campbell, do.; Thomas Mackenzie, Broadstone Park, do.; John Grant, Cardiff; D. Maclachlan, publisher, Edinburgh; John Macfarquhar, do.; A. A. Carmichael, Creagorry; A. C. Mackenzie, Maryburgh; D. A. Macrae, Fernaig; D. J. Macrae, Invershiel; Ewan Macrae, Branitra; W. Mackenzie, solicitor, Dingwall; C. C. Glass, St Andrews; Robert Macleod, Leith; Peter Mackintosh, Grantown; D. Macrae, Inverness; S. Chisholm, Flowerdale, Gairloch; D. Maccaskill, Dunvegan; Macdonald, Dunphail, &c.

The Professor then proposed the health of the Queen, now the Empress of India. She had, however, he remarked, an older and nobler title, for she reigned not only over the heads but over the hearts of her subjects. About the Prince of Wales, the Professor said he knew nothing at all, and he did not intend to indulge in commonplaces. He knew something about the Queen, for she had given him £200 for the Celtic Chair, and he hoped that the Prince would grow up to be a son worthy of his father. Speaking of the Army, the Professor declared that it was the pride and redemption of Britain. Had it not been for our soldiers, the curse that falls upon mere merchants would have fallen on us, as it did upon Tyre and Sidon. He hoped that the army would long preserve Britain from mere utilitarianism and money making and mammon worship; and that the Celtic spirit which led Wellington to his victories would long flourish unimpaired. Captain Chisholm replied for the Army, and Major Macandrew and Captain Grant for the Volunteers. In the course of his remarks, Captain Grant said—The force has a local as well as national character that conduces to its permanence and efficiency; and especially is this the case in the Highlands, where every district has associations and traditions that cannot fail to influence and stimulate the martial spirit of its local corps. We may perhaps take the Inverness-shire Volunteers as fairly representative of those of the other northern counties, and we find them largely composed of the descendants of rival clans; and although a large proportion of these men are now citizens of Inverness, many of them still cherish traditions and recollections of their native straths and glens that render them not less worthy

citizens nor less loyal subjects, and certainly not less reliable subjects, and we may safely assume that a force of this composition, commanded as the two bodies of Inverness-shire Volunteers are—the one by one of the best known and most popular gentlemen in the county, and the other by the most Highland of Highland Chiefs—would in defence of their hearths and homes prove themselves not unworthy descendants of the men of whose valour the world has heard so much. In such a representative meeting as this, I may be allowed to say in connection with this toast that neither clans nor the spirit of clanship are yet extinct in the Highlands. I know a strath within a day's easy march of the Capital of the Highlands, * where they still exist to a greater extent than many are aware of; and where the present Chief could in case of need, in a few days, or even hours, still raise a regiment of genuine clansmen, the direct descendants of men who for many centuries held their lands against all comers, and for generation after generation lived and died on the same soil.

The Secretary then read the Annual Report, which was as follows :—

"At a meeting such as this, I believe the briefer the Annual Report, the more it will be relished by those present. I will, therefore, be as brief as in the circumstances I can. As to the general work done by the Society during the year, I beg to refer you to our volume of Transactions. The progress made by the Society during the year has been such as should give satisfaction to all who interest themselves in its affairs. Our total income has been £117 17s 9d, and our expenditure up to this date £48 2s 11d, leaving a balance at present in our possession of £69 14s 10d. Against this sum, however, must be set some liabilities amounting to about £60. These are incurred in connection with the publication of our Transactions, management of the Society, and Gaelic competition in schools. Four gentlemen commuted their Honorary Membership into Life Membership. The number of new members who joined during the year was as follows :—1 Life Member; 6 Honorary Members; 55 Ordinary Members; and 3 Junior or Apprentice Members, making a total of 65. The total number of Members on the roll is now 390."

Professor Blackie, in rising to give the toast of the evening—"The Gaelic Society of Inverness"—was received with loud cheer-

* It is understood this refers to Strathspey and the Earl of Seafield.

ing. He said—Gentlemen of Inverness, members of the Gaelic Society—accustomed as I am to public speaking, it is not without a feeling of trepidation, or at least discomfort, that on this and almost every other occasion I open my mouth to speak. (Laughter.) There is a responsibility which attaches to any man who speaks in public which he ought to consider—which I don't always consider—(Renewed laughter)—and besides I am very much afraid of not speaking enough of truth, and sometimes of the greater danger of speaking too much truth. I am very much afraid also of the reporters—(laughter)—who, if I fling out any nonsense—and it comes out, I believe, in an instinctive way—are perfectly sure to report it; whereas if I measure out wisdom by the yard, these gentlemen either don't understand it, or they misunderstand it—(Laughter)—sometimes to my knowledge they positively misrepresent it. However, I believe there is no danger in Inverness. I am told you have here a peculiarly wise and judicious race of reporters—(Laughter)—and if a man says anything he ought not to say—if he uses any phrase too emphatic or too strong—they always smooth it down and shave off the angularities. (Laughter and applause.) If, therefore, I say anything out of joint, or anything too strong, it is perfectly sure not to be put in the superlative degree by the reporters of the *Inverness Courier*. (Renewed laughter and applause.) As chief of this Association, I must also confess to a feeling of discomfort or incongruity. There is surely some incongruity in putting a Hellenic capital on a Gaelic column. It is like a Highlander with a hat—(Laughter)—and a Highlander with a hat is an inconceivable monster. (Laughter.) If a man be a Highlander let him look like my heroic friend here (Captain Chisholm), who looks just like Agamemnon, whose remains were found the other day at Mycenæ, and proved to be those of a giant hero, as he was. (Applause.) If a man dresses like my friend he cannot put on a hat—(Laughter)—but of course if he Lowlandise himself, he may put anything he likes to hide from the world that he is such a noble animal as a Celt. (Laughter.) But I have one comfort, and that is that I never meet with greater sympathy or more cordiality or genuine feeling than at meetings of this kind; and for myself on such occasions, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." (Cheers.) I consider it one of the proudest days of my life, when I was elected as Chief—though only for a year. (Laughter.) However, the memory of it will continue as long as I live, and perhaps it will be inscribed on my tombstone. (Laughter.) If

any university should confer on me the degree of D.C.L.—and they have not done it yet—(Laughter)—I should not esteem it half such an honour as having been Chief of the Gaelic Society. (Applause.) Now, since 1745 I do not think the Highlanders have done justice to themselves; and they require associations of this kind to make them feel that there is no shame but rather glory in being Highlanders—that they have something to conserve and preserve—something to look back upon with pride, and to make them look forward with hope. (Applause.) This Society shows that there is a consciousness in the Highlands that they have a right to walk God's earth as a peculiar people, like the Jews. (Laughter.) Don't laugh. To the Jews we owe religion, to the Greeks wisdom, and to the Celts sentiment, chivalry, and valour, and the most brilliant pages in our history. (Cheers.) I am proud to think that the Highland people are now thoroughly conscious of themselves, as metaphysicians would say; and that they are not to be stamped out or smoothed over to please fellows in Edinburgh, who would even wipe Edinburgh out of the map of world, and go to Oxford to be made scholars and prigs—(Laughter and applause)—who want to forget that they are Scotchmen, and to extinguish broad Scotch, that they may lisp "ha, ha" English —and who are unable to sing a Scotch song in the right way with a regular thumping heart. (Applause.) There are Celts and Scotchmen both who want to extinguish old recollections and aspirations, and in the name of civilisation to assimilate themselves to John Bull from the top of the head to the tip of the toe. I don't believe in that. I don't think centralisation is a British peculiarity or a virtue of British policy. It belongs to France and Prussia and despotic countries; but Britain has grown strong by its local peculiarities and local liberties. One of its distinctive peculiarities is the existence of a Celtic people, with its chivalry, and poetry, and general Celtic spirit; and I object to have that race or language blotted out, although it may die, as John Bull himself must die some day. The Gaelic language will die; and I venture to prophecy, whatever Mr Murdoch may say, that it will be dead in 200 years. (Mr Murdoch—"No.") I will tell you why. It is impossible that a people, so few in numbers, and with a literary inheritance so comparatively small—a people who must advance in the world, and Anglify themselves in spite of themselves—a people subjected to the inroads of English dons and swells with money—it is impossible for such a people with all their heroism, to preserve themselves distinct for more than 200 years.

I predict that, but don't suppose that I want to hasten it. No; I respect the language, and would cultivate it. Am I to kick my grandmother into the grave because she is old? No, I will respect and reverence her; and learn from her lips more tenderness and perhaps more wisdom than from the most recent school-book, bound with red tape, and patronised by Her Majesty's Inspectors. (Laughter and applause.) It is a very great thing to preserve unity at the centre of a nation, and also strength in the limbs. No doubt it is difficult to accomplish both. Germany developed such enormous strength in the provinces that the central unity broke down. There was no empire or emperor except in name; but numerous states existed, and with all the evils of disunion, there were some countervailing advantages. Each prince had his capital—at Dresden, at Hanover, at Cassel, and so on; and if the princes sometimes taxed the people heavily, and spent a good deal of money, and were not particularly wise men, still they had their own universities, their own libraries, and their own literary circles, thus forming numerous centres of culture, so that there was more culture in Germany than in any other country. By centralisation France lost a great deal of variety and richness of life, and also, what is the main thing, the power and energy of her people. Let us try to avoid both extremes. There should be not only a strong pumping heart, but ganglia over all parts of the body—centres to redeem the provinces from that stagnation and servility both in moral and intellectual action which belong to a people who receive education and impulse from the capital and the capital alone. (Applause.) I am sure the Inverness Gaelic Society aims at supporting the local and provincial life, character, dignity, and vigour of this part of the country, and will long continue to do so. Allow me to say a few words in reference to the Gaelic. If the language is to die speedily, the fault will mainly be with the Highland people themselves. You do not cultivate Gaelic. In Wales, there are several newspapers in the native tongue, and you find Welsh staring at you at every railway station; whereas, our friend Murdoch has a great deal to do to get up a column or two of the Gaelic, and some people want him to give it up altogether. The Highlanders, like the Israelites of old, have gone a whoring after strange gods, and must pay the penalty. (Laughter.) Why, one requires to go about with microscopic eyes to find a Gaelic inscription on a tombstone; while in Wales you will find native inscriptions in every churchyard. Nevertheless, Gaelic cannot be neglected by any man who wishes to play the part of an educator,

or to wield a direct moral influence over the people. No doubt the Celt is a British citizen, and ought to be taught English. That should be placed in the foreground; but, unless circumstances are very unfavourable—unless he is ill-treated by others or ill-treats himself, and looks only to what affects his pocket rather than to what makes his bosom swell with noble emotion and sentiment—he ought not to neglect his mother tongue; and he is a monster if he does not love it. (Applause.) He may have the misfortune to have a father who told him to avoid the mother tongue, and who sent him to Eton or Harrow to learn to read Horace and to be licked into an Englishman—(Laughter)—and who did not know that the best thing for a Highland laird was to be familiar with the language of his own people, and the history and traditions of his ancestral glens. (Applause.) Gaelic is not vulgar—Nature never can be vulgar—(Cheers)—and the worst vulgarity is that which apes what comes from the West End. (Applause.) Moreover, the comparison of the mother tongue with other languages is one of the greatest instruments of training. In our classical schools English is constantly compared with Latin and Greek, so as to set the mind a thinking on the meaning of words, and make the word of one language express, by a fine natural shade of distinction, what the other language does not contain. It is impossible to let the Gaelic child know through the intellect and heart what the meaning of English is except through the mother tongue, because the mother tongue has a character and significance that does not belong to the acquired. Certain Scotch words, for instance, such as *sonsy* and *canny*, have a meaning of their own which cannot be transferred into English; and this is the more evident when you consider that the English language is a mixty-maxty—a kind of hodge-podge—a mere devil's soup brewed up of all materials which came from nobody knows where. (Laughter.) It would require the most learned man in Germany—perhaps half-a-dozen of the most learned men—to make a good etymological English dictionary. The words have no meaning except to a man who knows Latin and Greek, and sometimes Gaelic. To a poor Highland boy what significance will the word "publican" in the Gospels convey? The only kind of publicans he knows are those of a kind which my friend Mr Macgregor does not like to patronise —(Laughter)—but he would make a great mistake if he thought they were the publicans mentioned by Luke. But if the boy opens his Gaelic Bible he will find the word *cis-mhacr*, and knows at once that this is a man who gathers the taxes. (Laughter.)

Another thing struck me the first time I read the first chapter of Genesis in Gaelic. The first verse in English is, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What idea do you attach to the word create? Go back to the Latin, Greek, or even the Sanskrit, and you will not learn; all that you arrive at is that it signifies "doing or acting." In Gaelic the same verse runs—*'S an toiseach chruthaich Dia na neamhan agus an talamh.* The Professor slowly spelled the third word *chruthaich*, and continued—you see I can spell even Gaelic; though Gaelic has been said to be a language which few persons can read and nobody can spell. (Laughter.) Now, strike off the termination and see what you have—*chruth.* That word means shape or form, and there you have the key to the whole Platonic philosophy, and the Gospel philosophy too. To give form to the formless is one of the prime functions of creation. Having made that boy a philosopher by the help of Gaelic—(Laughter)—I ask, how can any man despise and trample it under his feet as a language of savages? If any man dare say that it is a barbarous language, he is either a fool or a savage himself—(Laughter)—he is still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity—of course in a philosophical sense. (Renewed laughter.) Let such a fellow come before me, and I will smash him to powder. (Cheers and laughter.) Let a man be ever so mighty, truth is mightier; and nothing but gross ignorance or prejudice can explain the hostility of those people who would stamp out the Gaelic. If they dare to come to the front before me, whose Gaelic is only of yesterday, I will squelch them into jelly. (Great laughter.) I once received an epistle from a gentleman who refused to subscribe to the Celtic Chair, and attributed all the evils of the Highlands to two causes—the one being Gaelic, and the other Feudalism. Now, Feudalism never was in the Highlands except in the shape of law-deeds; and such things only show the insolence of John Bull, who knows of nothing beyond the Grampians except grouse, and deer, and ptarmigan. I don't like to use big sentences, for they are generally used by men who like to seem mighty and are weak; but I could mention several things that have ruined the Highlands. Their own folly in rising in '45 helped it. Even Lochiel saw the danger at the time, and yielded to mere sentiment. Next to that, two things have done mischief. One is absenteeism, or the possession of property by persons who do not perform the duties which belong to a proprietor in all well-organised societies; and the second is selfishness masked in the words of a political economy, which regards the product

only and not the producer, which measures the wealth of nations merely by the amount of external products which they gather together, and not by the real well-being of the people who belong to the country—a political economy divorced from human love and evangelical morality, and also from the best maxims of a sound policy. (Cheers.) Not to detain you longer, let me say that if you wish this Society to prosper, and if you wish yourselves to be respected as Highlanders and as men, you will cultivate your Highland traditions and the Gaelic language along with your noble Gaelic sentiments in all your schools. (Loud cheers.)

Mr G. J. Campbell sang "Mairi laghach," which was enthusiastically received, the company taking up the chorus with spirit.

Mr William Mackay, solicitor, then proposed the toast of "Celtic Literature." He said—Two days ago I happened to mention to a gentleman, whom I am glad to see here this evening, that I had been requested to propose this toast. "I suppose," said he, with a knowing smile on his countenance, "your first and most difficult duty will be to prove that such a thing as Celtic Literature exists. Now, gentlemen, taking my friend's words as my text, I shall, with your permission, endeavour to show not only that we have a literature, but also that it is one which is ancient, and not altogether worthless. The subject is, however, so wide, that, so far as the rich literary remains of the Cymric branch of the Celtic nation are concerned, I shall merely allude to them in passing. Some of them, as old as the sixth century, you may find in Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales." We of the Gaelic branch are more immediately interested in the literature of our ancestors of Scotland and Ireland; people who at one time were in constant communication with each other, and thought no more of crossing the stormy sea which separated them than we Invernessians do of crossing Kessock Ferry to visit the good people of the Black Isle. Perhaps the oldest piece of pure Gaelic writing now in existence is a verse in Dioma's Book, a manuscript copy of the Gospels made for St Cronan, of Roscrea, in Ireland, who died in the beginning of the seventh century. From that time down to the sixteenth century, Gaelic writers wrote to an extent which is quite amazing to those who, looking to the scantiness of the Saxon literature of the period, assumed that the Celt must have been infinitely in the rear. Among ancient Gaelic manuscripts discovered in Scotland are the Book of the Abbey of Deer, in Aberdeenshire, a manuscript of the ninth century, now published by the Spalding Club; the Bethune manuscript of date 1100; the

Lament of Dearduil, dated 1208; and the Dean of Lismore's Book, of the sixteenth century, containing upwards of 11,000 verses of Gaelic poetry by Ossian and other ancient bards. As to the Gaelic manuscripts found in Ireland, in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, and in the libraries of Rome, Paris, Brussels, and other continental towns, they are legion. Large portions of those manuscripts have been published under the superintendence of O'Curry, O'Donovan, Skene, Sullivan, the Royal Irish Academy, and the Royal Commission for publishing the Brehon Laws; but, in the opinion of Professors O'Loony and O'Mahony of Dublin, there were, in 1875, still not less than one thousand volumes of unpublished Gaelic. The contents of those manuscripts are as various as the subjects which exercised the minds of the learned of the ages in which they were written—history, poetry, romance, law, medicine, and even mathematics and astronomy. The poems and romances are remarkable for the vivid glimpses which they give of the every day life of our remote ancestors; the scientific treatises are curious in so far as they unfold to us the views of the ancient Celt on subjects which command attention in our own day; but by far the most valuable are the annals and historical tracts which, in many cases, were written at the times of which they speak. Skene carefully studied them, and made capital use of them in his "Celtic Scotland" just published—a work in which he has completely demolished the fabulous fabrics raised by Fordun, Bœce, and other so-called historians of ancient Scotland; and in which he narrates the true history in a remarkably lucid and entertaining manner. And it is not alone to him who would be historian of Scotland that those remains may be interesting. Do they, for example, throw any light on the topography and early history of the town in which we are met, and the surrounding districts? We have continually been told that Loch-Ness, the river Ness, and Inverness, all derive their names from the Fall of Foyers—*an Eas*—but the Tales of Clan Uisneach, composed, according to Professor O'Curry, anterior to the year 1000, lead me to discredit that theory, and to believe that the loch, river, and town, owe their names to *Naois*, the son of Uisneach, who, with his loved Dearduil (pronounced Jardil), fled from the court of Conachar Macnessa, King of Ulster, to Scotland, where they sojourned for a time. In those tales I find mention of *Uisge Naois* (the Water of Naois, which I take to be Loch-Ness), and *Inbhernaois* or Inverness. The prominent vitrified fort on the south shore of Loch-Ness is to this day known as Dun Dearduil, and in the Gaelic Manuscript of

1208, which I have mentioned, Dearduil, on her return to Ireland, sings farewell to Scotland and a favourite glen there, in the following strain :—

"Beloved land, that eastern land,
Alba with its lakes ;
Oh ! that I might not depart from it,
But I depart with Naois.

Glen Urchain ! O Glen Urchain !
It was the straight Glen of smooth ridges
Not more joyful was a man of his age
Than Naois in Glen Urchain."

Now, on the north shore of Loch-Ness and opposite Dun Dearduil we have the beautiful Glen of Urquhart (in Gaelic, *Gleann Urchudain*), and there can, I think, be little doubt that that is the glen of which Dearduil sang. Without leaving Glen-Urquhart, I may mention that Anderson, in his "Guide to the Highlands," supposes that the ancient temple which stood in the immediate vicinity of Temple Pier was the same as the church of *Maolrubha*, built about 600 ; but in the Annals of Tighernach, who died in 1088, the place in which that church was erected is called Apurcrossan, which certainly is not Glen-Urquhart, and may be Applecross. Few intelligent Scotchmen are, I presume, ignorant of the fact that Scotland was at one time divided into seven provinces, but I venture to say that there are not many who are aware of another fact recorded in a Gaelic verse quoted by *Gillecaomhan*, who died in 1072, that this arrangement had its origin in the division of Alban among the seven sons of *Cruithne*. The Picts, whose king in the time of Columba had his palace in the neighbourhood of Inverness, are frequently mentioned, and at a later period we have the murder in our vicinity of the "Gracious Duncan," of Shakespeare, by Macbeth, the Maormor of the ancient, and for a long time independent, province of Moray, in the very centre of which we now are ; the career of Macbeth as King of Scotland ; and the wars in which the Celts of Moray were from time to time engaged in defence of their ancient rights, until at last the bloody tale ends with the significant words, under the year 1130—"Ar fer Muriamh in Albain"—(the slaughter of the men of Moray in Alban). I have now endeavoured to indicate the extent and value of our ancient written literature. I need not tell

you of the mass of oral literature which we possess in the shape of beautiful tales and stirring ballads, a great part of which has been collected and published by Mr J. F. Campbell of Islay, nor of the "Poems of Ossian" which, no matter by whom they were composed, were sufficient, when published, to send a Celtic thrill through the intellect of Europe, nor yet of the numerous Gaelic bards who have flourished within the last two centuries. For an account of all these and the progress of Gaelic literature generally, I refer you to the works of Dr M'Lauchlan, Professor Bourke, and our own chief. At no other time within the history of the Celt did his literature receive such attention from Celt and Saxon as it now does. Success then let us drink to it; in prosperity may it more and more increase; and may the time be not far distant when no Briton shall deem his education complete without some knowledge of the ancient literature of his native land. Let me couple the toast with the name of the Rev. Mr Macgregor, one of the oldest and raciest of the Gaelic writers of our day. His beautiful translation of the Apocrypha, undertaken at the request, and published at the expense, of that eminent Celtic scholar Prince Lucien Bonaparte, is sufficient to hand his name down to posterity as a Gaelic scholar; but perhaps he will live more in the affection of his countrymen as the genial "Sgiathanach" and "Alasdair Ruadh" of our Highland magazines and newspapers. (Loud cheers.)

The Rev. Mr Macgregor replied in Gaelic. At the outset, he alluded to his great love for his mother tongue—A' chainnt bhinn bhlasda a bha ann o chein—mar a thubhairt am bard—

"Bh'aig Adhamh 's aig Eubha,
Roimh fheum 'bhi air aithreachas,
Mun d' chiontaich iad an Eden,
Gun eucail, gun smal orra;
Air olc mu'n robh iad eolach,
Gun chomhdach, gun ath' orra;
Do'n pheac' gun bhi na'n traillean,
'S o'n gharadh gun charachadh."

He then proceeded —Ann an neo-chiontas chum ar ceud sinnsre comhradh binn agus caidreach ri cheile 'sa chanain sin a thainig a nuas air feadh gach linn gus an d' fhuair i tuineachas air morthir na Roinn-Eorpa. An sin bha i 'na steidh no 'na bunait do'n Ghreugais agus do'n Laidinn, agus do chainntibh eile. As an Roinn-Eorpa, an deigh linntean dol seachad, thainig a' Ghailig

lurach a nall thar chuan, agus fhuair i fasgadh ann an Alba, agus Eirinn, 's an Eilean Mhanainneach, 's an Odhailt, agus ann an cearnaibh eile. Uime sin, tha Ghailig urramach fathast sgriobhta ann an ainmibh gach beinn agus bealach, gach slochd agus cnochd, gach amhainn agus allt, gach ruidh agus rudha, cha'n e mhain air feadh Alba gu leir, ach mar an ceudna air mor-thir na Roinn-Eorpa. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach d' ionnsaich Ceann-feadhna Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis am mor eolas aige air a Ghailig, o bhi faicinn gu'n robh i 'na steidh, 'na bunait, agus 'na freumh do'n Ghreugais agus do'n Laidinn air am bheil e co fiosrach. Is miorbhuileach an durachd a ta lionadh cridhe ar Ceann-feadhna chum a' Ghailig eiridinn. Leis an strith a rinn e, tha Caithir na Gailig a cheana air a tri cosaibh. An sin, suidhear air a' chaithir sin duine foghluimte eigin, a bhios a' craobh-sgaoileadh gach fiosrachaidh mu'n Ghailig eadar bhun agus bharr air feadh gach cearnaidh de dh-Alba, agus d' an rioghachd air fad. Is miorbhuileach an dichioll a rinneadh leis an Ollamh urramach, Blackie fein, chum na criche so, an uair nach 'eil boinne a dh-fhuil nan Gaidheal 'na chuislibh! Ach tha e cianail, maslachail a bhi faicinn mar a ta a' Ghailig air a druideadh a mach as gach tigh-sgoile ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, agus an oigridh air am fagail co aineolach ri lothaibh nan asail fiadhaich air cainnt am mathar fein. Cha'n 'eil na h-ard chumhachdan a shuidhich na sgoilean sin, a' toirt aon chuid comais no duais do'n luchd-teagaisg chum Gailig a thoirt idir do'n oigridh, agus air an aobhar sin, cha'n urrainn iad Focal an Tighearna a leughadh ann an cainnt am mathar fein; agus is nar an gnothuch e! Tha e taitneach, gidheadh, gu'm bheil gach Comunn Gaidhealach anns 'n rioghachd air fad a dh-aon inntinn chum so athleasachadh, agus tha na Comunna sin lionmhor. Cha mhor baile ann am Breatunn anns nach 'eil Comunn Gailig. Tha iad ann an Lunainn, Duneideann, Glaschu, Grianaig, Cillribhinn, Dundeagh, Abaireadhan, agus ann am bailtibh eile. Agus c'ait am bheil Comunn ni's rianaile, dillse, durachdaich, agus deine na Comunn Gailig Inbhirnis? Tha buill a' Chomuinn so a' dol gu'n dulan chum gach reachd agus cleachd a bhuineas do na Gaidheil a chumail air chuimhne, agus chum gach riaghailt agus innleachd a ghnathachadh chum sliochd nam beann ath-leasachadh a thaobh nithe aimsireil agus spioradail. Tha 'n Comunn gu mor air a chuideachadh chum na criche so le da thi ro chumhachdach anns a' bhaile so fein, agus labhrar umpa a reir an inbhe agus an aois. Tha againn, an toiseach, an *t-Ard-Albannach* coir, agus is diulnach laghach e. Ged is iongantach e ri radh, cha'n 'eil e ach air eigin ceithir bliadhna dh'

aois, gidheadh, chithear e, le bhonaid leathainn agus le bhreacan-an-fheile, a' siubhal o bhaile gu baile, o chomunn gu comunn, a' labhairt, ag eisdeachd, a' teagasg, agus a' sparradh nithe iomchuidh chum a luchd-duthcha a sheoladh air an t-slighe cheart chum an leas fein. Gu robh gach deagh bhuaidh leis. Ach tha oganach treun agus deas-chainnteach eile againn ann am priomh-bhaile so na Gaidhealtachd, agus cha'n 'eil e fathast ach beagan thar bliadhna dh' aois, gidheadh is comharraichte tapaidh am balachan e. Is e *Mios-leabhar Gaidhealach* (Celtic Magazine) is ainm dha. Tha deagh fhiaclan aige a cheana, leis an gearr agus am bearr e gach ni, ann an cumadh freagarrach chum maith a luchd-duthcha. Is iongantach an storas eolais a tha aige air seann sgeulaibh, eachdraidhean-ceilidh, faisneachdan soilleir, agus nithe eugsamhla eile. Gheibhear 'sa *Mhios-leabhar* so, eachdraidh chuimir air gach deasboireachd mu bhardachd Oisein, far am bheil comas labhairt aig luchd-dionaidh agus luchd-aicheadh a' bhaird urramaich sin. Tha mor speis aig an "Sgiathanach" do'n dithis oganach so, agus gu ma fada a bhios iad le cheile air an caomhnadh chum cuideachadh le Comunn Gailig a' bhaile so, agus leis gach Comunn agus cuideachd anns gach cearnadh dhe'n rioghachd. Ach tha *Gaidheal* eile ann an Duneideann, a ta beagan ni's sine na'n dithis a dh' ainmicheadh, agus is treun an t-oganach e. Is taitneach leis an t-seann "Sgiathanach" agus le "Alasdair Ruadh"—a bhi cuideachadh leis a reir a' chumhachd a thugadh dhoibh. Cha'n ioghnadh an "Sgiathanach" a bhi liath-cheannach oir tha dluth air da fhichead bliadhna on chunnacas e anns na turasaibh aig "Cuairtear nan Gleann" agus "Fear-tathaich nam Beann." Ach buaidh le Comunn Gailig a' bhaile so. Cha'n fhada gus am faic agus gus an cluinn iad an dian-dheasboir foghluimte sin an t-Ollamh Waddell a' cur smuid ri luchd-aicheadh Oisein, agus a' dearbhadh le iomad comhdachadh soilleir gun robh Mac-Mhuirich co eucomasach air Dain Oisein a dhealbhadh, ri balachan 'san Oil-thigh rioghail againn fein, chum dain Homer an Greugach, no Virgil am Feudailteach a chur an altaibh a' cheile. Deich mile beannachd aig na Goill—Blackie, Sharp, agus Waddell—oir aca-san fa leth tha cridhe Gaidhealach ann an cochull Gallda.

Mr D. Campbell, Bridge Street, proposed "The Members of Parliament for the County and Burgh." Lochiel, he said, was widely known and admired as a member of Parliament and a Highland gentleman. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh was also well-known as perhaps the only member of Parliament who knew and could speak Gaelic.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch was received with loud

cheers, and in proposing the toast of "Highland Education," referred to the disinclination of the Education Department to recognise in the Highlander's mother-tongue a valuable instrument of education for the Highlander. He considered that in other respects the educational interests of the Highlands had been well cared for by the Government, and that among the specialities of Highland education the cardinal point that remained to be dealt with was the introduction of Gaelic into the school curriculum. In the frequent discussions on primary education, it had seemed to him most extraordinary how seldom the speakers regarded education as dealing with anything but the intellect, and more especially was this remarkable when the provision of educational means was held to be a duty of the State. What interest had the State in the matter, unless to make better citizens, by seeing the youth of the country brought up to recognise and observe the law of sound duty, and to fit themselves for its performance? To society the moral side of primary education was surely as important as its intellectual one. It might no doubt be said that the cultivation of the intelligence laid the foundation of morals, since your duty to your neighbour was but an intelligent appreciation of your own self-interest; but, though this principle might suffice to frame an ethical code, the intelligence of the mass of humanity would never induce them from pure selfishness to love their neighbour as themselves. The sanction for laws of social duty was to be found in an underlying religious sentiment, and while the State wisely declined to assist a sectarian education, it could not afford to ignore or depreciate this religious instinct which gave to the moral code the force of law. Hence, it seemed to him that where Gaelic was the medium of instruction from the pulpit and of devotional exercise in the family, where all the promptings of faith in the Unseen, and every aspiration after a nobler and more self denying life took form in this language, it would be most unwise, or even unsafe, to displace it by a side-wind in the course of imparting a secular edution. Even those who hold Gaelic to be an obstruction to education might well take thought whether, in rooting up what to them seemed tares, they might not be in danger of rooting up the wheat with them. He had drawn their attention to this view, from the moral side of the question, because Professor Blackie did not happen to have noticed it in the paper contributed to the November number of the *Gaidheal*. In that paper the Professor had shown convincingly that Gaelic literature was a study fitted to impart a natural culture to the Highlands, and that the Gaelic

language properly used, was an important auxiliary to the teaching of English. The Gaelic Society of Inverness had long felt the force of these and similar considerations, and had petitioned the Government to allow the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. But the Society's efforts had hitherto been fruitless, because though agreed in principle they were not agreed on details. Generally speaking, Highland teachers would say it was preferable that children should be taught to read English before Gaelic was introduced at all, but though so far united, they were not at one as to the position Gaelic should occupy in the schedule of results for which payment was to be made. Room for still wider differences of opinion lay, however, in the question whether, after all, elementary instruction should not always be commenced in the mother tongue. The system of teaching in State-aided schools had been modelled for the use of English-speaking children, but it had been most carefully elaborated for its purpose, and was acknowledged to be in every way excellent. Yet, neither under this system nor under the system in use in the secondary schools of this country was it now-a-days ever attempted to give precedence in the order of teaching to a foreign language over the vernacular, unless the vernacular were Gaelic. It was impossible to believe there was anything in the nature of Gaelic to justify this special treatment, and his own observations had led him to the conclusion that the common system of teaching nothing but English to children who knew nothing but Gaelic produced very miserable results. It must be borne in mind that these purely Gaelic-speaking children were to be found chiefly in the Islands and West Highlands. Poorly fed and poorly clad, living in an inhospitable climate, often at a considerable distance from school, very regular attendance could not be expected from them till they attained an age and strength when too frequently their services were needed to aid in the maintenance of the family. Such children seldom got far enough advanced to retain what they had learned at school. They did not understand the English they pretended to read, and they could not read the Gaelic they might have understood, and were of course unable to express themselves in writing in any language whatever. It seemed to him that if their education was commenced in their own language, their intelligence would be quickened, they would learn more quickly and retain more easily what they learned, and they would feel an interest in their school work, and make some effort to overcome the obstacles to their continuance at school past the *prescribed age* of 13. Under this system the Highland child

would not only receive instruction in its own language, but might be expected to leave school with such a knowledge of English, both colloquial and literary, as would form a good equipment for its life-work. He would not detain them longer, but wished to impress upon them that it was essential this subject should be thoroughly ventilated on all sides, so as to secure thorough unity of opinion and action. It was not enough that this Society should be united. They must carry with them the Highland teachers and the Highland people, and if they could only do this, he did not believe they would have any difficulty in securing the co-operation of the Education Department. He coupled the toast with the name of Mr Jolly, H.M. Inspector.

Mr Jolly, in replying, remarked that although the question of teaching Gaelic had been largely discussed, there was no certain consensus of opinion regarding it. The general view, however, was coming to be that they ought to begin with English—the staple language, the language of the country, of literature, of commerce, and of common life. There is no objection, he said, to begin with Gaelic if we had time to do both; but as time is short, we have to consider which is the better course. The more I look at the subject, the more I am convinced that the true way is to begin with English, but to use Gaelic as a medium for the culture of the child's intelligence. It is hard enough for any child, Highland or Lowland, to acquire a written language; and if you lay a double portion on the Highland child—if you ask him to acquire two languages—you immensely increase his difficulties. At the same time, the vernacular should be used to cultivate his intelligence, and to secure that the Highland child shall become acquainted with the rich and varied literature of the Gaelic tongue. I assure you that the failure of children to understand what they read is not peculiar to Highland schools. The culture of intelligence along with the reading has so far been a rare matter, and depends upon the teacher, not upon the language. The great thing is to come to Government with sensible, practical, and temperate demands; and, I think, to get Gaelic placed in the code with Latin and Greek as a special subject, would really be practical and satisfactory.

Mr Stewart of Brin proposed "The Commercial and Agricultural Interests of the Highlands." He said he was not going to maintain that the commerce and agriculture of the country could be best carried on in the language of the Celt; but he believed many of their Celtic brethren would be able at the Muir of Ord or the Corn Exchange to make as good a bargain as their English friends.

He then referred to the past agriculture of the Highlands; to the trade of Inverness and its connection with the western districts and islands; to the opening up of the Highlands with roads, and the construction of the Caledonian Canal; and lastly, to the introduction of steamers and railways. There was one article of commerce in Inverness, he said, which was very successful, and which has very much fallen off—I mean the salmon fisheries. It is a curious fact that in 1794 the fisheries of the Ness—the Four Cobles—were let at a rent of £211 each, the whole being nearly £900. The leases of the tenants (which were for fifteen and sixteen years) contained this stipulation—that in November and December the tacksmen should be obliged to furnish 50 salmon a-month to the inhabitants at the price of 4d a-pound; during January, February, March, and April, 150 salmon per month at the same price; and during all the rest of the year as many as the inhabitants required at 2d per pound. I am afraid there is very little chance of recalling those times, however much we might desire it. As a contrast, I may add that during the ten years, from 1843 to 1853, the fisheries that produced £211 in 1794 only realised an annual rent of £17 11s; and this was paid not by tacksmen to send the fish to market, but by persons coming to angle in the river. What the cause of this deterioration was I am not going to inquire. My own opinion is that stake nets and other nets in the estuary had something to do with it; and others think that when the Canal was made a great many fish entered it and were destroyed. The Canal was opened about 1823 or 1824. Down to that period the trade of Inverness was carried on principally by smacks, four of which plied between Inverness and London. Before 1800 the mails were carried round by Aberdeen, partly on horseback and partly by one horse cars. In 1808 the Caledonian coach for the first time left Inverness, and performed the journey to Perth in two days. The old smacks sometimes took a long period to get to the end of their voyage. I have been told of the case of a relative of mine who was going to attend the medical classes in London, and who left in the middle of October, hoping to reach his destination in the beginning of November. He was, however, six weeks on the way, and this was by no means an infrequent occurrence. About the end of 1825 a steamer began to ply between Inverness, Aberdeen, and London. Finally came the railways; and we ought to be deeply grateful to the gallant men who have constructed 400 miles of railway at an expense of about four millions of money. *It seems a small thing* now, but I know that great risks were run.

I knew one honourable baronet who was asked to sign a bill for £50,000 or £60,000, and who replied—"Oh yes, any amount you please—a million if you like; I am in so deep already that the amount does not matter." If it had not been for the interposition of credit by Ardross, the Duke of Sutherland, I think also the gentleman who sits at your right (Sir Kenneth Mackenzie), and others, this great work would never have been accomplished. The construction of railways has been our greatest achievement in the North, and I need not say how much it has contributed to the development of our material and social welfare. He coupled the toast with the names of Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, Inverness, and Mr Cumming, Allanfearn.

Mr Macdonald, in replying, said he was sure that every trader in Inverness would bear him out in saying that their business connections with the inland districts were of as much pleasure as profit to them. He did not agree with those who thought the Society had little to do with the commerce and agriculture of the Highlands. Very properly at present the language and literature of the Celt occupy a great measure of attention, but the Society would never succeed until they took notice of, and grappled with, some of the difficulties attending the commercial and agricultural interests of the country. We can have no commercial prosperity unless we have an abounding population busily employed, and the Highland proprietor who could so arrange that two families can live where only one does at present would be a benefactor to his country. We have, he said, a labour question in the Highlands, not a matter between master and men, but a want of labour. A great amount of good would be done if the large amount of labour at present lying idle could be employed.

Mr Cumming returned thanks, remarking that he was glad to see so much interest was taken in agricultural matters, and trusted the agriculturists would continue to merit the praises bestowed upon them for their enterprise.

Mr Innes proposed the "Celtic Chair." The founding of a Celtic Professorship, he said, has been one of the primary objects of more than one Scottish Society. Though the original constitution of the Highland Society of London, the parent of such associations as this, which at first was called the Gaelic Society, and founded about 1780, included the establishment of such a chair among its objects, its members do not appear at any stage of its history to have over-exerted themselves in an endeavour to carry out that object. The present Gaelic Society of London, which sprang

into existence in 1830, made various attempts—notably in 1835 and 1839—to induce the Government of the day to endow a Chair, but when the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the latter year very naturally suggested to them that the Celts of Scotland should first show their interest in, and belief in the necessity for the Chair, by getting together a portion of the amount required to endow it, promising that if that were done the Government would consider whether they would not grant an equal sum, the Society took fright, and the agitation was dropped. In 1869—that is, after the lapse of 30 years, the matter was again taken up by the same Gaelic Society. The Highland Society was approached, but they, to say the least, were not enthusiastic. Articles appeared in the newspapers; the Celts of Inverness took a part in the discussion; and the General Council of the University of Edinburgh took the matter up, appointed a committee and a secretary, and in the usual way made appeals by sending out circulars to the people who were thought likely to subscribe—the result of the appeal then made being, if I remember rightly, than one subscription of £1 1s was magnanimously promised. The name of the man who thus patriotically stepped forward should be preserved. For one or two years Professor Macgregor annually wailed out his report to the General Council, and in the end, need it be wondered, resigned. Well-wishers of the movement were in despair, but not for long, for when the prospects looked very black indeed, our heroic friend, Professor Blackie, did not step, but leaped to the front, and vowed he would raise £10,000, or perish in the attempt. As became a Professor of Greek, he foresaw that to attain success it was necessary to follow the Demosthenic plan, and do three things—namely, to agitate, agitate, and yet again to agitate; and what has been the result of his agitation? Why, he has, within about two years got together, what no one but he could have got, the handsome sum of £9000. To obtain this sum, he has had to eat about as many dinners as it would, on a mild calculation, have taken to destroy the digestive organs of an ordinary Highland regiment. (Laughter.) He has had to deliver lectures, addresses, and speeches, the mere contemplation of which is sufficient to take away the breath of even a Gaelic society. He has appeared in furtherance of his object on the stages of theatres, as also on the platforms of music-halls innumerable, and if not in the pulpit, at anyrate in the precentor's desks of several churches. The question has often been asked, how comes it that the Professor, a Saxon born and bred, *takes such an interest* in the establishment of this Celtic Chair?

There have been many theories broached on the subject; allow me to tell you mine. In olden times—before our Chief was born—certain little people inhabited these northern lands. They were called Sithichean. Now, these little people, out of mere mischief or frolic, occasionally, when a fond mother was asleep, changed the little darling by her side and substituted another and a different child. That, gentlemen, accounts for the number of people living in our midst bearing Highland names, and whose origin is taken to be Celtic, but who neither possess any of the characteristics of the race, nor any particle of the feeling and sentiment by which its true sons are animated. That, too, must, I firmly believe, have been the misfortune which overtook our friend, soon after his birth. Now that he has been restored to his kith and kin, and shown the stuff of which he is really made, there is no mistaking his origin or his race, and no man will ever convince me that that man is not a born Celt. Consider the characteristics by which he is distinguished. His enthusiasm, his love of country, his clannishness, his genuineness, his determination, his pluck, his fearlessness. These are characteristics of the Celt, and one or other of them is at all times found in representatives of the race, while in Blackie the concentrated essence of all is combined. He is a Celt all over, and as Chief of a Society such as ours we could not have a better or more representative man. Having now referred to the Professor, I fear, however, in far too feeble language, considering what he deserves at our hands, let me say a few words of the Chair. I have heard that Chair more than once called, and in this very town among other places, the Gaelic Chair. Now, I take it in a meeting of a society like this, I need hardly remind you that the Chair is to be far more than a Gaelic, for it is to be a Celtic Chair. As you know, the Celtic family is divided into two great branches—the Gaelic and Cymric, the former being the oldest and embracing the Gaelic of Scotland, the Irish, and the Manx, while the Cymric embraces the Cornish, the Welsh, and the Bas Breton. With the Gaelic of Scotland we are all familiar; during a recent run through Ireland, though I made the attempt, I could get no reply in pure and unadulterated Irish to my oft repeated Gaelic *C'ia mar tha sibh.* That was my misfortune; because there are many thousands of Irish-speaking people in the Emerald Isle. Never having visited the Isle of Man, with the Manx, as a spoken tongue, I have no acquaintance. Having on several occasions been in Cornwall, you may be sure I considered it my duty to make some inquiries as to the old *Cornish language.* A MS. vocabulary, 800 years old, is

still preserved in the Bodleian Library. English was first used in a Cornish church, in the reign of Henry VIII., but by the beginning of the 18th century, the language was only spoken in the west of the country; and in 1778, just a hundred years ago, Dolly Pentreath, who was the last person able to speak the language, died. As every member of the Gaelic Society should, I felt I was bound to pay a visit to the churchyard in which her remains repose. A memorial tablet has recently been erected to her memory by that well-known Celtic scholar, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. The inscription is in English and Cornish. Old Dolly, who was a "puir fisher body," was determined the language would live as long as possible, for she only consented to die at the respectable age of 102. The village in which she lived is now called by the contemptible name of Mousehole, which, I believe, is a barbarous corruption of Môz Hêl, or Maiden's River. This is a specimen of how our beautiful Celtic names are corrupted by coming in contact with the unimaginative English. Peter Pindar has the audacity to say—

> "Hail! Mousehole, birth-place of Old Doll Pentreath,
> The last who jabbered Cornish."

Fancy talking of the sweet and soft language of Cornwall in that way—a language which can only be compared to the sighing of the wind, or the roll of the blue waves as they wash the shores of Kinance Cove! My experience of the Welsh language is limited, for it is really fearful. I had words the length of my arm with whole bushels of consonants thrown at my head for two days, and then escaped. Not that the length of the Cymric words is anything to be compared with that of words found in Sanskrit, for, some time ago, in reading one of Sir William Jones' translations, I came across a compound word which had, if you please, only 152 syllables. After some remarks on comparative philology, Mr Innes went on to say—We Celts are notoriously proud of our ancient descent and long pedigrees, but have we been, are we, as proud of our language as we ought to have been and ought to be? Many centuries, ay, countless centuries, before the oldest parchment by which our most ancient existing families hold their lands was manufactured, our race and our language lived and flourished. Nearly 500 years before Christ, Herodotus, the father of history, *referred* to the Celts as an ancient people, but only in such a *meagre way as* makes us wish he could have said more. Existing

as we have, as a distinct people for so long, and having as yet kept fast hold of our language, are we now like our cousins of Cornwall going either from indifference or supineness, or worse still, from positive or affected dislike, to allow our beautiful descriptive language, which has left its mark on the topography of Europe, to decay, if not die? Oh! if you are true Celts, as I believe you to be, surely you will say never! and agree with the Celtic poet when he sings—

"Sweet tongue of our Druids and bards of past ages!
Sweet tongue of our monarchs, our saints, and our sages!
Sweet tongue of our heroes and free-born sires!
When we cease to preserve thee our glory expires!"

The Celtic Chair is intended to foster and encourage the culture—the scholarly culture—of the Celtic language, its dialects, and literature. By the way in which you have been pleased to receive my remarks, I cannot but see you approve of the sentiments to which I have attempted to give utterance. That being so, I hope you will not think I am taking a liberty when I announce that I am now going to borrow a hint from our Latin "connections," by applying to you what they would style the "argumentum ad hominem." It is usual at gatherings of the Highland Society and other kindred associations to send round at this stage of the proceedings what is metaphorically called the "hat." Now, we have not hitherto done that here, but this is an exceptional meeting. We have here with us to night occupying the chair in his capacity of our Chief, one who has, as I have already said, taken an infinity of trouble in gathering together a sum to enable him to found what really is, or should be, our Chair. He has come a long way to oblige us; do not, therefore, let him go away empty handed, but let us present him with a handsome sum, as our collective contribution to the Celtic Chair Fund. I am aware some of the gentlemen present have already subscribed, as I have myself done, but I hope they will feel as I do, that a special effort is now necessary to make up the total sum required, and if we, the members of the Gaelic Society of the Celtic Capital of Scotland, will not untie our purse-strings, how can we possibly expect people at a distance to do so? I have brought with me here several subscription-lists, which, with your permission, will now be sent round the tables, in order that all may have an opportunity of inscribing their names, and the amount of their donations therein. You must all remember the

story of the Quaker, who, at a charity meeting, was annoyed by speaker after speaker getting up and saying how much they sympathised with the movement, without saying whether or not, and if so, how much in £ s. d. they were prepared to subscribe. He himself got up at last, and said "I sympathise £5." Following that very worthy precedent, I am glad to say my friend Mr Mackintosh of Holme, who has always taken a warm interest in everything Celtic, authorises me to say he sympathises £5 5s, and though I have already given as much as I thought my income warranted my doing, I feeling, as I have said, that a special effort is necessary, and that our good name as Celts is jeopardised if we don't get our Chief out of the hole in which he has managed to fling himself, I beg to say I also sympathise £5. When the lists have been returned to me, I will then, in your name, have the pleasure of presenting them to Professor Blackie, and asking you to drink with more cordiality than I can expect from you at this stage, his health and success to the Celtic Chair. (Applause.) The subscription-lists were then handed round, and Mr Innes intimated that £53 14s 6d had been subscribed. He then asked the company to drink success to the Celtic Chair and Professor Blackie. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Here Mr Hugh Fraser then sang "Chunna mi 'n damh donn 's na h-eildean."

Professor Blackie, in replying, said—I did not know that this was to be done, but it was a right thing for you to have done, because the University of Oxford has already anticipated us by establishing a Chair The sum already subscribed is above £9000, the sum paid up is £8500, the greater portion of which has been laid out at 4½ per cent. on heritable security. Did every Highlander give his mite, we will soon have the sum of £10,000, but to be pleased with that sum would not be gentlemanly—would not be Celtic. We must have £12,000. (Cheers.)

Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, in proposing the toast of the "Highland Regiments," said—A dheadh Phriomh, a Thighearna Ghearrloch, a dhaoine uaisle agus a bhraithrean, chuireadh mar iarrtas ormsa gu'n cuirinn mu bhur coinneimh, sibh a dh'ol deoch-slainte nan Reisimeidean Gaidhealach. Tha duilichinn orm nach do thagh an Comunn duine bu mhion-eolaiche air doighean 's air euchdan an airm na mise. Cha 'n 'eil mi eolach air geur lagh eagnuidh na h-armailt, agus cha mho tha mi deasbhriathrach gu liomh mhath a chuir air eachdraidh dhaoine a choisinn *meas 's urram* do gach duine agus bean a bhuineadh dhoibh air

feadh an t-saoghail gu leir. Mur toilich na th'agam ri radh airson an airm Ghaidhealaich sibh, tha mi 'n dochas gu'n gabh sibh an toil an aite a' ghniomh. Mar bhonn teagasg their mi beagan mu'n Reisimeid Dhuibh. Tha sia fichead bliadhna agus sia-deug-'ar-fhichead mu Bhealtuinn so chaidh bho 'n fhuair am Freiceadan Dubh an t-ainm Sasunnach ris an abair sinn a nise Reisimeid—ged nach fhaigheadh iad fhathasd e bu beag an diobhail. Bha iad feumail mar bha iad, agus bhitheadh iad ro fheumail do'n Ghaidhealtachd na'm bitheadh iad air fuireach mar bha iad fo'n t-seann ainm, agus, anns an t-seann nadur fad leth-dusan bliadhna eile. Ach bha iad a nise fo bhrataich an Righ, 's cha robh an uine fada an deigh sin gus an robh iad fo theine an Fhrangaich ann am Fontenoi nan trom-bheum 'us lotan basmhor. Am measg nam fich-eadan de mhiltean saighdear bha ann aig cath gailbheach Fontenoi, cha robh daoine idir ann a dhearbh am misneach, an cruadal, am buadhan 'san euchdan coltach ris an Reisimeid Dhuibh. Iomadh uair fad an la ghearr iad bearn 'us bealach am broilleach treun arm ionnsuichte na Frainge. Ach mar bha 'n cruaidh fhortan air an "fheoladair," Diuc Uilleam, chuir e am Freiceadan Dubh car fada air falbh a thilleadh sgiath an airm Fhrangaich. Anns a' cheart am sin dh'iarr an Seanalair Frangach (Saxe) orra thogail air each, 'us iad ga ghiubhlan roimhe sin air cradh-leabaidh. Bha fear air gach taobh ga chumail air an each. Am priobadh an roisg chunnaic an seann laoch gu'n do lagaich Diuc Uilleam a chuid airm leis mar sgaoil e iad, ghlaodh Saxe air Morair Chlair, 'se sin an ceannard treun a bh' air cheann feachd Eirinn san uair sin fo lagh na Frainge—"Ma bhitheas sibh aithghearr" thubhairt Saxe "cuiridh sibh an ruaig air an namhaid mu'n tionail e chuid daoine." Ann an tiotadh bha na Frangaich agus gach Albannach 's gach Eirionnach a bha san uair sin fo bhrataich Fhrangaich na'n cruinn-chomhlan a' deanamh direach air Diuc Uilleam. Thuig an Diuc gu'm bitheadh an tubaist air. Chuir e dh'iarraidh na Reisimeide Duibhe, ach chunnaic e an namhaid a' tighinn mar bheum-sleibhe, 'us 'nuair chual e seann iolach cogaidh nan Eirionnach thar e as 's dh' eibh e an t-each a b' astaraiche. Thachair an Diuc agus a chairdean, feachd na h-Olainte—'s ruith nan cailleach leis a' bhruth-ach aca—ris an Reisimeid Duibh; dh' iarr fir a bhreacain air tilleadh air ais ris an namhad, ach 's e nach tilleadh. "Mur till thu rithisd ris an namhad dean air do shocair," thuirt na fir ris; "bheir sinne an aire ort." Chuir an Reisimeid Dhubh agus Howard's Regiment an aghaidh ris an namhaid 'us bha gu leoir aca ri dheanamh pioc-aichean Eirinn, beigealaidean na Frainge agus claidheamhan nan

Albannach a chumail a leth deiridh an "fheoladair" gus an d'thug iad a cunnard e. Sin agaibh mar dhearbh am Freiceadan Dubh iad fhein ri aghaidh a' cheud teine. Bho 'n la sin gu la Choomassie cha 'n 'eil ach an t-aon teisteanas ri thoirt orra, cliu 'us meas dhoibh fhein 's gach aon a bhuineadh dhaibh agus mor-onair dh' an rioghachd a dh' araich iad. Tha naoidh Reisimeidean Gaidhealach fo chrun Bhreatainn tha coig dhe na Reisimeidean so ag caitheamh an fheile-bhig agus ceithir Reisimeidean air an eideadh le triubhais. Cha'n 'eil aon lide an leth-fhocail a thuirt mi mu'n Reisimeid Dhuibh nach bu mhiann leam uiread a chantuinn mu gach aon dhe na h-ochd Reisimeidean Gaidhealach eile. 'S coir an aire mhath a thoirt air na th'againn de Reisimeidean Gaidhealach, oir a reir coltais, cha'n fhaic duine tha beo an diugh Reisimeid eile air a togail anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, ni's lugha na chuireas iad airm aircaoraich, feidh 'us gearran. A reir mo bharail-sa agus cho fad 's is fiosrach mi tha na Reisimeidean eile a cheart cho toilltinneach air an cliu agus air an euchdan innse ris an Reisimeid Dhuibh. Ach tha mi 'faicinn dhaoine uaisle mu'n bhord so nach tuig mi, a' gabhail sgios dhe bhi ag eisdeachd na Gaidhlig. Cha 'n e mo choire-sa nach tuig iad mi. Bhitheadh e cho farasda dhaibh-san a Ghaidhlig ionnsachadh 'sa bha e dhomh-sa Bheurla ionnsachadh; ach bheir mi mhodh dhoibh gu 'n leig mi leo an leoir Beurla shlugadh a nise.

"Lionaibh suas gach cuach gu 'm barr,
Bitheadh iad lan de'n deoch is fhearr,
Sguabaibh as i fuar no blath,
Air deadh shlainte arm an aigh."

Na Reisimeidean Gaidhealach!

The toast having been cordially responded to, Captain MacRa Chisholm of Glassburn rose and said—Fhir urramaich 's fhoghluimte a tha 'sa' Chathair, a Mhaighstir Siosal, agus a mhuinntir mo chridhe uile gu leir—Tha mi 'g eirigh le moran toil-inntinn a thoirt tainge air son na doigh dhuineil thlachdmhoir, 's an d' thug Mr Siosal dhuinn Deoch-slainte nan Reisemeidean Gaidhealach, agus air son na doigh chridheil shunndaich leis an do ghabh sibh ris an Deoch-slainte so. Ach 's mor mo dhiachuinn nach 'eil mo ghreim air a' Ghaidhlig ach lag 's gur beag mo chleachdadh air a bhi labhairt air beulaobh lan tighe de dhaoine-uaisle, mar a th' againn an so a nochd. Air an aobhar sin, cha 'n 'eil e na mo chomas freagart cho grinn, glan, agus gasda 's bu mhath leam, agus a bhiodh *freagarrach* air son Deoch-slainte a tha cho measail aig Comunn

Gaidhlig Inbhirnis. Ach gabhaibh mo leisgeul—bho'n a tha fios agaibh fhein 's aig an t-saoghal uile, gun do choisinn na Reisimeidean Gaidhealach gloir, cliu agus ard-mholadh anns a h-uile cogadh, bho Fhontenoi gu ruig Coomassie. Agus, an am na sithe, bha iad ainmeil air son deadh-oilein,—le bhi coir, ciuin, caoimhneil agus cliuiteach, na'n duthaich fhein, agus ann an dutchannan eile. Agus, mar a rinn iad, ni iad. Oir ma dh' eireas cogadh a rithisd, eiridh spiorad luchd-nam-breacan, agus cha bhi gaisge ar luchd-duthcha air an la-an-diugh, dad air dheireadh air gaisge nan laoch a dh' fhalbh. Ach mo thruaighe nach 'eil riaghladairean an airm a' riaghladh nach bitheadh ach Gaidheil 's na Reisimeidean Gaidhealach, Sasunnaich 's na Reisimeidean Sasunnach, agus Eirionnaich 's na Reisimeidean Eirionnach; mar sin, bhiodh neart, treuntas, agus spiorad gach saighdeir air a bhrosnachadh gu end, gu ainm, agus cliu a dhuthcha fhein a chumail suas. Ach a nis, tha luchd gach rioghachd am measg a cheile, ann an rathad nach 'eil Reisimeid Ghaidhealach, Eirionnach, no Sasunnach ann idir,—'s tha eud, fein-speis, spiorad, agus cuimhne gach duthcha, air chall air na saighdearan againn. Bheir mi nise, ma's e bhur toil treiseag bheag air a' Bheurla.———Having said so much in Gaelic, I shall now, with the permission of our most excellent and learned Chief and Chairman, conclude in English. Thirty-five years ago I had the honour of a commission in the 42d Royal Highlanders, as a reward for my father's services at Waterloo and the capture of Paris. When I joined the "Forty-Twa"—"Scotia's darling corps"—the "Black Watch" was composed of real as well as loyal Highlanders. The officers were all Scotch except one, but he was educated at the Edinburgh University. The men were all Highland or Scotch except one—a Yorkshire born manufacturer—but he had the redeeming name of Munro. Well do I remember when the first English officer joined us, and the little frolic we had after mess transmogrifying him into a Scotchman. And how do you think we managed it? We made him eat and swallow a live thistle, prickles and all, and I must say he performed the operation like a man, and washed it all down with a *quaich* of real mountain dew. We then received him as a brother Scot. Is it not a pity and a shame, and a great mistake that our Highland Regiments are not kept *exclusively Highland*, or at least national. The Royal warrant of King George II., issued for regimenting the Black Watch companies, contains the command that "Recruits for the 42d Royal Highlanders were *always* to be raised in the Highlands of Scotland, the officers and men to be natives of that country, *and*

none other to be taken." Why, then, should English or Irish be taken into Highland Regiments, and dressed up in kilts, dirks, and feather bonnets? Why should not the true martial Highland spirit of these regiments be left unalloyed, instead of having regiments composed of different nations mixed promiscuously? If we are to have Highland Regiments why are they not composed of Highlanders, men and officers? men who would understand the notes of the war-pipe, which penetrate the inmost fibres of the heart and frame, and rivet the whole action of the soul to one point. It is thus that a charge to battle sounded in *piobaireachd* absorbes all the distracting cares and selfish sensibilities denominated fears, inflames the courage to enthusiasm, and renders a common man a hero. (Applause.) The sound of that martial instrument transports the Highlander with joy, in common circumstances, and renders him insensible to danger, and invincible in the conflicts of war. I again thank you all for having so heartily drank to the toast of the Highland Regiments.

Mr Macandrew gave the "Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Inverness." Referring to Macaulay's statement that Inverness in former times was "a solitary outpost of civilization in a region of barbarians," he contended that this was not the case, and that our ancestors were far from barbarians.—

"I lately," he said, "came across a letter-book which belonged to a Mr Grant, a merchant who lived in Inverness in the year 1746. The letters were addressed some to people in Bordeaux, others to Holland, and consisted of orders for goods; and in them the writer insisted that he would pay for nothing that was not thoroughly good. His wine must be of the very best. Now, that wine was intended for the gentlemen who lived in the Highlands, and this circumstance shows that they were so far civilised as to know what was good and what was bad in wines. (Laughter and applause.) What I was struck with chiefly was the order from his wife, with which he supplemented his own order for goods. In his wife's order there were 'two dozen finger glasses,' and some 'table-napkins;' indicating that in this burgher's house there was some degree of comfort and refinement."

Mr Macandrew said that in those days Inverness was really the capital of the Highlands, the centre of Highland life; and he thought it might still be made a place where Highland gentlemen would like to reside, and to send their sons for education.

Bailie Davidson replied to the toast, observing that the town had recently spent £80,000 for a water and gas supply. A plenti-

ful supply of good water had thus been obtained, which would prove a great benefit to the inhabitants.

Mr Murdoch, of *The Highlander*, in proposing "Kindred Societies," said that from what he knew of them it would take him a long time to speak of them in detail. He would not, however, at that late hour, even attempt to name them. There were two things which he would say of them, that the societies which were prospering were characterised by genuineness and usefulness. Those which were true to themselves, standing forward as Highlanders in speech and sentiment, were always triumphant. So were the societies which did not exist merely for their own small selves; they throve by the very work of doing good beyond themselves; just as this Society never was so prosperous, and never commanded such respect as when it was pressing the subject of Highland Education on the School Boards of the Highlands. If these societies bore this in mind, and acted accordingly, there was no danger of Gaelic dying in 200 years or in 2000; and we should soon have Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's self-evident ideas carried out in regard to that language in schools. If the societies were true and active, the opinion which Sir Kenneth expressed so well, and which we all knew to be the correct one, would be the opinion of the country, and become the law of the land. It was no longer a thing to be argued with inspectors or schoolmasters; it was simply to assert the conviction as that of true men, and the inspectors and the teachers would just have to learn to do what their masters told them. And so with every other question. He was to couple this toast with the name of Mr Ross, President of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, a young society which was not wasting its time discussing such questions as who was worse, the Miser or the Spendthrift, or who was the greater general, Wellington or Napoleon. It did not look to other men and other lands, but looked directly under our own feet and around us here for scientific, literary, and industrial resources; and its success had already abundantly justified its wisdom, and went to supply one of the greatest wants in the locality—an acquaintance with and reliance upon our own resources.

Mr A. Ross, President of the Inverness Scientific Society, replied, and remarked that if some of the archæological papers read before his Society were published in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, they would add much to the interest of the volume.

Professor Blackie then rising, declared that in modern Europe there were three despots—the Roman Pope, the Emperor of Russia,

and a Highland Chief—(Laughter)—and by his authority as Chief he wiped out three toasts—Non-Resident Members, the Ladies, and the Press.—

"I wipe out the Ladies with the blood throbbing over every inch of me—(Laughter and applause)—and I wipe out the Press because there is a press of business—(Laughter)—and because I have a special enmity towards them for the way in which they report me. (Laughter and applause.) The next toast is the Croupiers."

Mr Stewart—"Wipe that out too."

Professor Blackie—"No, I am despotic." (Laughter.)

Mr Stewart—"Well, we humbly appeal to you." (Laughter.)

Professor Blackie—"I am despotic; there is no appeal." (Renewed laughter.)

The Rev. Mr Macgregor proposed the health of the "Croupiers," which was replied to by Mr Stewart and Mr Innes.

Rev. Mr Maclachlan then proposed "The Chief." He said—Fhir na caithreach, 'sa dhaoin-uaisle—Tha dleasanas air iarraidh orm a chur an gniomh air an fheasgar so, tha gle dhuilich a choimhlionadh anns an doigh 's am bu choir dhomh agus a bu mhaith leam. Gun teagamh tha deagh cheann-teagaisg agam: ach 'si bhochduinn gu bheil e cho maith 's gu bheil e cunnartach gu'm mill mi e. Ach c'ar son nach d' earb sibh e ri Alastair Ruadh a bheireadh dhuibh Gaidhlig ghlan gu ceann seachduin, na 'n togradh sibh? So deoch-slainte Ceann-feadhna a' Chomuinn so, agus ceann-suidhe na cuirme—an t-Ollamh urramach, gleusda, blath-chridheach—an t-Ollamh Blackie. Tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh gur h-i so ann an aon seadh deoch-slainte shonruichte an fheasgair so; agus bu mhiann leam labhairt uimpe le teangadh dhaoine 's aingeal; ach 's eagal leam nach 'eil mi ach mar umha ni fuaim, no mar chiombal ni gleangarsaich. Cha 'n aon duine cumanta a th' againn 'sa chathair a nochd. Dh'fheudainn labhairt uime mar Ard-Sgoileir—

Ard iulair na fileachd 's gach seud
Bh'air ealaidh na Greig 's na Roimh,
. . . . . .
Fear eolais gach cainnte measg sluaigh
Sar thuigsear gach buaidh fo'n ghrein.

Ach b' fhearr leam a nis labhairt uime mar charaid nan Gaidheal. Nach iongantach an ni e gur h-e Blackie an t-ainm a's ainmeile am measg ar sluaigh air an la 'n diugh air feadh gharbhlaichean 's fhir-

ichean na Gaidhealtachd, air feadh mhachraichean uaine agus bhailtean mora na Galldachd, am measg shneachdan Chanada no measg choiltibh fasail America, New Zealand, agus Australia? Bheil sibh a' smaointeacheadh gur h-e duine suarach no leibideach a b' urrainn a leithid sin a chliu a chosnadh o chearn gu cearn de'n t-saoghal, o eirigh gu ruig luidhe greine? Agus am b'e duine gun bhuaidhean arda do'n tugadh an Comunn uasal so an t-urram suidhe sa' chaithir mhoir aig a' chuirm bhliadhnail so? Ach 'se tha deanamh a' ghnothuich cho iongantach nach Gaidheal idir tha 'san neach tha mar so cho urramach ann an suilean gach Gaidheil tha deigheil air a dhuthaich, a chainnt, agus na daoine o'n d' thainig e. Cha'n fhios domhsa gu bheil aon bhoinne de dh-fhuil Ghaidhealaich a' ruith tre 'chuislibh; agus air an aobhar sin feumaidh gur duine mor da rireadh e—an inntinn agus cridhe, mu'n d'eirich e chum na h-inbhe so 'nar duthaich. "Ciod e a rinn e, mata?" tha thu feoraich. "Ciod e a rinn e?" "Ciod e nach d' rinn e?" tha mise freagairt. O cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean bha Ghaidhealtachd againn air a dunadh a suas o choigrich; agus bha ar coimhearsnaich 'san taobh Deas, an Sasunn agus an Eirinn cho aineolach oirnn fein, air ar duthaich, agus air ar cleachdainnean, 'sa bha iad air Abyssinia, no air bodach na gealaich. 'S ann a bha iad a' smaointeacheadh gur h-e a bh' annainn daoine fiadhaich, a' ruith ruisgte, no le badan bochd crioslaichte mu ar leth-deiridh, agus air ar comhdachadh le fionnadh tiugh mar ghabhar nan creag no mar dhamh dearg an fhrith. Ach dh' eirich duine ainmeil a suas ris an abair iad an Ridire Walter Scott, agus le pheann finealta, easguidh, sgaoil e an sgleo bha cuairteachadh na Gaidhealtachd agus air an la 'n diugh chi thu teachd do'r duthaich, luchd-cuairt o gach tir fo'n ghrein—Sasunnaich chaola, chruaidhe; Americanaich ladarna; Eirionnaich dheaschainnteach, 's gach seorsa beathaich a shiolaich o'r ceud pharatan. Thubhairt an Scotach riu:—

"An t-oigh leat na beanntan mor,
Cruachan 's na neoil gu h-ard;
Coireachan, frithean, dachaigh an fhireoin
'S an cluinnear na h-easan a' gair?

Far am faic thu an ceathach a' snamh,
'Sa' lubadh mu shlios nan cruach,
'Sa ghnath na m' aire bhiodh fonn na mara
Ga m' thaladh gu foisneach gu suainn."

Ach ged a rinn Scot ar tir ainmeil, gu de am feum a tha an luchd-turais so a' deanamh do'r duthaich? Tha iad a' fagail an airgiod 's na tighean-osda; agus gun tamh ri falbhanachd o aite gu aite mar chirc ag iarraidh nid, a' siubhal 's a' rannsacheadh gach sgriodain, gach sgairnich, 's gach oisinn. Cuid diu le ord beag ladhrach a' sgealpadh criomanan as gach creig is cloich. Ach tha na daoine so falbh direach mar a thainig iad gun suim no speis a ghabhail do'n luchd-aiteachaidh, no do'n cainnt. An sin dh'eirch neach eile rinn obair cho maith ris an Ridire a dh' ainmich mi, a thug air coigrich amharc, cha'n ann a mhain air ar beanntan 's ar gleanntan, air ar 'n uillt, 's ar cuain, ach air na Gaidheil fein mar bhraithrean 's mar pheathraichean; mar dhaoine treuna agus calma; mar dhaoine dligheach cairdeil. Agus thug e orra amharc mar an ceudna air an cainnt mar chainnt bhuadhmhoir, bhoidhich, mhilis a' sruthadh mar chir mheala o theangaibh ar baird agus ar sluaigh. Co an duine rinn so? Sin agaibh e shuas air ceann na cuirme. Nach 'eil e air miltean punnd Sasunnach a chruinneachadh chum caithir Ghaidhlig a steidheacheadh ann an Oil-thigh Dhuneideann agus tha dochas againn gu'm bi an sgillinn ruadh mu dheireadh fo ghlais am poca a bhriogais mu'n tig an t-am so 'n ath-bhliadhna, 's gun tig gu luath Linn an Aigh mu bheil am bard a' labhairt :—

" 'Nuair bha Ghaidhlig aig na h-eoin,'
Bha'n bainne air an lon mar dhriuchd,
A mhil a' fas air barr an fhraoich,
A h-uile ni cho saor 's am burn."

Gus an d' thainig ar Ceann-feadhna bha na Gaidheil mur gum b' ann 'nan suidhe laimh ri aimhnichibh Bhabiloin, an clarsaichean crochte air na crannaibh seilich, a' gul 'nuair a chuimhnich iad air tir an cridhe, tir an eolais, tir an oige. Ach thainig Blackie agus ghabh e a chlarsach na 'laimh, ruith e a mheoir thairis air a teudan, dhuisg e gradh do'n na h-eilthirich, ann an cridhe na rioghachd— agus ma dh' fheudte gum faic sinn fhathast ann an aite na luachaire caoil, na coinnich uaine, agus na h-eanntaig glais, tighean nan daoine coir ag eirigh, agus an ciobair stiallach Gallda toirt an tighe air do'n duthaich as an d' thainig e. Mile beannachd leis! An sin chi sinn na glinn mar a b' abhaist :—

" 'S gum b' iad sud glinn an orain,
Glinn an ime, glinn a' bhainne,
Glinn chruidh-laoigh air airidh bharraich,
Far am bi 'n damh dearg a' langan."

S ma tha aon neach beo bheir mu'n cuairt e se 'n t-Ollamh Blackie. Ach a nis cha'n fhaod mi bhi gar cumail ni's fhaide. Ach mu'n suidh mi dh' iarrainn oirbh amharc air an duin-uasal—air aghaidh fhlathail, gheir, ghloin, agus fhalt liath ceallach a' tuiteam o cheann. Cha 'n urrainn domh gun chuimhneachadh air briathran a' bhaird, ged a's ann mu mhnaoi a labhair e :—

"Gur gile mo leannan na'n eal' air an t-snamh,
No cobhar na tuinne 's i tilleadh bho'n traigh,
No blath-bhainne-buaile 's a' chuach leis fo bharr,
No sneachd nan gleann dosrach ga fhroiseadh mu'n lar."

Ged tha cheann cho geal tha chridhe eutrom, og fathast, 's tha 'n duanag gu tric ri cluinntinn o bheul. Dh' eadar-theangaich e 'n la roimhe cuid de dh-orain ar sluaigh, agus feudadh mi radh mu thimchioll a rithist ann am briathar Smeorach Chlann Lachuinn :—

"Tha'n uiseag 's an smeorach feadh lointean nan driuchd
Toirt failte le'n orain do'n og-mhaduinn chiuin,
Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheolta 's an smeorach gun sunnd
'Nuair 'thoisicheas m'eudail air gleusadh a ciuil."

Do chuid de dhaoin' ainmeil tha daoine togail carragh-cuimhne ; tha cuid eile a' togail carragh-cuimhne dhoibh fein le'n sgriobhaidhnean ; mar a thubhairt am bard Romanach "Exegi monumentum aere perennius, &c." Ach mairidh an t-Ollamh Blackie beo gun charragh-cuimhne cloiche, ann an oisinn bhlath ann an cridhe gach fior Ghaidheil. Gu ma fada beo e, agus ceo as a thigh. Agus 'nuair a dh' fhagas e sinn, co againn nach cuireadh clach na 'charn ? A dhaoin-uaisle, lionaibh ar cuachan gu'm barr, agus sguabaibh as gu'n grunnd iad, ag ol deoch-slainte an fhior dhuin-uasail, an t-sar Sgoileir, agus Caraid nan Gaidheal, an t-Ollamh Blackie.

The toast was enthusiastically drunk, and

Professor Blackie, in replying, said—Men and brethren, as Saint Paul says—(Laughter)—I am seriously reminded of the saying, "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." (Laughter.) But perhaps the woe does not apply, for men have not always spoken well of me. I thank you for your reception of this toast, and I have also to thank the gentleman who proposed it, for having spoken in Gaelic. For although I followed almost every sentence, I did not—perhaps because it was after twelve o'clock at night—comprehend fully what he said. (Laughter.) I got only occasional

glimpses, and therefore I have to thank him, for he saved me from blushing. (Laughter.) I have to make one remark, however. I did not wish to have this affair of the Celtic Chair put on my shoulders. I accepted it only because there was no other person that would take it up; I accepted it, too, because I considered it would be cowardly and mean-spirited if, when such a thing was conceived in connection with the University of Edinburgh, everything possible were not done for its realisation. (Applause.) I accepted it because, in these circumstances, it was my duty—(Applause)—and I confess that I had not otherwise the slighest desire to be encumbered with this business. I have since found that, if you do the work which God gives you to do, you will find that your pain becomes changed into pleasure—(Applause)—and your labour becomes a triumph. (Renewed applause.) Do what God sends you to do. This is the maxim that has carried me through life. I thought I heard Mr Maclachlan use the words of the bard, Ewen Maclachlan—

"Gur gile mo leannan,
Na 'n eal' air an t-snamh;"

and I thought they referred to these beautiful white hairs of mine, in which I take some pride—(Applause)—for I think there is a beauty in them. (Applause.) Well, the way to get through life, to the attainment of such locks, is not to choose your lot, but to show by your actions that it is right to do what you are called upon to do. (Cheers.) Do it rightly, and do it pleasantly, and good will certainly come. (Applause.) Do it thoroughly—not by halves, for no good can come of that—do it altogether. (Applause.) This is the spirit in which I took this work in hand, and though the labour of the Celtic Chair has taken up much of my time, and has prevented the publication of some of the most splendid books ever written—(Laughter and applause)—it has brought me up to those Celtic regions in which I had no proper business to be, and which I now love so well. (Applause.) One benefit which I have gained—a benefit which I prize more than all the Greek and Latin I ever learned—is that my labours have made me acquainted with my own country—(Applause)—and with the very best men in my own country. (Renewed applause.) Aristotle says—and it is always right to accept Aristotle, contradict Blackie and *The Highlander* as you like. (Laughter.) Blackie may be despotic—(Laughter)—but he may be contradicted; but contradict Aristotle, *and there is no hope for you.* (Applause and laughter) Well, he

divides all men into two classes—those who are given to giving, and those who are given to getting. You well know that the majority are more given to getting—(Laughter)—but the minority are generally better and nobler; and in good and noble matters—in lofty ideals—in right conduct—the minority are always in the right and the majority in the wrong. That is Aristotle and Gospel, and contradict these two if you dare. (Applause and laughter.) In this mission I and you were long in a minority, but we pressed on, and proved triumphantly that we were in the right. (Applause.) And I have at last got an immense amount of cash which I value much, and an immense amount of love which I value more. (Loud applause.)

As the Professor spoke he turned and threw his arms round Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, giving him a hearty embrace. This action was received with loud cheering and laughter, and when the enthusiasm had subsided, the Professor gave good-night, and the proceedings came to an end. During the evening, it should be mentioned, Pipe-Major Maclennan, the Society's piper, was in attendance, and played selections of Highland music on the great Highland bagpipe.

The proceedings, which were throughout most successful, came to a conclusion about one o'clock.

18TH JANUARY, 1877.

The following new members were elected at this meeting, viz. :—Messrs John H. Forsyth, Inglis Street, Inverness; William Gunn, draper, do.; Rev. John Macpherson, Lairg; James Melven, bookseller, Inverness; D. Middleton, coal merchant, do.; Æneas Fraser, writer, Church Street, do.; and Simon Finlayson, 1 Jamaica Street, Glasgow.

Thereafter office-bearers for the ensuing year were nominated.

DR HATELY WADDELL ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN.

On Wednesday evening, January 24, the Rev. Dr Hately Waddell, of Glasgow—well-known as the editor and biographer of Burns, and more recently as the author of "Ossian and the Clyde"—delivered a lecture on Ossian in the Music Hall, under the auspices of the Society—Provost Simpson presiding.

Dr Waddell, on rising, was received with applause, and in proceeding to the discussion of his interesting theme, said—It may

seem hardly necessary to inform the audience that the object of the present lecture is to vindicate the authenticity of Ossian as represented in Macpherson's translation; but the lecturer, being by birth and education a Lowlander, does not presume in any way either to criticise or to explain the original Gaelic edition of 1807. He wishes this to be distinctly understood; and shall confine himself exclusively to the defence and illustration of the magnificent works known by the name of Ossian, as they appeared in Macpherson's hands. In prosecuting this subject, we shall have to inquire in the *first* place as to the credibility of Macpherson's own claim as the avowed translator; in the *second*, as to the possibility of his having fabricated such poems as *Fingal* and *Temora*, from certain alleged originals among Irish mediæval ballads; and, in conclusion, to present a sort of summary, or brief critical estimate, of the most important, intellectual, and moral characteristics of Ossian, as he appears in the translation—than which characteristics, in the lecturer's opinion, nothing truer or sublimer; at once more natural or wonderful, is anywhere to be found in the whole range of Epic literature, since the days of Moses and Homer.

I. Macpherson's Claims.

According to this arrangement, then, it is with Macpherson himself, in the first place, we are chiefly concerned; with the possibility or impossibility of his having been the actual author of these magnificent poems; and the first most obvious question, in this long-vexed argument, is as to the moral character of the man himself. Had anything been proved against him to invalidate his own declaration that the poems of Ossian were translated by him from an original, or rather from several originals, in the Scottish Gaelic language, in his hands? Was he previously known to be a liar? Had he ever been guilty of fraud? Had he ever done anything dishonest? Had he ever imposed upon his friends, upon his patrons, upon the public? Had he done anything of a sort to forfeit his claims to their confidence, or to destroy his claims to respect and honour as a student of divinity, and an aspirant to the functions of the Church? Nothing we know, or ever heard of. His worst crime was poverty, and one of the most honourable actions of his life was to requite in old age, by the offer of payment an hundred fold, the unknown obligations of friendship that had been conferred upon him in his youth. Why, then, should this man be suspected or accused of a long, intricate, and difficult series of unblushing im-

postures on the world before the age of twenty-four? Because he was ambitious? But he was not more ambitious than Burke or Canning, Brougham or Disraeli—who have never been accused of literary fraud or falsehood. Because other young men, like Chatterton for example, have made attempts of the kind to impose upon the public? But Chatterton, at that date, was only a child. He might afterwards, indeed, have emulated Macpherson, but Macpherson could not possibly have emulated him. Besides, the very essence of Chatterton's imposture was the production of forged documents, whereas, the most serious charge against Macpherson was that he did not produce a document at all. Is it because in earlier youth he had attempted poetry of his own? Then the sort of poetry he so attempted affords the most conclusive evidence that he could never have been the author of what subsequently appeared. Is it because he afterwards enjoyed political patronage, and obtained a Government appointment, where he accumulated a fortune? In this he was no worse than any other political aspirant of his day; but even if he had been, Ossian was published long before. Is it because he threatened retaliation by violence, when he was denounced as a ruffian and a cheat? Any man of spirit in the circumstances, much more any Highland man, would have done the same. (Applause.) Is it because he refused to produce his MS. when demanded? That question comes nearer to the point. But he did produce it, and left it with his publishers for a twelvemonth to be inspected by his accusers, who had neither the courtesy, courage, or common sense to look at it. Is it because Johnson denounced him for a cheat and a ruffian? Pinkerton for a gifted fabulist? Laing for a cunning plagiarist? and Campbell, of Islay, for a magnificent myth? The reply is easy. Johnson in this, as in many other matters, was a prejudiced dogmatical boor; Pinkerton himself was a convicted fabulist; Laing was a worshipper of Parliament House, and bound to display his own learning; Campbell, of Islay, is a modern rival collector in another field, and does not choose thoroughly to examine the subject. And is James Macpherson to be eternally defamed with fraud and forgery, because lexicographers and critics who did not understand the subject, and will not so much as condescend to look at it, persist in so defaming him? It seems incredible as a mere question of honour, of honesty, of common sense; much more incredible as a question of fact, when the issues which depend upon it are considered. Under the same head, Dr Waddell further inquired, why then should these extraordinary productions be looked upon as frauds,

if there was nothing in the translator's previous life to suggest it? Because the style was too lofty? the characters too grand? the events too wonderful? the morals too pure? the history too sublime? the achievements too heroic? the incidents too romantic? the sentiments too tender? the pathos too touching? the pictures of life too splendid? the revelations of humanity too profound? For what? for whom? for when? For types of a race that defied and defeated the Romans? For a poet who spoke with authority in the ear of kings? For a period of transition between native civilisation on the brink of ruin, and foreign civilisation itself on the verge of decay? Between the opposite extremes and representatives of two antagonistic worlds? Too lofty, grand, wonderful, and pure? too sublime, too heroic, too romantic, too tender, too touching, too splendid, too profound?—for an era like this, and for men like these? Yet not too lofty, grand, wonderful, pure, sublime, heroic, romantic, tender, touching, splendid, or profound for a young, half-educated, unsuccessful student of divinity—who must have been a liar and a thief, a beggar and a cheat, a hardened rogue and a brazen impostor, from the age of eighteen till the end of his life; who must not only have concocted and composed the whole of it in fragments, and interwoven, dovetailed, and jointed it together by mere words and syllables not hitherto detected for a hundred years, and apparently not known to himself; who must have borrowed his style by assiduous labour, according to Laing, from 88 different authors, and manufactured 22 epic poems out of 966 words or phrases—certain of these poems containing 3, 6, and 8 books; and who finally located his heroes and localised his scenes, on this hap-hazard process, so exactly, that the very footsteps of the one and the outlines of the other may be traced and identified at this hour, scores and hundreds of miles distant from the regions and localities where this youthful, imaginative, unprincipled, unscrupulous, half-educated, and practically ignorant impostor fancied them; who did not know the rocks, the rivers, or the mountains, the lakes or seas, the islands or the continents, the regions or the airts, the very points of the compass, to which his own supposed forgeries related! The supposition is impossible, incredible, absurd—(Cheers)—impossible alike in fancy or in philosophy, in forgery or in fate. Such a concurrence of falsehood with fact, beyond the knowledge of the liar himself, is inconceivable. No necromancer on earth could have accomplished it; much less a poor student of divinity, who had failed for the Church and had failed in the press; who had *published poems* of his own before, which nobody but his enemies

remembered, and a translation of Homer afterwards which covered himself with ridicule. Yet this is the alternative which his accusers must adopt, rather than believe that Ullin was Ulster; that Inisthona was Iceland; that the Carun was the Carron; that the Clutha was the Clyde; that the kings of the world were the Romans; that Fingal lived, and that Ossian sang, fifteen hundred years ago; that there was a poet then and there, as well as in Greece or in Italy, capable of representing humanity!

II. Macpherson's Alleged Resources.

Having thus, in general terms, and from all reasonable ordinary points of view, considered the credibility of Macpherson's own claims, we are bound, in farther prosecution of the subject, to consider also the character and extent of his alleged resources; and whether it was possible that from these—such as they are said to have been—anything like the poems of Ossian could ever be constructed. Honest or dishonest, gifted or not gifted in himself—did materials known to Macpherson anywhere exist, from which *Fingal*, *Temora*, and the other poems ascribed to Ossian, could by human possibility—by any imaginable process of human invention, have been fabricated? This department of our inquiry, it is obvious, will include much beyond the mere theft of appropriate language from distinguished authors, or even of figures and filling-up presupposed. Some theme on which the language was to be employed; some frame-work, like a web, into which the figures were to be woven; some outline, on which the filling-up was to be done—these must also be discovered or alleged, before the possibility of such forgeries can be admitted. Fine words and phrases, magnificent figures of speech, and a redundant style, *might* have been adopted at random from a variety of authors—from Moses, for example, or from David; from Homer and Virgil; from Shakespeare and Milton; from Pope and Dryden; from Gray and Thomson—as Laing alleges, and has tried to prove; but how were they to be employed? "Many words," however fine, "will not fill a bushel:" but where is the bushel itself they were to fill? Even horses and chariots, shields and helmets, swords and spears, might have been borrowed from the Romans in the process of translation; but how were they to be introduced? All varieties of national character and costume, of national virtues and vices, of incidents, accidents, and events, might be collected and arranged with time and patience; but where or when? At home or abroad? by sea or by land? in

Scotland, Ireland, or Iceland? At the beginning of the Christian era, or in the middle, or towards the end of it? In the days of Caractacus or of King George? All this requires now to be settled; and the ground-work of these magnificent so-called fabrications—the web of lies, and the outline of forgeries—his adversaries exclaim, were the mediæval traditions of Ireland. Scholar, antiquarian, and collector; critic and philologist alike—who believe not in fact, but rely wholly on conjecture—exclaim, The mediæval traditions of Ireland! To the mediæval traditions of Ireland, then, let us turn; and the only additional remarks on the use of language, &c., we have now to make, before doing so, are as follows:—(1) That, when it suits their own purpose, this very language of Ossian, so sublime and beautiful, and said to have been stolen from the most gifted authors in the world, is described by the same objectors as intolerable bombast, or monotonous moaning; and (2), that although Gœthe's *Faust*, the most wonderful work of a century, in Europe, occupied its illustrious author from the age of twenty-one till the age of eighty-two—that is, sixty-one years in composition, the Poems of Ossian, the most wonderful work of their sort in the world, are supposed to have been not only concocted out of words and phrases in English, but translated out of English into Gaelic by Macpherson, beginning at the age of eighteen, or thereby, in less than ten years. (3) As for the figures and filling-up—such as horses and chariots, shields, helmets, swords and spears, &c., &c.—as represented in Ossian, there was no need to borrow them from any one at the date in question. We know from the Romans themselves, and from the oldest authorities in Great Britain—which are accessible to everybody—that such warlike accoutrements, of a very formidable description, were in possession of the Caledonians; and must therefore have been known to Ossian if he ever lived, as well as to the Romans, or to any antiquarian now living; and if Ossian's reputed heroes had been represented without something of the kind, the representation would have been false—and what is more, the deficiency would have been insisted on as a blemish, by the very critics who now object to the fact. Everything is now too minute and splendid, for savage kings and Celtic warriors—it cannot be believed; yet if a single point had been omitted, or a detail overlooked, it would have been a blunder on the one hand, or a proof of falsehood on the other. The details are wonderful, no doubt, and the equipments are splendid; but it is only on princes they are conferred; the rank *and file have no* such advantages. Besides, it is the eye of a poet

which sees, and the son of a king who describes them. They were all wonderful and glorious to him, and he so represents them—as a young exultant warrior bard, himself a principal actor, might be expected to do; whereas, a mere student of antiquities, who was conscious of fabrication at the moment, would have hesitated; would have misplaced such properties, or apologised for their appearance; would have compromised or betrayed himself in every word of his dishonest description; and would have been either challenged or condemned accordingly. We might as well object to the truth or the authenticity of Babylonian or Egyptian masterpieces of decorative art, in pyramids and temples, because they represent kings and heroes going out to the chase in full dress, or so accoutred, at least, as no modern huntsman would ever think of—transfixing lions with arrows like boat hooks, and displaying their own ambrosial beards and plaited locks as smooth and trim in the conflict, as if rampant lions were flies on a window pane, and barbed spears were bodkins or darning needles. However grotesque such representations may now seem to us, they are nevertheless genuine, and such as the favoured artist knew would be agreeable to his demigod the tyrant; and no man now desiring to represent such scenes or subjects, would ever think of departing from them. In comparison with such representations, the word painting of Ossian, although a little poetically exaggerated, as the case required, is like nature itself in truthfulness and beauty; yet all the thanks the translator receives for reproducing it as it was—is that he was a blundering liar, who overcrowded the subject with ornaments, and overloaded the actors with leather and steel!

And now—I. As for the Irish traditions, in mediæval ballads and romances, so much, and so constantly relied upon, fully to understand the absurdity of believing that Macpherson could have concocted such poems as *Fingal* and *Temora* out of these, it would be necessary to have the ballads themselves before us. Does any one now present (said the reverend lecturer) happen to be acquainted with them? Then it will be needless for me to explain to such a hearer the outrageous absurdity of that supposition; and for the audience at large, it must suffice to say that the ballads themselves are not only manifest forgeries—false as to matter, time, and place; incoherent in their own details, and absurd in their very conception; but that they are wearisome, inane, pitiful, outrageous, and often indecent absurdity, which it is penance for anybody to read, and impossible for any human being in his senses to believe, must be evident to anyone who knows them. The only

useful purpose on earth they can ever serve, is to illustrate the intellectual condition of the Irish people in the middle ages, and to demonstrate by comparison the infinite superiority of Ossian. There are the same or similar names, indeed, both of men and women, in connection with certain places, but thousands of miles and hundreds of years go for nothing in their calculations and recitals; and both the men and the women represented by such names are so utterly metamorphosed in these egregious compositions, that they are no longer recognisable as the same human beings. Fingal, for example, or Finn-Mac-Coul, as he is called, captain of the Irish Militia, is, according to most of them, a sort of lumbering, lascivious, bloodthirsty old dotard; and Grania, his wife, an ill-behaved, half-bewitched or lightheaded young woman—betrothed against her will to Finn, who might have been her grandfather; elopes immediately afterwards with one of his generals, and careers about the country with that young gentleman for an indefinite period of time, pursued by Finn with thousands of his Militia, till her paramour is slain, and she herself brought home again in disgrace. This, according to them, was the light of Cormac's race; this is the woman that should be Ossian's mother! Ossian himself, in the meantime, is represented as a married man and a father—a widower, in fact, who undertakes to conduct the courtship for his own father! and ultimately degenerates, according to other ballads, into a half-drunken, sensual, maundering old rhyming rascal, disputing with St Patrick about heaven and hell, being then presumably about 250 years old! On the same principle, Oscar, Cuchullin, Fillan, and Gaul, are either clowns, or boors, or blockheads, or idiotic monsters on one hand; or superhuman prodigies of wisdom and courage on the other—for there are half-a-dozen editions of every character; and their battles, their adventures, their romances, as a matter of course, correspond in style as well as in substance—being either prosaic commonplace, or unmitigated vulgarity intermixed with oaths, or intolerable bombast —wearisome or offensive, in the very best translations. Yet, this is the sort of material from which Macpherson is supposed to have created the Fingal, the Roscrana, the Oscar, and Malvina of Ossian's poems, at the age of eighteen or twenty! If so, then his intellect, his diligence, his tact, his creative power, his moral nature, and his poetic genius, must have been in proportion. He had to create a new Fingal, a new Roscrana, a new Oscar, a new *Malvina, and a* new everybody else. Above all, he had to create *a new Ossian, and to* put into his head a new world, into his heart

a new moral universe, into his mouth a new language, into his harp new melodies of song. He had to re-arrange the relationships, from first to last, among all these abnormal personages, and a hundred others besides, impossible and revolting, connected with them; to occupy their time, their strength, their faculties, their very hands and feet, on another principle; to allocate new scenes of adventure, to describe new battles, to record new events, to bring about new issues, to prepare new catastrophes, to celebrate new triumphs, to lament new sorts of defeat; in short, to create a new world for new inhabitants, and to re-adjust all conditions for their new existence; to invent new genealogies, new destinies, new descents, new births, marriages, and deaths; new lives and new histories—a work ten times more difficult and elaborate than Goethe undertook in transforming the old devil-mongering Faust of Europe into the new, and which took him sixty-one years to finish. Yet all this, according to Johnson, Pinkerton, Laing, Macaulay, and Campbell, the lad seems actually to have done in the course of a year or two, and did not himself know either how or where he did it, is bewildered in total ignorance of the whereabouts of his own incredible achievement! The Irish themselves are in equal ignorance about the scenes of their romances—the very romances which he is supposed to have followed. The only thing they are agreed about is that Fingal was an Irishman, and the Captain of Irish Militia; but whether it was at Dublin or at Drogheda, at Rome or at Jerusalem, he was chiefly employed with his miraculous troops—in pursuit of the enemy, or in pursuit of his wife, with all the witches and magicians in the Island to help him, in vain—they are *not* agreed. The only thing, on the other hand, as regards Ireland, that Macpherson seems to see is that the scene of his hero's exploits must have been somewhere in the Province of Ulster—between Derry, perhaps, and Antrim or Armagh. In point of fact—setting all this ignorance and all these idle conjectures aside—the only region directly covered by his own translation is between Larne and Belfast, where every position may be identified, and every movement traced, in defiance of his own opinion! Yet all this contradiction; all these miraculous absurdities; these palpable, self-evident impossibilities; these suppositions of falsehood which confute themselves, and charges of dishonesty which baffle comprehension—his accusers would rather believe and reiterate, than believe the lad's own explicit declaration that there was a Scotch Gaelic original before him, and that the Irish mediæval romances were corruptions of that very text. Surely "the *force of folly* can no farther go!"

II. To do the editors and collectors of these Irish ballads justice, however, they do not claim either Ossianic origin or historic value, or even common sense for the whole of them. They do not affirm that they were written by Ossian, which indeed they could not be, unless he had lived till the age of Methuselah; but only that they were *ascribed* to him by their own authors, and related to exploits in which he, and his son, and his father were understood to be concerned. They do not maintain that they are *all* reliable historical documents, but only some of them—and these, perhaps, a little exaggerated; and finally, they admit that many of them are "romantic" in their sense of the word—that is, purely imaginative, which, in *our* sense of the word, would mean incredibly foolish, in the way of fiction. And just to show that I have not been misrepresenting these remarkable productions, let us take a specimen or two of the three different sorts.

1. Of the historical so-called :—It has been alleged, for instance, that the poem of *Fingal* was plagiarised from the *Lay of Magnus the Great*, because there is a resemblance between them in certain points. There *is* a resemblance in mere words to the extent of about 20 lines in 3196; and a sort of resemblance—a sort of upside-down resemblance, in two characters out of some six dozen or more; but the resemblance even of these is that of a noisy dwarf in giant's clothes to a full-grown man, both grand and eloquent. It has neither body nor mind, place nor position, age nor action, speech nor figure, to correspond; and although *Fingal* could never have been plagiarised from *Magnus*, *Magnus*, in its dwarfish pomp, might very easily, by corrupt tradition or recital, have been plagiarised from a scrap or two of *Fingal*. As for details, in *Fingal* every mile may be identified; in *Magnus*, not an inch; in *Fingal*, a term corresponding to *Magnus*—the Great Man—occurs once in application to Swarran, and if Macpherson had been an impostor it would never have occurred at all; but being so found in Ossian, and misinterpreted by the Seanachies, it became the foundation of their tale about Magnus. In *Fingal*, a demand is made by Swarran for Cuthullin's wife and dog, in token of submission, in nearly the same terms in which a similar demand is made in *Magnus* by Magnus himself against Finn. But Cuthullin's wife is expressly said by Ossian to have been in Skye at the time, and so also apparently was his dog. Therefore, the demand could never have been complied with by the one, although it might have been by the other—a difference which Macpherson, if he had been an impostor *writing down* the very words, would certainly have avoided or ex-

plained, for his own credit. But in point of fact, Magnus never made any such demand—had neither time nor opportunity to make it. He landed with a small company on the coast, with a view to examine the country, but he was surrounded in an ambuscade by the Irish, and cut to pieces on the spot. Finally, *Fingal* purports to be of the third century, and every word corresponds. *Magnus* also purports to be of the third century, but not rehearsed by Ossian till the end of the fifth century, and the event itself, which is celebrated—namely, the death of Magnus—did not occur till the beginning of the twelfth century!—that is, it was written by Ossian 900 years and more *before* the event happened, and about 200 years *after* Ossian himself was dead; so that falsehood and forgery throughout are manifest on the face of it. This is one of their greatest historical epics, from which *Fingal* is supposed to have been plagiarised!

In like manner, it is alleged that there is a suspicious resemblance between a certain part of *Temora* and the *Death of Oscar*. There is not the slighest resemblance in any way—in language, place, or time, except that Oscar is mortally wounded by Cairbre, and that Cairbre is killed by Oscar before he dies. Those who have read *Temora*, as delineated in "Ossian and the Clyde," will know how the assassination of Oscar happened—when and where, on the low road between Larne and Connor, or in the valley there. In the Irish ballad, it was not an assassination at all, but a fair fight on the field of Gavra near the palace of Tara, in Meath, after a great deal of preliminary slaughter on both sides—and the style of it was this:—Oscar, before he falls, cuts off with his own steel blade 100 champions, 100 stout heroes, 100 keen archers, 100 stalwart spearmen, 100 illustrious chiefs—500 in all, the most of them in armour, or protected at least by sword and shield like himself. After these exertions—by which Samson himself would have been slightly exhausted—he receives through the body, "sheer through his manly frame," a poisoned dart of "*seven* blunt barbs," which ultimately drinks up his life blood; but whilst agonised by this wound, and with the dart projecting through his body, he first strikes Cairbre, his assailant, dead, by a blow on the forehead with his "*nine* barbed steel," and then Cairbre's lieutenant with another dart, through the sounding mail. The remnant of the discomfited hosts on his own side then bear him to his grandfather Finn's house, on their spears, where Finn himself arrives unexpectedly—either from Rome or from the south of Ireland—it is not quite certain which—where (that is, in the south of Ireland) he

was performing the annual feat of jumping over a dreadful chasm, in fulfilment of a vow to some lady who had fancied him in his youth; and which nobody in Ireland but himself, although he was then a grandfather, could do. Arriving thus in time, he proposes to heal Oscar by the application of salves; but Oscar objects to this as needless, and so dies. Now, this is not only what is called epic history—like our own Chevy Chase, but is part of the history of of one of the most important battles said ever to have been fought in Ireland—in which the rebel Fenians under Oscar were utterly routed, and their power in the kingdom abolished. It was fought 296 A.D.; and the story is rehearsed by Ossian to St Patrick, who flourished in Ireland 450 A.D.; so that the poet himself—poor, blind, pitiful, and discontented—no wonder! must have been then about 250 years old, being above 80 years old when it happened. This, we repeat, is not only quoted, but relied on as history; and there is a great deal more of the same sort of history in the ballads.

2. Let us now take a specimen of what may be called historical romance. At the Chase of Slieve-na-man, besides Finn and his sons, there were 3000 chiefs of the Fenian race, in satin vests, polished mail, helmets inlaid with gems and gold, shields of bright and emerald green, with two glittering lances each, and a blade of tempered steel; each of these gentlemen had also two dogs—that is, more than 6000 dogs in all; and each of these dogs, in a few hours, from a herd of deer beyond number on the mountain, brought down a couple to his own share—that is, 12,000 odds. They then go in pursuit of the boars, which assemble in such multitudes—the old ones outside, the younger ones inside—and show such ferocity that many of the huntsmen themselves are discomfited and destroyed, besides hundreds of dogs, before the carnage of the brutes is effected; and all this in the course of one forenoon apparently, on the side of a single mountain! This is a specimen of historical romance, and is also rehearsed to St Patrick:—3000 men, 6000 dogs assembled; 12,000 deer slain, as many wild boars apparently, and multitudes of men—all on *one* hillside, and all in *one* day before sunset! The only wonder is, how, among so many dogs, deers, and wild boars in the same country-side, human beings could survive at all!

3. Of foolish, or what is politely called mythical fiction—which, however, seems to have been very highly relished—we may take the following specimen in brief, from the *Chase of Glenasmol.* Finn, in that ballad, accompanied by his friends, and by the Fenians, of course, with their dogs, unleashes his own supernatural

hounds—two human beings, in fact, brother and sister, in the shape of dogs! They start a hornless doe, black as night on one side, and bright as light on the other; the doe flies, the dogs pursue; and the entire pack, with the exception of Bran, is immediately destroyed. At this crisis of consternation, Finn and his friends are invited by a lady of surpassing beauty to advance, which, with some trepidation they do. They are then confronted by a hideous giantess, who, with a fleet behind her of a thousand ships, and an inconceivable store of satins, silks, and shining ore, with many a cask of rosy wine, and many a spit with haunch of deer—represents herself to be the Princess of Greece, and demands Finn on the spot—who is always much in request among the ladies—for a husband. This the wary chief, however, who suspects that she is the Doe in a new form, declines to accede to; and the giantess then proceeds, with magic cruelty, to the indiscriminate slaughter of his friends, by scores and hundreds, and tens of hundreds at a time. This process continues for several days, till three thousand men or more have been despatched by the lady, till she herself is ultimately despatched by Gaul and Ossian together, who come often to the rescue in such cases, when Finn himself, who seems to be a great, cowardly, hulking villain, can do nothing. This, again, is a specimen of their romance, properly so-called, and there are nine-tenths of it of the same character, with a good deal that is indecent and unreadable besides.

Now, if Irish antiquaries and critics can accept such history and extol such romance, it would be in vain to reason with them. They must be allowed to exercise their own privilege of selection and admiration at pleasure; but when they insist that we shall accept such history, or admire such romance, the case is different. Above all, when they maintain that such poems are the ORIGINALS of Ossian; that Macpherson by stealth obtained possession of them, and out of such unspeakable rubbish manufactured the sublime epics of *Fingal* and *Temora*—we must confront them sternly, and demand once for all, in the hearing of the world, if they take us to be fools or madmen? And it is the more necessary to do this, because certain critics among ourselves, who seem not to be able to distinguish between the sublimest fact and the supremest folly, or are perversely bent on substituting folly for fact, support this egregious calumny, and expect intelligent readers to believe it. If such an idea were conceivable at all, then Macpherson at the age of eighteen or twenty, with Irish MSS. in his hands, did more than all the Seanachies, of all the Provinces of all Ireland, for more than

500 years together, could do; and yet on their own admission (the admission of his detractors, English and Irish alike), Macpherson could not read a word of Irish Gaelic, and could not have translated a word of it correctly, if he had had the world for a recompence! On the other hand, is it not manifest that these childish fables or atrocious lies are the shameless corruptions of more ancient and really heroic traditions, falsified and interlarded with outrageous nonsense to gratify the taste of the vulgar; and then ascribed by their own degraded authors to Ossian, because Ossian was known to be a poet, and had once visited the region, and because it was desirable to convert both himself and his people into Irishmen? It was desirable, above all, to make him a Catholic, and to give St Patrick, with his Psalm-singing crew, the honour of his conversion. That is the simple, natural, and indubitable explanation of it; of all which Macpherson was as innocent, as if he had not yet been born.

4. The only Irish traditions of any value whatever, in connection with the authenticity of Ossian, are the "Historical Remains of Tighernagh" and the "Four Masters;" and these are valuable in the way of confirmation, by indirect circumstantial evidence alone. By carefully collating their contents with the text of Ossian, the clearest corroboration of his narratives, in many essential particulars, may be obtained. But so far was Macpherson from knowing anything about this, that the most scholarly Irishman, from the days of the "Four Masters" themselves, was not aware of it. Dr O'Donovan himself, the editor and translator of the "Four Masters," must have traversed with his own feet, again and again, the very ground where Fingal fought, where Oscar fell, and where Ossian sang, and yet never recognised it! The Irish themselves in that neighbourhood, at the present moment, are as comfortably ignorant, and as provokingly unconscious of the fact as anybody else; and a tourist, with *Ossian* in his hand, may visit the scenes of the oldest and most romantic events in their history, with far more ease and certainty than by listening to their most eloquent, most obliging, and most bewildering *mis*directions on the subject, and on the very spot!

III. Characteristics of Ossian: Intellectual and Moral. Conclusion.

I.—1. On the supposition then that Macpherson himself did *not fabricate* these poems on the one hand, and that they could not

have been fabricated out of Irish mediæval ballads on the other; but must have been translated from some original extant in the eighteenth century, although now apparently lost, or at least imperfectly preserved—to whom ought the authorship of that original to be ascribed? To WHOM? To the man assuredly whose name it bears on every second page and in every poem; who describes himself as the son of a king, as the grandson of a king, as the great-grandson of a king, as the great-great-grandson of a king; as the representative of a race of kings and heroes, himself a hero and a king; above all, as the king of songs—the type, the voice, the musical embodiment; the vital history, the perpetual light and glory; the last conscious remnant of his race, blind but beatified; and the living monument, sorrow-stricken but immortal, of his people. Such an outline alone of the man—of his personality, of his function, and of his fate; of what he was, and did, and claimed through all coming ages to be—is proof enough of his identity, of his authorship, of his works, to anyone who knows how to read or how to interpret human life and action. Claims like these, rehearsed in a catalogue, might *possibly* have been invented; but claims and characteristics like these, with words to correspond—wrought into the very fabric of his speech in so many coherent syllables, in scattered yet consistent intimations; reiterated, yet not obtruded; shadowed forth and yet incorporated, in the long-continued strain, from year to year and from poem to poem—were beyond the reach, beyond the conception even, of any mere inventor; must have been the natural and spontaneous outcome of the life itself that was so embodied, the speech of the man that was so represented, the record of the soul that was so inspired. If there had been a flaw anywhere, it would be noticed; if there had been an incongruity, it would be suspicious; if a contradiction could be proved, it might be fatal. But there is no flaw, no incongruity, no contradiction. It is all one long, lofty, melodious, profoundly sad and proudly melancholy monologue; interrupted only by apostrophes to the sun, to the moon, to the stars, to the winds, to the souls of heroes; relieved only by the lingering radiance of a love that was once supreme, and of a heroism once unrivalled; sustained only and always by the prophetic assurance of an immortality co-equal with the heavens. It was Fingal always that he idolised and worshipped; it was Roscrana always, that queenly mother, he adored; it was Oscar always, that dear lost son, he lamented; it was Evirallin always that he loved; it was Malvina, for her own and for Oscar's sake, that he always cherished; it was

his brothers, and his brethren in arms, that he always eulogised; it was his noble enemies that he honoured; it was courage and magnanimity he extolled; it was moral grandeur always that he reverenced; it was the worthy alone he celebrated—and it was himself alone, the sole survivor of all this magnificence, he bemoaned in his blindness and solitude. [Compare apostrophe and lament in *Berrathon*, "Bend thy blue course, O stream," &c.] Fingal had been for him as the sun in the firmament, the concentrated effulgence of heroic light for centuries—but Fingal had departed. Oscar might have been another such—an emanation of his own—but Oscar, alas! had been quenched in the shadow of premature death, although not without glory in the gloom. Malvina herself, who in a daughter's place had been his solace hitherto, "with all her music and with all her songs"—she also was now gone. The rest, who had been all like separate sunbeams—tender and bright, or fierce and dazzling as the case might be—they, too, were gone; they were all gone! and there was no power known, in heaven or on earth, to restore them. For him these had irradiated the world—but they had been removed; and his own eyesight had followed, as if in sympathetic darkness. He looked for them wistfully, through the long dark-brown years—but they came not, would never come; it was midnight and eclipse now, for himself and for his people for ever! and this to such a pitch of shade that it involves the very heavens. The sun himself may fail, and the moon may fade, because Fingal had faded, and because Ossian followed; and the poor, pale, green-eyed children of the sky may yet obtain a brief supremacy, because the sons of little men should succeed in the room of such heroes! [Compare again apostrophe to the sun in *Carthon*, "O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers!" and to the moon in *Darthula*, "Daughter of Heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant."]

This grief, which assails the skies, might be excessive, but it was not fictitious; this despair, which clouds the earth, might be selfish, but there was no relief; it may be oppressive sometimes even to hear it, but it must be heard. Those who prefer other themes—such as the hunter's song, or the festive chorus—are not to be condemned; but exalted sorrow like this is for the world's most solemn hearing. Deer-stalking at your leisure on some Highland hillside is one thing; to meet the conquerors of the world in arms on the open field, or Scandinavian pirates by hundreds and thousands on the storm-beaten shore, was another. To see a stag fall to your own rifle on Ben Dorain is one thing; to see son after son, brother

after brother, mother, wife, and daughter sink in blood, by the sword, by the spear, by the bow of your triumphant adversary—was another and a very different thing; and gifted critics of the present day, who prefer less sorrowful subjects, should try to understand the difference before they underrate the so-called monotony of Ossian. Ossian was without father and without mother; without son, without daughter; without people, without prospect; without God, and without hope in the world—when he uttered the most melancholy of his strains. His only refuge then was with the spirits of his kindred in the clouds; and Macpherson with all his alleged power of lying could not, for his life, by any trick of translation have made Ossian speak otherwise than thus.

2. But Ossian's SPEECH implies much more than this. This accumulated sorrow was by no means all his own; this profound melancholy was not for himself exclusively. It was the accumulated sorrow of races already extinct, with melancholy forebodings superadded for a race now rapidly disappearing; which he had preserved and arranged as it reached his ears in fragments; and which he recited for the instruction, or the consolation of others, in sympathetic cadence. It was the growth, the echo, the rehearsal, and manifold musical articulation of eventful centuries. It came, and it still comes to us thus, like a sonorous river of many streams, with sorrowful murmur through desolate continents of mist and clouds, where long-bearded bards assemble, and the ghosts of the mighty condole. It is swollen with affluents of melancholy music—with dirges, and with songs of death—through deserted glens; and with tingling torrents of victory from the verge of rocks, where the eagle screams and where thunders roll. It murmurs hoarse through mazes of moorland strewn with slaughter, or exults in briefer and higher notes, among straths in the fitful sunshine, which seems to be always passing away. Crowded with armies on its brink, and tinged with blood, it echoes sad among the caverns of the dead, and surges at last above the din of battle, like the triumphant sea. Snow-drifts, in the meantime, from Iceland and Norway, are whitening its banks, the rumble of earthquakes is heard underneath, and the shriek of discomfited demons mingles with the wail of its waters. Its accompaniment throughout is the chime of harps, and the deep gong at midnight signalises an epoch in its history. Yet, in all this multitudinous combination of sounds there is but one voice—distinct, unmistakable, supreme—the voice of the King of Songs, the voice of the Bard of Cona; all which could no more be a work

of fiction—a feigned, or fictitious rehearsal—than the sound of an Eolian harp, or the sighing of the wind among the woods at midnight.

II.—1. But not alone is his voice significant: his EYESIGHT, and the loss of it alike, are alike characteristic and remarkable. His own power of vision, with intense distinctness of perception whilst the faculty lasted, and his power of realising also vividly what others had been and described, are beyond the ordinary range even of poetic seers; and when eyesight failed, his power of recalling and reproducing, in pictorial terms of the strictest accuracy, what he had once seen, is unrivalled by anyone since the days of Homer. Only in one solitary case, so far as I can now recollect, does he confess himself at fault; and in the poem referred to a slight indistinctness as to certain features of the scene seems indeed to supervene. Darkness comes down on the horizon, in spite of him; the outlines of the landscape seem to fade from his view; "the vision grows dim on his mind;" and he lays the harp aside at last, in sorrow and vexation. And no wonder that this should have been the case, for the date of the tragedy in question—*Conlath* and *Cuthona*—was in his early manhood, and the scene had been surveyed by him then only in passing. Yet the scene can be identified at this moment [see "Ossian and the Clyde"] with almost as much certainty as any other in the range of his writings, which implies an amount of truthfulness and accuracy in description that no impostor in the circumstances could ever have attained, if any impostor in his senses could either have imagined or admitted such circumstances at all. What liar would first confess that he could not see, and then proceed to describe a scene which he never saw, because it never existed; which, nevertheless, could be identified a hundred years afterwards by his own description, because it really did exist and corresponded exactly? The very idea is preposterous, and transcends anything we have yet attained to in the way of spiritual clairvoyance and necromancy. For places "to be and not to be;" for men to see and not to see, at one and the same moment—"these are the questions!"

2. By means of this wonderful faculty in Ossian before it was impaired, we have geographical outlines supplied to us of a double range of coast, extending from Ireland to the Orkneys, including all the most important features—such as islands, lochs, friths, rivers, and indentations, with mountain ranges and sequestered valleys—on the line; and we have topographical landmarks in addition, for the most interesting points alluded to in the poems

which refer to the region, so exactly given that mistake about their identity or whereabouts is impossible. With most of these he seems to have been personally acquainted; of others beyond, as in Iceland and Norway, he had obtained and embodied equally graphic accounts from his father, from his son, from his kinsfolk and companions in arms; and, upon the whole, whether from his own observation, or from the description of others embodied by him, these geographical outlines have been found so absolutely true to nature, both as it now is, and as it then must have been, that they may be all accepted with as much confidence as the details of a gazeteer or the measurements of a surveyor. In the whole of which survey we find that earthquakes have been travelling since he was there, and that volcanoes have been opened; that the land has risen, or that the sea has fallen; that friths have dwindled to rivers; that islands have ended in peninsulas; that lakes have disappeared in valleys; and that fertile straths are now expanding, where it was once the rolling sea—insomuch, that without the aid of Ossian the west coast of Scotland and the north of Ireland; the Voes of Orkney and the face of Iceland, as they then were, would not be recognisable at the present moment. Ossian, in short, although he knew it not himself, and although Macpherson knew it not, was the father of modern geology; and rightly understood, is still the most important geological authority extant in Great Britain. Murchison, Lyell, and Miller never realised his revelations; and the students of that science, if they wish to understand it thoroughly, must take the poems of Ossian at last for their oldest reliable guide. To say that all this was imposture is surely worse than foolish. The Clyde and the Solway themselves must be liars, if Macpherson invented all this; Lough Larne and Lough Neagh, with all between them, must be a delusion, if *Fingal* and *Temora* be false; Arran must be a mistake, if *Berrathon* be a fable; and Iceland should have no volcanoes, no geysers, no exhausted fountains, no burning soil, if Oscar was never in Inisthona!

3. It is at this point, perhaps (Dr Waddell continued) I should now observe, before passing on, that the great weakness—the self-contradiction, in fact—of a certain half-and-half theory maintained by some distinguished modern critics, who would like to unite the two opposite extremes of truth and falsehood, if they could—displays itself. I allude to the sort of compromise these gentlemen wish to establish between the opposite extremes of an honest translation on the one hand, and downright audacious forgery on the other, by a supposed interlarding of poor original scraps with grand

poetic interpolations, or the patching up of fine original fragments with mere links of modern invention. It would be desirable if those who maintain this theory—who thus affect to believe, and yet not to believe in Ossian, at one and the same moment, and so damage his authenticity from beginning to end—would put their finger on some of the passages so introduced, and show, once for all, where such forgeries appear. If the passages in question be the splendid ones, then according to their own account they could not be the work of Macpherson, for he was no more able to produce such passages or anything like them, they admit, than to compose the Prophecies of Isaiah, or to create the Island of Skye. If they are mere verbal links to hold the important pieces together, then what is the use of making such an ado about them, or of discrediting the whole for their sake? You will find the same sort of links in Genesis, in Exodus, in Job, and even in Isaiah; yet nobody seriously doubts their authenticity.

But I deny that Macpherson introduced either splendid passages or petty links; for a single passage so introduced, by a man who knew nothing of the ground work, would have obliterated the geography not only of any entire poem where such interpolation was made, but of all other poems connected with it. But the geography of every poem now within reach, and in relation to every other poem, is as perfect, I repeat, as the details of an Ordnance Survey; and what is yet more to the purpose, certain of these poems—*Berrathon*, for example, and the *War of Inisthona*, just referred to—where the geography is as easily traceable as if the scenes in both had been photographed, have no Gaelic original now extant at all*. Yet the Gaelic scholars in question seem to maintain that we have the originals of Ossian now all before us; and yet that these very originals so-called are but a piece of cunning patchwork, of which they themselves can tell neither "head nor tail"; and from which a still more cunning translation, with no end of glosses, fine flourishes of fancy, and grand interpolations to set it off, has been executed by an unscrupulous rogue—although you can see almost every inch of the many-sided field reflected till

* There are, in point of fact, eleven entire poems, besides fragments, many of them most important, and easily identified, for which no Gaelic has yet been found—including War of Caros, War of Inisthona, Battle of Lora, Death of Cuthullin, Darthula, Songs of Selma, Lathmon, Oithona, Berrathon, Cathlin of Clutha, and Sulmalla; one-half in point of number, although certainly not in extent, being only more than a third, or as 117 to 315 pp. of the whole.

this hour, on the face of Scotland, Ireland, and Iceland—tens and hundreds of miles distant from where the rogue imagined it to be; and in regions where the rogue himself never set either finger, foot, or eye: and this to such an extent of ignorance on his part, that although he had actually claimed in face of Europe to be the author of these poems as they now stand, one could prove him to be thus a liar out of his own mouth. He was never at Ferad Artho's Cave, he was never at the Pass of Gleno; he was never at Malvina's grave; he was never at Balclutha; for anything we know, he was never even on the Clyde; he certainly was never on the Kelvin at Colzam, or on the Bonny Water at Comala's Rock; far less was he ever at Carricthura in Orkney, or at the head of Reikum Bay in Iceland—or if he was, he did not know them. Yet all these points, and a hundred more, have been described with such minute topographical accuracy in his text, that only an eye-witness of the events which occurred there, or one who had an account of the regions from other eye-witnesses, could possibly have been the author of the original; and what is more remarkable than all that, is that half-a-dozen wrong syllables in any one of these poems would have destroyed the geographical identity both of such poem itself, and of almost all the rest of them. What then (asked the rev. gentleman) are we to say about the alleged "high-handed dealing," and the "grand interpolations," which nobody can name? or about the fancy links of lies which connect whole continents together, but which nobody can see? The very idea of such intermeddling is absurd. One might as well say that the reliques of Priam, or the treasures of Agamemnon, were purposely hidden by Dr Schliemann at Troy or at Mycenæ, that Dr Schliemann himself might afterwards discover them. I have no such reliques, it is true, no treasures of gold and silver to assist me in this Ossianic investigation; but I have the reliques of nature herself, and the reliques of nations now no more, equally significant, to support me. I have the caves and the hiding places, the tombs and the monuments, of kings, of heroes, of princes, and princesses; I have magnificent Caledonian oaks and fragile Roman pottery, and stone-hammers and canoes—entombed, one may say together, among sea sand in the very heart of a great city; I have the surf of the retiring sea itself, and the crumbling banks of decaying rivers; I have the very beauty spots and scars on nature's own face, and the ravages of fire in her bosom—all hitherto unknown, hitherto unsuspected—to bear testimony to the truth of my position; and I claim now to be thus doing for Ossian what Dr

Schliemann has done for Homer and Æschylus—the only real difference being this, that because it is at your own doors and before your own eyes, and with reference to the oldest and one of the most glorious types of your own national existence, you, the people of Scotland and the representatives of Ossian, will only half-and-half believe it. You cannot, it seems, realise your own privilege; and would rather have a lying Macpherson, just clever enough to cheat you, to your own disgrace, than a genuine, gifted Ossian, heaven-taught and truthful, to your eternal honour! (Laughter and applause.)

4. But what Ossian imagined is not less remarkable than what Ossian said and saw: his IMAGINATION, however, differed from that of almost all other poets, inasmuch as for himself it was the highest spiritual reality. It consisted not, either in mere figures of speech on the one hand—which are common to all poets; or in fabulous exaggeration, or lying invention on the other—which are peculiar to some. He uses figures of speech undoubtedly, but these were only as similes and superlatives of the loftiest sort, to represent more vividly what he saw. They implied no effort of imagination on his own part at all, but were the mere exuberance of eyesight, so to speak, converted for the moment into speech. Far less did he indulge in flights of creative fancy, as the Irish Seanachies incessantly did—to describe what never happened, to relate what he never saw. We have no monsters, no magicians, no giants or ogres among his *dramatis personæ;* no incredible achievements, no mythical stories, no impossible events; no outrageous adventures, no contradictions of nature, no burlesques upon fact: not one of these. The most wonderful of all the achievements related in his text were scientific realities only half-understood, and recorded in the language of poetry—as where Fingal, for example, is said to have dislodged with his spear the demon of electricity in a thunder-cloud at Carricthura. The region where Ossian's imagination displayed itself was the atmosphere—the region of the clouds, and of whatever was beyond the clouds; and this region, more than any other man that ever looked at it, he has made his own. His fancy dwelt and revelled there with a kind of creative prodigality, and peopled it for himself with such an assemblage of glorified beings, that to this day it seems to be tenanted exclusively with his immortal kindred. This occupation of the heavens by him was of a piece, so far, with the invisible world of the ancients, but it was fresher and finer, and could never have been borrowed from them. It was the transformation of actual atmospheric

phenomena within sight of the earth—of clouds and vapour, and flakes of fire, and wandering sunbeams in their endless variety of outlines—into spiritual entities having moral and emotional affinities with earth, surveying its inhabitants with affectionate interest, directing their actions, inspiring their courage, lamenting their failures, and rejoicing in their successes. To mere materialistic readers this may all be a dream, but for Ossian it was a vital faith; for Ossian it was a divine reality. Not a drift drove over him, in which he did not see some glorified array of the departed; not a cloud hovered nearer the earth, from which some sympathetic ghost did not bend, in pride or sorrow, over the funeral pyre or grave of some fallen relative; not a wreath of mist unfolded its bosom, in which the face or form of some lost loved one—of sister, daughter, mother, wife, or bride—was not revealed, ineffably tender, interceding for the vanquished, or lamenting the dead. Not a vista in heaven was opened, or a recess in the distance illumined, that was not thronged with an assemblage of heroes—among whom the demigods of his own race were supreme—in council for the advantage of their children. When the thunder shrieked, it was a warning from them; when the red fire ran along the hill, it was a message from them; when the lightning flashed, it was help from them; when the clouds dispersed in glory, it was triumph among them!—a faith in which he so far resembled David, with this important difference—that whereas to David's eye it was all an actual revelation, or direct interposition of the Deity; to Ossian's, it was but the result of natural affinities expressed by atmospheric means. The atmosphere, in short, was heaven for him, where the highest forms of human existence were developed and embodied; for David, it was the nearest dwelling-place of the Most High God: a difference between him and David which Macpherson, if he had been a liar, would never have allowed to appear. Yet so far was Macpherson from realising this, that he did not even understand it; and some of the finest, most delicate, and touching, as well as sublime, manifestations of Ossian's genius, in this very region of poetic faith and vision, have been misrepresented by him in consequence.

III.—In conclusion, what may be called the HIGHER MORALITY of Ossian was founded upon, or identified with the approval, with the will, with the sympathy of this aerial world—where all human deeds were to be judged of, and to which only the noblest and the purest spirits could rise. His common morality, so to speak—that is, the code of life and manners he represented among his people—

has been often enough quoted and relied upon indeed, as a mere poetic reproduction of the morals and manners—of the civilisation, in short, of the eighteenth century, which could never have existed in the third; and therefore as a proof of falsehood, or of fiction at least to that extent, in the translation of his remains. But if by civilisation in the eighteenth century, we understand the civilisation of the Georges and their contemporaries; and by Christian morality of the same era, the Christianity of nine-tenths of Christendom—such as then prevailed, for example, under every Government, and in almost every Court of Europe, from St. Petersburg to London—including slave-dealing, press-ganging, kidnapping, and indiscriminate outrage; commercial knavery; public, private, national, legal, and ecclesiastical blackguardism of every type and dye; political despotism, culminating in revolutions that shook the earth; a political serfdom that degraded humanity to the level of the brutes; and revelations of indecency in domestic life, from the palace to the pavilion, that shocked the very heavens—if this is the sort of morality referred to, one may thank God honestly that Ossian and his people, with all their paganism, knew nothing about it; had nothing like it; could not imagine it; would not tolerate it; and that not a syllable—I say it advisedly—not a syllable is to be found, from beginning to end of his text, conniving at or excusing it. Where conflicts are rehearsed with praise, they were in a fair field; where victory is proclaimed, it is with mercy and even with honour to the vanquished; where assassinations, from jealousy or anger, occur, they are lamented, condemned, and punished; where adultery or misconduct is proved, the parties separate, and the wife takes the wealth away with her that she brought. Honour, magnanimity, truth, and love are everywhere extolled as the foundations of human greatness, prosperity, and happiness; falsehood, meanness, trickery, selfishness, cowardice, and fraud, are simply reprobated as contemptible everywhere and for ever! That was the sort of morality taught by Ossian; and would to God the spirit of it were a little better realised in what we now call civilisation, both among Christians and Turks—at St. Petersburg, at Vienna, at Constantinople, at Rome; among the frequenters of the Bourse at Paris, among the members of the stock-jobbing fraternity of London, and the Railway-Rings at New York: it would be better for us all, both in Europe and America. But the principle of morality itself—the guiding principle of human life—by which all actions were to be regulated, and by which the highest *perfection* was to be attained, was conformity of life and motive to

the characters, to the example, to the hopes and wishes, to the yearning love and sympathy, of all the best and bravest who had gone before; who were seated there among the clouds, in anxious council for the welfare and happiness of their descendants; who shone forth resplendent in the light of heaven, as examples of glory to their children; who followed them with wistful eyes from above, in every combat and through every danger, to see that they acquitted themselves like honourable men; who exulted in all their triumphs, where their triumphs were generous and brave; and who opened their aerial ranks at last, to receive and welcome them when they fell in glory! It was thus that human greatness was cherished by Ossian; thus that human virtue was taught by him; thus that human sorrow was consoled in his sad but sublimest strains; and thus that human self-devotion was consecrated and encouraged for the honour of the people, and for the practical salvation, if that were still possible, of the race. Heroes in their lives accepted this as the rule of their actions, and heroes already departed ratified it in heaven with their approval. "Angels ever bright and fair," are not more truly now a part of our faith in the nineteenth century, than this grand poetic ideal of moral perfection in the clouds, with aerial embodiment there, was a part of Ossian's faith in the third; before Christianity was known, or a Divine Intercessor within the veil had been proclaimed in Western Europe. As truly then might the poor Celtic heathen in his darkness say—who had only Ossian, and not the Apostle, to teach him—"Seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that may most easily beset us; and let us run with patience the race of self-sacrifice that is set before us," in all heroic deed and in all manly daring, that our fathers may behold and rejoice! Yet teaching like this has been called the teaching of a liar; morality like this, the morality of a ruffian and a cheat! One might as well say that the dream of Joseph realised in Egypt, the triumph of Esther, and the reward of Ruth; the visions of Ezekiel, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, or the Expostulations of Job, were mediæval additions to the Bible! (Cheers.)

A cordial vote of thanks was awarded to Dr Waddell on the motion of Mr Jolly; and a vote of thanks was also awarded to the Provost for taking the chair.

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25TH JANUARY, 1877.

At this meeting the Rev. John Fraser, Free Church Minister of Rosskeen, was elected an ordinary member of the Society. The election of office-bearers for 1877 was the principal business before the meeting.

1ST FEBRUARY, 1877.

At the meeting on this date, the Secretary, in behalf of Mr P. G. Tolmie, 3 Great Woodstock Street, Nottingham Place, London, read the following paper in Gaelic on

REMAINS OF ANCIENT RELIGION IN THE NORTH.

CHA 'n eil ach tearc de dh-iarmad nan amanna çein mu thimchioll am bheil beachdan dhaoine foghluimte ni's eas-aonaichte na mu chuid de na h' aitreibhean cloiche tha ri fhaicinn, cha 'n e a mhain air feadh na tire so, ach anns gach cearna ach beag d' an chruinne-che. Tha iad sud a dh-iomadh seorsa—am measg am faodar ainmachadh a' chrom-leac, a' chistbhan, a chuairteag no 'n clachan, an carn, 's mar sin sios. Agus tha samhuil againn dhe gach aon dhiu so 'n iomadh aite air feadh na duthcha.

Tha caochladh barail am measg arsairean mu dheighein na crich araidh air son an do thogadh cuid dhiubh air tus. A reir breth iomadh, bha dluth-cheangal aca ri crabhadh an t-sluaigh; air chor 's nach 'eil iad an teagamh bhi ag radh gur ann o sin tha a' *chrom-leac* toirt a h-ainn—an leac fa chomhair an robh muintir a' cromadh, no *chlach-shleuchdaidh*—agus tha iad gu cumanta ag ainmeachadh na cloiche so, cho maith ri priomh-chlach na cuairte, mar altair, no leac-iobairt; agus uime sin 's minig a bhitheas mac-meanmna sealltainn orra mar gu'm b' ann a' sruthadh sios le fuil dhuine 's ainmhidh. Ach cha 'n 'eil e idir lan-shoilleir gu'm bheil an sin, an cuid mhor, ach dealbh-inntinn gun bhonn. Tha e cheana fior gu'n robh a' *chlach-sheasaimh* agus gu h-araidh an *clachan* a' deanamh an gniomhaich mar aitean-aoraidh; ach cha 'n 'eil e dearbh-chinnteach eadhon mu'n deighinn-san gu'm b' ann air son so a chaidh an cur suas an toiseach.

Tha e na aobhair doilgheis nach 'eil seann eachdraidh duthcha sam bith fa-leth a' laimhseachadh nithe mar so ach mi-thoirteil; no toirt iomraidh air seann ghnathan an t-sluaigh, anns na linnean *chaidh tharais* o chionn fhad, cho soillseach 's bu mhiann leinn—

gidheadh, le bhi tional 's a' cnuasachadh chomharraidhean 's rabhaidh-eolais tha tachairt ruinn thall 's a bhos, tha e comasach dhuinn, le beagan dichill, a bhi faotainn soluis cuimsich air a' ghnothach, agus a thaobh cuid a phuingean, a bhi ruigsinn, maith a dh' fheudta, sar-chinnteis.

Anis, gun bhi gabhail os laimh an drasta bhi toirt mion-chunntais air gach aon air leth, faodair a radh an coitchiontas, gu'm b' e 'n t-aobhar sonruichte air son togail a leithid so dh'aitreibh air tus (a chuairte amhain an leth a muigh) gu bhi na'n comharraidh-cuimhne —'s e sin ri radh, gu bhi mar fhianuisean faicsinneach, bho linn gu linn, air gniomharan fiuthail, air buaidhean iomraiteach, air tubaistean craidhteach, no air tuiteamais iongantach sam bith. Tha e car duilich dhuinne 's an la 'n diugh, cleachdte mar tha sinn ri sgriobhaidhean is leabhraichean, bhi meas air mhodh iomchuidh, ce cho feumail 'sa bha innleachd dhe leithid so gu bhi gleidheadh cuimhne air nithibh airidh, air feadh linntean tur-aineolach air leughadh, agus gu bhi toirt cion-fath do na seanachaidh bhi ag aithris do 'n oigridh gniomharan agus cleachdainnean an athraichean. Agus is amhuil mar sin tha Oisean a' toirt fo 'r comhair oganaich a' feoraich d'an t-sean mhuinntir mu 'chlach-chinn fhein—

"Labhraidh e mu chloich an raoin,
Agus freagraidh an aois r' a iarraidh—
So an liath-chlach thog Oisean nach faoin,
Sar-cheannard mu 'n d' aom na bliadhna."

Bheireadh so air an oganach os-barr bhi feoraich, Co e Oisean bha 'n sin? agus ciod e mu dheighinn-san? agus mar so toirt cothroim do 'n t-sean duine gu bhi 'g ath-aithris sgeul an laoich 's a' toirt lan-iomraidh air a bheatha 's a bhuadhan.

So cuideachd an dearbh reusan, mar tha sinn a' foghlum bho 'n t-seann Tiomnadh, tha Iosua toirt d'a mhuinntir fein air son a bhi togail charragh; gu bhi mar mhathair-aobhair dhoibh a bhi ag ath-aithris sgeul an athraichean do 'n cloinn, 's mar sin a' toirt seachad eachdraidh a' chinne bho al gu al.

Ach gu bhi cail-eigin ni's eagnuidh, thugamaid fainear a' *chlach-sheasaimh* no 'n carragh. B' i so, a reir coslais, a' cheud aitreibh a chuir duine suas a bharr air tigh-comhnuidh, 's tha i uime sin anabarrach sean. Agus tha mi deanamh dheth nach 'eil fath teagaimh nach ann mar chomharradh air ni-eigin ion-chuimhneachail a chaidh a cur suas an toiseach. An cursa tiom, thainig i gu bhi riarachadh mar ionad-aoraidh, no *seapail*. Na bitheadh e

idir neonach leibh bhi ag radh *seapail* ri aon chloich. Oir cho fada 's bha 'n sluagh tearc an aireimh, sgapte air aghaidh na duthcha, gabhail comhnuidh fad o cheile, agus mar sin, bochd is anfhann mar chinnich, cha robh e na 'n comas ni's mo na bha e na chleachdadh aca bhi togail arois sgiamhach air son feum crabhaidh. Agus a bharr air sin, bha iad gu cumanta coimhlionadh an dleasanais dhiadhaidh mu thiomchioll an teallaich. Oir cha bu ghnath dhoibh bhi tional cuideachd gu aoradh coitchionnta, agus ge be aite bha iad a' cur air leth mar aite naomh, bha gach neach a' dol leis fein dh' ionnsuidh an ionaid choisrigte sin le iaratas no le buidheachas, uair sam bith a thigeadh fodha—air choir 's gu'n deanadh aon chlach an gnothach mar aite comhdhail cho maith ris an teampul bu riomhaiche. Agus bha aobhar araidh eile air son an robh aitean aoraidh fosgailt ri aghaidh nan speur, dha 'm bi sinn a toirt an aire gu h-ath-ghearr.

A nis ged nach robh anns na clachan so air tus ach comharraidhean, tha e furasda bhi tuigsinn cia mar thigeadh muinntir, an uine ghearr, gu bhi saoilsinn gu'n robh iad a' sealbhachadh bhuadhan sonruichte annta fein, dluth-cheangailte mar bha iad na 'n cuimhne ri nithe comharraichte, agus gu bhi 'g amharc orra mar ionadan aig an robh lathaireachd a chuspair-aoraidh a comhnuidh air mhodh araidh—agus uime sin far am biodh aoradh ni bu taitniche dhasan agus ni bu bhuanachdaile dhoibh fein; na 'n aite sam bith eile. Agus mar a dh' fhaodar a shaoilsinn, o bhi cur eifeachd as leth ni corparra, cha robh 'n uidhe ach goirid bu bhi meas an ni fein mar dhearbh chuspair-aoraidh. Tha lan-dhearbhadh againn gu 'n robh ar seann luchd-duthcha cleachdadh a bhi sleuchdadh fa chomhair nan clachan-seasaimh, agus, aig aman, a' tairgseadh ofrail bhig de thoradh na talmhuinn, gu bhi faotainn an iarrtais ni b'ullaimh bho spiorad-gleidhidh an aite. Tha fianuis againn air so 'n Sasunn am measg iomadh eile ann an reachd le righ Chanuit (Canute), 's an aon-ceud-deug, anns am bheil e toirmeasg a chleachdaidh gu h-iomlan. Ach 's fada 'n deigh sin a bha e mu 'n deach an cleachdadh suarrach.

Tha clach chomharraichte dhe leithid so an sgire Srath 's an Eilean Sgiathanach, carragh garbh ris an can iad "Clach-na-h-Annait," laimh ris am bheil fuaran dha 'n ainm Tobar-na-h-Annait, tobar a bha muinntir na duthcha, nuas ach beag gus an latha 'n diugh, meas ion-eifeachdach gu leigheas gach gne easlainte. Bha a' chlach so ma tha coisrigte do 'n bhan-dia Annat a thathar ag aithneachadh fo chaochladh ainm an caochladh aite—fo ainm Bhrid an eilean Ile, agus Shony ann an Leoghas. Tha Oisean a dean-

amh iomraidh air a leithid so chloich gu minig—mar so—"Chlach Loduin nam fuar thaibhs"—B'i sin clach a bha coisrigte do Loduin, mar bha clach-na-h-Annait do dh-Annat. Agus a rithist :—

"Bha righ Chraca
An crom Bhrumo nam mor thom.
Bha 'n sonn an cainnt ri clach nam fuath."

'S e sin, bha 'n sonn a' guidhe, air neo 'g iarraidh taisbean o thaobh "clath nam fuath." B' i chlach-sheasaimh comharradh-aoraidh na greine agus mar sin samhladh Apollo, ughdar faisneachd, agus esan a bha toir, eolais do dhaoine air nithe diomhair. Oir mar tha ghrian le gathanna soilleir a fuadach dorachadas na h-oidhche, soillseachadh aghaidh naduir agus a' toirt gach ni am follais, 's amhuil mar sin a bha 'n dia soillseachadh na h-inntinn 's a' toirt roimh-aithne air nithe ri teachd. Agus uime sin, bhithid a taghal air a' charragh gu bhi faotainn taisbean, gu h-araidh ma bha fuaran laimh ris.

Tha na clachan so lionmhor air feadh eileanan Alba, Wales, agus Chornwall agus iomadh tir eile, ach gu h-araidh anns na cearna dhe 'n Roinn-Eorpa anns an robh cinnich Ghaidhealach a' gabhail comhnuidh.

Tha e soilleir dhuinn cuideachd gu'n robh fineachan Arabia cleachdadh a bhi deanamh aoraidh, nuas gu am an fhaidh Mohammed. Agus ged bu mhor ughdarras-san na'm measg, cha robh e na chomas, re a la, an t-iodhal-aoradh so chur fodha gu h-iomlan. Agus tha e feuchainn dhuinn cia cho deacair 's tha e do mhuinntir a bhi gu builleach ga 'n sgaradh fhein o chleachdaidhean crabhach, eadhon an deigh dhoibh an seann chreideamh a threigeadh, gu 'm bheil fuigheall dheth air a ghleidheadh fathast an teampull Mhecca. Is e so gun teagamh am fior bhun-sinnsir aig a' chloich dhuibh san teampull ud, a tha luchd-leanmhuinn Mhohammed a' cunntadh cho ion-luachmhor, ged a tha iad a' toirt tuarsgeil eile mu deigheinn an diugh. Agus, os-barr, 's fiu a thoirt fainear gur ann o 'n chloch so tha iad a' gairm an teampuill, Beit-Allah (Bethel—Tigh Dhe). Agus is amhuil mar an ceudna bha iad a' goireadh nan clachan seasaimh an Eirinn o shean *Bothail*, 's e sin, tighean Dhe. Tha 'n t-Ollamh Lee (the late Dr Lee, of Cambridge), ag radh gu'n robh iad o chionn ghoirid a' leantuinn a' chleachaidh cheudna am fagus do Edrisi, ann an eilean air taobh shios nan Innseachan, far an robh e mar gnath aca bhi coisrigeadh na cloiche le oladh, direach mar a rinn Iacob a' chlach a chuir e suas air

machair Luz, 'nuair a bha e dol air fogradh—'n trath sin mar chuimhneachan air a dheadh ruin, ach dhe 'n d'rinn e bliadhna 'n deigh sin tigh-aoraidh dha fein agus d' a theaghlach na dheigh, agus dha 'n d'thug e mar ainm Bethel (Tigh Dhe).*

Tha 'n Seann Tiomnadh a' toirt fo ar 'n aire gu minig, c' arson a chaidh carraigh a chur suas an toiseach am measg nan Eabhruidheach—agus a' leigeadh ris dhuinn cia mar thainig muinntir gu bhi dha 'n cur am mi-bhuil. Bhathar ga 'n togail gu bhi na 'n comharraidh-cuimhne 's na 'm fianuisean air nithe cudthromach do na h-ail ri teachd. Ach thainig iad, an tamul beag, gu bhi na 'n cion-fath iodhal-aoraidh do 'n t-sluagh, ga 'n taladh gu cleachdaidhean saobh-chràbhaidh, ris an do dhian-lean iad gu am na braighdeanais, a dh-aindeoin gach bagraidh lagh 's earalachaidh faidh. Agus cha 'n 'eil mise faicinn aobhair airidh sam bith a bhi comhdhunadh gu 'n robh ceud-thoiseach ionann aitreibh air dhoigh eugsamhuil am measg fhine sam bith eile.

A nis mu thiomchioll na crom-lic, 's na ciste-bain, 's an carn—tha iad so uile 'ghnath a chomharrachadh aitean adhlacaidh. Cha 'n 'eil eadar-dhealachadh sam bith eile eadar a' chromleac 's a' ciste-bhan ach so, gu'n robh a' chiste-bhan air a folach fo 'n talamh, co dhiu a b' ann fo thom no fo charn, agus a' chromleac an comhnuidh air uachdar an talaimh. B' e an t-ordugh suidhichte ceithir chlachan seasaimh, air an cur ceithir-chearnach agus a' *chromleac* na luidhe os an cinn. Ach 's e 'n riaghailt a bhathar a' leantuinn gu cumanta 's an duthaich so, tri chlachan seasaimh, ged 'bha 'n uaigh math gu leor le dha.

"Da chloich gu an leth anns an uir,
An coinneach fo smuir air an raoin"—

mar tha Oisean ag radh an *Carthonn.*

Tha mion-chunntais againn o chionn ghoirid bho Fhrangach foghlumte bha siubhal an Algeria, air aon aite anns an d' thainig e air corr 's ceithir fichead dhiubh, a chuid mhor na'n seasamh fathast, air blar mu mheud deich no dusan acair. Agus bha iad uile air 'n aon doigh, ceithir nan seasamh agus leac air an uachdar.

* Note from Dr Ruppell's travels in Abyssinia, 1828.—"I had an opportunity of noticing a curious relic of old pagan worship, ... women from the neighbouring villages assembled in considerable numbers at a spring which gushed up under a clump of trees—washed their hands and feet in the water; then *prostrated themselves before a rough-hewn cube of freestone.* . . . I could get no satisfactory explanation of the ceremony."

Gun teagamh sam bith is e aite adhlacaidh bha 'n sin. Ach tha 'n leithid ceudna lionmnor anns na h-Innseachan, an Arabia, 's an Siria. Agus tha so a' dearbhadh dhuinn gu'n robh, o chian, fineachas dluth agus aonachd ghnathan 's bheachdan ead ar cinnich 'tha 'n diugh fad o cheile agus eu-cosmhail 'n creidimh 's an cleachdaidhean.

Is ann a mhain do dhaoine inbheach 's do ghaisgich anmeil a bhthar a' togail uaighean maireannach mar so, gu bhith cumail an cliu 's an iomraidh fo sgaoil. 'S uime sin tha Conall ag radh an *Carthonn*, na'm faodadh e bhith gu'n tuiteadh e 's a' chath :—

"Ach togsa m' uaigh,
Chridh-mhor nam buadh. Biodh liath-charn
'Us meall de 'n uir air taobh nan stuadh,
A chur m' ainm 's mo chliu troimh am."

Bhathar a' tiodhlacadh laoch le 'n armachd, agus a' cur na'n cois nithe sam bith eile 'bha miaghail aca, no 'bhuineadh air leth do'n dreuchd. So cleachdadh a bha moran fhineachan a' leantuinn. Arsa Ajax, an deigh dha chlaidheamh a thiomnadh dha mhac :—

"Theid m' armachd eile fo 'n uir mar rium."
—*Soph. Ajax.*

'Sann ri so tha 'm faidh aig amharc 'san earruinn so (Eseciel 32.27). "Agus cha luidh iad leis na cumhachdaich, a thuit do na neothiomchioll-ghearrta, a chaidh sios do ifrinn *(i.e.*, do 'n uaigh) *le 'n armaibh cogaidh.*" Tha e coslach cuideachd gu 'n robh na h-Eabhruidhich a' coimhead a' chleachdaidh so na 'm measg fein uair-eigin ; a reir mar a tha e air a radh mu Iosua (Ios. 24.30). "Agus dh' adhlaic iad e ann an crich oighreachd fein ann an Timnat-Serah." Ach tha 'm Bioball Greugais (the Septuagint) a' cur ri sin, mar so—"Agus chuir iad an sin maille ris anns an uaigh anns an d' adhlaic iad e, na sgeanan cloiche leis an do thiomchioll-ghearr e cloinn Israel aig Gilgal. . . . . Agus tha iad an sin gus an la 'n diugh."

Bha cinnich nan duthcha tuath gle churamach a bhi mar so ag onorachadh an curaidhean 's an cinn-fheadhna inbheach, agus a' togail thuama mora dhoibh. *(Wormius. Dan. Monuments)** Bha

* "Harold employed a whole army and a vast number of oxen in dragging one huge stone to adorn the monument of his mother." Borlase. *Ant. of Cornwall.*

meudachd na tuama, mar ghnath, an coimeas ri inbh an neach a dh' fhalbh.

Bha 'n carn, am measg nam fineachan Greugaich amhuil mar am measg nan Eabhruidheach, na chomharradh-maslaidh, agus mar sin a' nochdadh far an deach closach eucoireach uamhair air choireigin a thilgeadh, mar bha *Achan*, agus *Laius* a mharbhadh leis an tubaisteir *Œdipous*, mar gu 'm be fear-reubainn a bh' ann. Tha sean-fhocail na 'r measg fathast a tha feuchuinn nach robh an cleachdadh so neo-aithnichte am Breatuinn—mar so, "Fear air charn" (an outlaw)—"B' fhearr leam a bhi fo charn chlach, &c." Ach ann an Wales, cha 'n 'eil mallachd a' tighinn a beul duine is oillteile na so—"Carn air do cheann." Ach is ann air chuimhne neach inbheil no ceann-feachd urramach bha cinnich nan tirean tuath gu cumanta togail charn. Agus is ann o sin a tha an radh so againn—"Cuiridh mi clach air do charn"—is e sin, bithidh mi, mar bu dual dhomh bhi buintinn ri duine coir, a' cur ri do chliu an deigh do bhais.

Ach cha b' ann an aon la chaidh an carn ni's mo na baile na Roimh, a thogail. B' e dleasannas gach neach a rachadh seachad a bhi leasachadh an torr gu h-araidh am fad 's a bha cuimhne air a mhathair-aobhar, air neo bha e coltach nach b' fhada gus am bitheadh aithreachas air air son a mhi-thoirt. Oir b'e am beachd gu 'n robh taibhse an duine mhairbh a' taghal a ris agus aig iadhadh mun 'charn, gu h-araidh an dubhar na h-oidhche; agus uime sin, gu'm b'e gliocas an fhir a shuibhladh ni-eigin a chur air. Tha maighstir Armstrong, ughdar an Fhoclair Ghaidhlig, ag radh gu 'n robh an fhaoineachd so cho suidhichte na 'inntinn 's nach do ghabh e air riamh a dhol seachad air carn, a bha 'm fagus d' a aitecomhnuidh 'n uair bha e na ghuillan, gu h-araidh 's an anmoch, gun chlachag a thilgeil air 'n a chabhaig.

Ach a rithist—bhathar aig aman a' togail charn an onair nam fear a thuit am blar, 's a chaidh fhagail, co dhiubh 'b ann le eiginn no 'thaobh tuiteamais, dh'easbhuidh adhlaicidh; air eagal 's gu'm bitheadh anman nan laoch chion fois, air faontradh mu'n cuairt na 'n tacharain chianail mar bha taibhse Thrathuil, a reir a' bhaird—

"Ach 's leir leat, a sholuis an la,
Taibhse Thrathuil na cheo glas."

Oir 'dh easbhuidh caradh ciatach agus tiodhlaiceadh freagarrach an

uaigh, 's coslach nach bitheadh am fois samhach, sitheil. 'Sann ri sin tha 'm bard aig amharc 's an rann so, an *Temora* :—

"A Charuill, chinn-fheadhna nan lann,
Gabhsa bard, 's tog an uaigh :
A nochd bidh Conal fo phramh
'N a thigh caol gun leus an suain."

Agus, os-barr, mas bitheadh anam aon dhe na laoich a thuiteadh "air seachran an ciar na gaoithe," tha e 'g radh :—

"Tog clachan fo bhoillsge 'tha fann
Doibhse uile thuit thall 's a' bhlar,"

oir so leibh mar thachair do chuid a chaidh dhearmad :—

"O na neoil tha dluth mu'n cuairt,
Chithear tannais nan sonn a dh'fhalbh."

A nis ged nach 'eil e furasda bhi comh-dhearbhadh gu soilleir ciod am beachd a bha aig ar seann-sinnsir mu chor an anaim an deigh bais, bha iad a' lan-chreidsinn gu 'n robh e an comas aog an neach a dh'fhalbh a bhi tighinn air ais, 's a' tathaich mu'n uaigh fada 'n deigh dha falbh. Bha so, ma's a fior, a feuchainn gu'n robh ni-eigin a' cur luasgain air, no gu'n robh cuis-ghearan aige 'dh'fheumadh e bhi comh-phairteachadh ris na beo mus faidh-eadh e fois. Is e so bun-sinnsir a bheachd sin tha bitheanta fathast am measg nan Gaidheal, gu'n robh tasg an duine mhairbh, tacan mu'n d' eug e, na dhearbh-chruth 's eugasg, a' dol roimhe dh' ionnsuidh na h-uaighe, a' caoineadh gu cianail, amhuil mar ghnomhan an eugnaich, agus aig uairean a' toirt sgal ghoirt a bheireadh oillt air na chluinneadh e. Agus is fada nan cian o'n bha beachd mar so measg mhuinntir; oir tha Homer ag radh mu dheighinn suinn a thuit an cath :—

"Chaidh 'anam le geur sgread sios mar cheo do'n uaigh."

Is ionann mar sin a their iad gus an la diugh an taobh tuath Shasuinn—an aite bhi 'g-radh gu'm fac na gu'n cual iad an tasg, 's e their iad, "chunnaic mi *waff*" (that is, without doubt, the *whiff*, or the *last breath*)—an ceo glas."

Bhitheamaid a nis a' tionndaidh ar 'n aire car sealain ris a *chuairte*. Dheth uile aitreibh ar sinnsir, is i so air iomadh doigh

is ro-iomraidiche agus is mo tha 'n comhnuidh dusgadh iongantais 's a' brosnachadh sgrudadh sgoilearan. Agus, co dhiubh 'tha 'n t-ainm ceart no dochair, thathar a nis le co-aontachadh cumanta ga gairm, "Teampuill Dhruidh." Tha feadhainn dheth na teampuill so ion-chomharraichte air son meud agus ailte na togalaich, mar tha Carnac am Brittanë—Stonehenge—Calernish an Leoghas—Stennis an Arcamh—a' taisbeanadh seoltachd mhoir agus ealantas air taobh nam fear ceairde 'thog iad ; air uthart 's gun robh muinntir an linntean an aineolais dearbhte gu'm b' ann le buidseachd, no le cobhair an deamhain chaidh an togail.

Bha chuairt a' riarachadh caochladh gnothaich. Is ann aice bha ard-chomhairle a chinneadh a coinneachadh agus a cur ghnothaichean riaghlaidh an ordugh, agus a bhathar cuideachd a frithealadh ard fheillean solaimte na bliadhna. Agus, mar tha rannsachadh arsairean o chionn ghoirid a cuir thar teagamh, bha a suidheachadh an comhnuidh air run a bhi na h-inneal cuideachaidh do *speur-eolas*. Agus 's ann o dheas-ghnathan comh-cheangailte rithe dh'eirich na faoin-bheachdan 's fhaide tha mairsinn am measg an t-sluaigh agus na cleachdaidhean 's deireannaich a tha iad a' leigeadh dhiubh.

Bha chuairt air mhodh sonraichte, na h-ionad naomh, coisrigte do aoradh an teine no, mar a theirear, aoradh na greine—do bhrigh 's gur i ghrian am foillseachadh is aluinne 'san domhan dhe maitheas an Fhreasdail, agus an samhladh as oirdheirce dhe 'n t-solus neo-chruthaichte. Agus 's ann air son sin 'bha i fosgailte ris an athar, agus togte air fireach no air blar reidh, gus am bithid a faicsinn eirigh agus luidhe na greine o meadhon. Bhathar mu dheireadh, an aitean, ga dunadh 's a cuir mullaich oirre.*

'Sann aig a chuairt a bha reachdan ur dha 'n cuir a mach, 'bha laghan dha 'n deanamh follaiseach, 'bha righrean 's flaithean dha'n taghadh agus a' gabhail seilbh gu follaiseach air an dreuchdan. Tha Dr Clarke, na thuras an righeachd na Suain, a' toirt iomraidh air cuairt mhor a tha laimh ri Upsal, seann phriomh-bhaile na righeachd, do 'n ainm *Morasteen* (Clachan a mhonaidh) agus ag innseadh dhuinn gu robh righrean na dutheha 'ghnath air an taghadh agus air an an coisrigeadh an sin, a nuas gu am a tha faisg dhuinn. Agus bha an righ, an deigh dhoibh a roghnachadh, a gabhail a sheasaimh air a' chloich mhoir am meadhon na cuairte, 'n lathair a' cho-chruinneachaidh na 'n seasamh tiomchioll agus an

* The Pantheon at Rome, consecrated to Christian worship in the eighth century, and the Temple of Vesta, were originally circles like Stonehenge, devoted to sun-worship. A few round churches still remaining in England had probably a similar origin.

sin a toir nan geallaidhnean dligheach 's a' gabhail ughdarrais riaghlaidh o laimh an t-sluaigh. Agus tha 'n cleachadh ceudna air doigh, air a chumail suas fathast, gun dad a dh' atharrachadh 's an Eilean Mhanainneach. Oir cha 'n 'eil stath an lagh no 'n achd gus an teid a leughadh a mach gu follaiseach aig Cuairt Tinwald, am meadhon an eilein, an lathair a' phobuill comhchruinnichte mu'n cuairt di. Agus, ged nach ann 's a chuairt a tha i o chionn fhad, is fiu a thoir fainear gur ann air clach a tha righrean Bhreatuinn air an crunadh—*clach-na-cineamhuin* a thainig o Eirinn a dh-Alba, agus o Alba do Shasuinn. Tha seann bheul-aithris an Eirinn mu deighinn, a' cumail a mach gu 'm bitheadh i toir fuaim neonach 'nuair a bhitheadh fear de fhior ghineal nam Milesianaich air a chrunadh oirre, ach fo chois fear sam bith eile, bha i cho samhach ri cloich.

Mar so, ma tha, bha chuairt na h-aite coinneimh chomhairliche —'na tigh-seallaidh reul-eolais—'na talla-moid agus, gu h-araidh, 'na teampull naomh, far an robh gach deas-ghnath a bhuineadh do aoradh na greine air a h-ordachadh, am modh aoraidh is farsuinge a sgaoil riamh am measg a chinneadh-dhaoine. Agus cha 'n e an t-aobhar iongantais is lugha an greim teann a rinn e air aignidhean a luchd-leanmhuinn.*

An tomad 's am morachd, tha Carnac a' toirt brrrachd air na huile 's aithne dhuinn. Cha 'n e a mhain gu'm bheil a' chuairt fein anabarrach, ach cho maith ri sin, an cruinneachadh fuathasach de chlachan mor a tha mu 'n cuairt dhi, cuid dhiu corr as tri fichead troidh air airde agus mu cheithir-deug air leud. Ach ged tha iomadh ni mu deighinn an iom-cheist, tha e lan-chinnteach gu'n robh i na h-ionad seallaidh reul-eolais agus na h-inneal-tomhais aimsir. Agus tha 'm beul-aithris a tha fathast am measg mhuinntir an aite, mar ghne dhearbhadh air sin—gu'n robh iad o shean a ghnath a cur clach ur ris an aireimh na h-uile bliadhna, am meadhon an t-samhraidh, an deigh tein'-aighear (no mar bu choir a radh, teine-Bhaal) a' dheanamh an oidhche roimh sin. Agus ma tha sin fior, 's ann gun teagamh gu bhith cumail cunntais cheart air aireamh nam bliadhna bha iad 'ga dheanamh. Agus cha 'n 'eil e mi-choltach nach 'eil bunchar firinn aig an t-seann-sgeul so, 'n uair a bhithear a' toirt fainear aireamh fhuathasach nan clachan, —corr a's ceithir mile.

* The Druidical remains in the Decan are precisely like those in Britain and France—the exact counterfeit of Carnac, Stonehenge and Kits Cotty-house, as in other parts of India.—*Captain Taylor, in Irish Academy Transactions.*

Tha saobh-sgeul eile ann anns am faodar bhi 'g aithneachadh faoin oidhirp mac-meanmna an deigh dhoibh eachdraidh fhior na togalaich a chall—is e, gu'm b'e obair nan *Crion* bh' innte gu leir —obair dhaoine crion, na fir bheag, bheag, dha 'm bu ghnath bhi tional 's a' dannsadh mu'n cuairt oidhchean araidh dhe 'n bhliadhna. Ach mo thruaighe leir am fear-astair a thigeadh tarsuinn orra 'n trath sin—gu dearbh bhitheadh a leoir dannsaidh aige mu'n tigeadh a' mhaduinn.

Ach co am fear, air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, a dh'eisd ri sgeulachan na seann mhuinntir mu'n teallaich air feasgair geamhraiadh, beagan bhliadhnaidh roimhe so, nach 'eil eolach gu leoir air fineadh nam fear beag—air an teintean 's an dannsadh, air mullach chnoc a's thoman? Agus cha robh sin iongantach; oir bha an teine so na ni aig an robh dearbh bhith mu dheireadh na h-ochd-ceud-deug; agus faodar a bhith cinnteach nach robh an dannsadh air dichuimhn.*

Cha robh 'san dannsadh, air a' chuid is mo ach righligeadh le ceum cubhaidh an cuartalan mu thiomchioll an teine, na mu chlachan na cuairt, ma bha iad sin am fagus—cha robh 's a' chleas o chionn fhad ach measgan de dh-abhacas agus de sheann nosan. Is ann aig tionndaidh na greine, am meadhon an t-samhraidh, a bha iad a' beothachadh teine Bhaal air na cnuic an Eirinn; agus tha e coslach gum b' e sin an t-am ceart, ged a b' ann air ceud la a' Cheitein a bha iad a coimhid "La buidhe Bealtuinn" an Albainn. Tha cuimhne mhaith aig cuid fathast air cleachdadh a bha cumanta 's a' Ghaidhealtachd m'an d' thainig an t-inneal-beothachaidh sin, *lucifer matches*, an cumantas. Bhitheadh feadhainn a' leigeadh an teine as an oidhche roimhe, agus moch air maduinn Bealtuinn a' dol do thigh nabuidh a dh' iasachd *tein'-eiginn*, nach bithead iad an comhnuidh faighinn le deadh ghean; air eagal 's gu'm bitheadh iad a' toirt ni's mo na 'n teine leo. Is e bh' anns a' ghiseag so fuigheall dhe 'n t-seann chleachdadh a bhith cuir as an teine aon uair 's a' bhliadhna co dhiu, agus ga bheothachadh as ur le fior theine-eiginn, a bha naomhachadh na teallaich re na h-ath-bhliadhna. Ach mar bha e rud-eigin doirbh a bhi beothachadh tein'-eiginn, bhathar a' deanamh a' ghnothaich le teine Bhaal o na cnuic gu bhith ag ath-bheothachadh teine 'n tighe; ged tha Dr Martin 'g radh gu 'n robh iad 'a deanamh tein'-eiginn 'san Eilean Sgiathanach an am a thurais an sin. Agus bha iad a' meas a' cheud bhurn a

* Hayman Rook, writing in 1786, says that the custom of lighting the Baal-fire at the Druid temple near Harrogate, on the eve of the Summer *solstice, was regularly* observed at that time.

rachadh a ghoil air an teine ur na ioc cumhachdach gu gleidheadh an spreidhe o phlaigh no tubaiste, agus air son sin, chrathadh orra. Agus 's math tha cuimhne aig feadhainn fathast air cleachdadh eile 'bha ri fhaicinn 'san Eilean Dubh. Air maduinn La Calluinn, moch roimh eirigh na greine, bhithid a' losgadh gheugan aiteil anns a' bhathaich 's a' smudadh a' chruidh leis an toit fhallain, air son an aobhair cheudna. Dh' eirich na nosan so, maille ri iomadh eile, o gnath nan Druidh, a bhi glanadh gach creutair beo, duine 's ainmhidh, le teine, aon uair's a bhliadhna air a chuid bu lugha. Agus o dheas-ghnath an ath-ghlanaidh so tha 'n radh so againn—"A' dol eadar da theine." Bha iad an Eirinn ga chunntadh gle shealbhach a bhith leum troimhe 'n teine.

Is coslach gu'm b' ann an siorramachd Pheairt bu deireannaich a bhathar a' beothachadh teine Bhaal an Albainn, air mullach cnoc Tulaich-Bhealtainn an Auchtergaven, dluth dha 'm bheil teampull Dhruidh. Bithidh mi 'n so a' giorrachadh a' chunntais a tha Pennant a' toir air a' chleas. Air dhoibh an teine bheothachadh agus comaidh de mhin, 's uibhean, 's im &c., a dheasachadh air, thilg iad pairt bheag air an teine mar iobairt-dibhe. An deigh sin, a' seasamh mu'n cuairt le an aghaidh ris an teine, ghabh gach neach mir na 'laimh 's a' briseadh spiolgaig dheth, thilg e sid thair a ghualainn do fhear gleidhidh no fear millidh a mhaoin 's a gradh —"So dhuts', a mhadaidh-ruaidh, seachainn mo chearcan is m' uain. So dhutsa, chlamhain riabhaiche, 's bi caomhain air na h-iseanean &c." Bha iad a rithist a' cuairteachadh an teampuill naoidh uairean 's an deigh sin ag ith 's ag ol 's a dannsadh. Bha beagan atharrachaidh air an doigh-so aig Calasraid—an aite bhi tilgeil nan criomanan arain air an cul-thaobh, bha iad an toiseach a' dubhadh aon dhiubh le guaillean, 's ga 'n tilgeadh troimh cheile am boineid. Agus bha 'm fear am tharruingeadh a mir dubh coisrigte do Bhaal, 's bhitheadh aige ri leum tri uairean troimh 'n teine mar gu'm b' ann ga iobradh.

Laimh ris an Eaglais-Bhric, bha na maighdeannean a' dol a mach moch air maduinn Bealtuinn a thional an dealt na 'm bois 's ga thilgeadh thair an gualainn mar thabhartas reiteachaidh gu bhi faighinn suiridhich. Ach 's ann a bhitheadh fortanach te a ghlacadh seilcheag air adharcean an trath sin (*Stat. Account of Scotland 1826*). Bha cuid mhaith de nosan diadhachd nan Druidh comhsheasamh an tabhartais, dheth 'm faodar a bhith lorgachadh cuid fathast, mar tha "Deoch na Gruagaich." Is rud so mu dheighinn nach 'eil e furasda bhith toir iomraidh chinntich, do bhrigh 's nach eilear a' cordadh mu'n Ghruagaich, co 'bho innte. B' e a tabhartas

sileag bhainne 'bha bhanarach a' dortadh dhi an deigh bleoghan a chruidh. Ged a tha an t-ainm a' filleadh gu'm b' e boirionnach a bha innte, tha cuid a cumail a'·mach gum b' i 'n t-aon ni i ris an *Uruisg*; mun 'bha 'n *Uruisg* gle gheocach air bainne. So leibh bodach a bha taghal air uillt 's glaic aonaraich; ach mu dheireadh an fhoghar a bha fas ni bu chaidreamaich 's ag ealadh mu'n bhaile. Agus mun bha e cho miannach air bainne, bha banaraich a' fagail sileig dha, gu bhith ga chumail air ghean. Aig an fheasgar, bha iad a' fagail suidheachan falamh dha ri taobh an teintean, agus cha d' thoireadh an saoghal air neach suidhe an sin, air eagal a bhi cur stuirte air an *uruisg*—oir 's e an daighear bha ann na 'n tigeadh braghadh air.

Na'm bitheadh neach a lathair aig an robh an da shealladh dh' fheudadh e bhi faicinn na h-uruisg, an coslas leth-sheann duine, aigeannach, sultmhor, an deise chiar-ghlas, falt buidhe, dosach tuiteam mu guallainnean, boineid mhor, leathann air a ceann, agus cuaille tapaidh na dorn. Is gann a bha tigh mor sam bith uairegin gun uruisg bhith taghal air. Agus 'n uair a thigeadh fodha bheireadh e srann air obair an trath a bhitheadh muinntir eile na 'n suain chodail. Tha Milton a' cur so gu h-aillidh anns an dan *L' Allegro*.

> Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn
> His shadowy flail has threshed the corn,
> That ten day-labourers could not end;
> Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
> And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength.

An uiread so mu'n *uruisg*—Ach tha cuid eile dearbhadh gu'm bitheadh sinn ni bu phoncail le bhith tuigsinn na Gruagaich mar fhleasgach og deadh-mhaiseach, le dualan donn, bachlach a' tuiteam na 'n tuinn mu mhuineal, agus uaithe sin a comh-dhunadh nach bu ni sam bith eile e ach a ghrian, no Apollo nan dual riomhach neo-bhearrta, dha 'bu shloinneadh am Breatuinn, *Grannus*, ged chaidh an t-ainm car air iomrall na ath-chumadh. Agus tha mi deanamh dheth gur e so am beachd is coslaich; oir tha e dearbhta gu'n robh seann fhineachean Bhreatuinn gu leir 'a leantuinn aoradh Apollo—agus mar sin gu'm b' ann do n' ghrein a bha na banachagan a' toir an dibhe bainne, ge b' e dealbh sam bith a bha na 'n inntinn fein, no 'n smuaintean muinntir neo-fhoghluimte an *coitchiontas*.

Tha Mr Mac-Cuinn a bha na mhinisteir an Cille-Mhuire 'san Eilean Sgiathanach (1770) ag innseadh gu'n robh iad cho deidheil air a chleas so ann an earuinn dheth 'n sgire, 's gu'n robh e na uspairn chruaidh dha bhi gu 'n aomadh gu a leigeadh dhiubh. B' abhaist dhoibh na h-uile la, an deigh bleoghainn a' chruidh, a bhi fagail dileig bhainne ann an lagan air mullach cloiche do 'n Ghruagaich, mar thabhartas buidheachais. Agus faodaidh sinn a bhi creidsinn gu'n robh a' Ghruagach a' gabhail ris an ofrail, oir cha b' fhada bitheadh a ghrian a' sughadh suas 's a' tiormachadh dileag bhainne, gu h-araidh air la teth samhraidh.

Tha sinn uile eolach air cleachdadh eile tha fathast cumanta air feadh na duthcha sin 's am bheil iad, aig deireadh an fhoghar, an deigh ceann a chur air a' bhuain, a' ceangal dorlach dhiasan 's ga 'n tasgadh suas ann an tigh a *Bhaintighearna-arbhair* no *mhaighdean* mar their iad rithe an Sasuinn. Mar-ri sin bithidh seann tuathanaich a' cur dorlach ghrainn ann am pocan 's ga chrochadh suas air an doigh cheudna. Is e bha 'n sin o chian, ofrail ceud thoradh na talmhuinn do Apollo La Liunasduinn —agus tha "siubhal a Ghabhair Bhacaich," cleachdadh neonach eile 'bha o chionn ghoirid cumanta 's an taobh tuath, a' cur gne chomhdhearbhadh air so. A' cheud fhear a chuir ceann air a' bhuain, bha esan a' ceangal sguabaig 's ga toirt an laimh gille luath-chasach, a's ga chur leatha dh' ionnsuidh a nabuidh a bha air dheireadh 's bha am fear so a rithist, air dha crioch a chur air a' bhuain, ga cur air adhart gus an ath-fhear a bha air dheireadh leis, &c. Ach cho luath 's a liubhradh e an "Gabhar" bha aige ri chasan a thoirt-as—oir cha robh 's a' chleachdadh mu dheireadh ach gne' raiteachais gu bhi cur an tuathanaich an cuimhne gu'n robh e ro-mhall air obair an fhoghar. A nis tha earrann an eachdraidh Pansanias, seann sgriobhaiche Greugach, a tha mi am barail a tha deanamh ciall agus tus a' "Ghabhar Bhacaich" soilleir dhuinn; agus a' dhearbhadh gu 'm bheil an so againn gne atharrais air an rian 'san robh ar sinnsirean a cur an tiodhlaic naomh a dh' ionnsuidh eilean Delos, do Apollo—ga chur o threubh gu treubh gus an ruigeadh e an t-eilean. So-leibh mar tha Pansanias ag radh. Is co math dhomh chur am Beurla. "The Hyperboreans sent the holy offering to the Arimaspi, they sent it on to the Isidoneans, these sent it to the Scythians, and these again to Sinope, whence the Athenians transported it to Delos."

Tha Calimachus cuideachd a' deanamh luaidh, no laoidh an onair Delos, air a leithid ceudna 's ag radh gu'n robh gach cearna dheth 'n domhan a' cur ofrail a cheud-thoraidh gu Delos.

Ach mar-ri sin, bha ar n-athraichean, amhuil mar na fineachan eile, toir aoraidh do chumhachdaidh Naduir, agus do Spioradan-gleidhidh aitean air leth. Is e samhuil dhaibh so ofrail Shony an Leoghas, air Oidhche Shamhna. Gu bhi deanamh sgeula fhada goirid, bha iad an sin a' cruinneachadh gu aite freagarrach 's a' taghadh fear dhe 'n chuideachd le tuiteam-chrann, 's bha esan a' dol sios gu mheadhon do 'n mhuir, le cuach leanna na laimh 's ga thaomadh air an uisge, an deigh dranndan athchuinge ri Shony gu bhi cur pailteas feamuinn thun na traighe air a gheamhradh.

Co-ionann ri sin bha "Leabaidh Bhrighd" ann an eilean Ile 's an Colonsa. Bha iad an sin a' deanamh suas sguabag arbhair 's ga cur seachad am bascaid, agus, an deigh focail failte do Bhrighd, dol gu fois, an duil gu'm faighteadh an lath 'r na mhaireach lorg coise Bhrighd anns an luath air a' chagailt, ma ghabh i ris an ofrail le gean math. Agus bha sud mar chomharradh dhoibh gu'm bitheadh iad a' faotainn an iarrtais, an fhad so.

Tha muinntir fathast beo aig am bheil cuimhne air cleachdadh ni-eigin coslach ri so a bha cuid a' leantuinn 'san Eilean Dubh. Ann an teaghlach 's an do chaochail neach bhitheadh iad oidhche Challuinn, a' racadh na griosaich dheth na chagailt, a cur na luath comhnard, min, agus air maduinn na bliadhna uir gheibhteadh, ma's a fior, lorg coise an neach a dh' fhalbh air an luath. Ach cha 'n 'eil e furasda bhi deanamh mach ciod e bu bhonn na bu chiall do 'n chleas. Ach is iomadh nis a's cleas a b'fhearr na so a chaidh o chionn fhada gu tur air dhi-chuimhne le ar mi-thoirte, agus mu 'm bu mhath leinn an diugh mion-chunntais a bhi againn.

8TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

At this meeting the Rev. Mr Watson, Kiltearn, read the following paper on

"THE COLLECTING OF HIGHLAND LEGENDS AND THE NECESSITY FOR COLLECTING THEM NOW."

WHILE undoubtedly a great deal has of late years been done in the way of encouraging the study of the Celtic language and literature, especially in reference to the departments of mythology and folk-lore, I cannot but think that much more could be accomplished in the way of collecting legends by our scholars, who are scattered over all parts of the Highlands, if only they directed *their attention* to the subject.

This being my opinion, I had little difficulty in determining on what subject to write when this large and well known society did me the honour of requesting me to prepare an essay with the view of its being read here, and so I venture to make the following remarks on "the Collecting of Highland Legends and the Necessity for Collecting them now."

I.—A preliminary question meets us on the very threshold of our subject, viz., are there any legends to gather? are we sure that they have not all been collected already?

(1) This question, I think, scarcely requires an answer. Every one who has in his youth lived in a Highland country parish, and who in his after years became a student of the language and customs of his people, knows, or thinks he knows, that a tithe has not yet been collected of what might have been. The language is to its very greatest depths saturated with legends, while its modern surface is tattooed (if we may use the expression) with those mythological images which have descended from the days of yore. In all countries men cling with extraordinary tenacity to the customs and to the thoughts of their ancestors. In this respect all races are conservative; for example, we read of Icelandic kings, like Hegli, who having been converted to Christianity, trusted in Christ, except when they got into any difficulty or when they were about to put out to sea and incur the dangers of the great deep. Then they invoked the aid of Thor, the god of their forefathers.

What we might call the most glaring of the legends, the most sensational, have, generally speaking, found their way into print; but there are whole hosts of modest, unobtrusive, shy stories which are yet pure in their native element. Nature does not wear her most useful lessons on her sleeve: and nothing can be more natural than that these retiring, shy legends should have escaped the observation of collectors, while the more vigorous, forward and highly coloured succeeded in exalting themselves into the high places of literature. But it does not follow that those legends which have hitherto escaped notice are less interesting, or would give less information or would throw less light upon the past than their fellows. In the physical world the more boisterous agents are generally, if not always, the weaker. The sunbeam is stronger and more useful than the volcano, and gravitation is more powerful than the thunderstorm; for while the latter may hurl down a few buildings, or wreck a few ships, or lash the ocean into fury, the former guides worlds as they roll in their orbits and

rules suns as they travel through the immensities of space. The same law holds true in the realms of language. What appears strong language, what is called strong language, is invariably weak in comparison with the calm deductions of reason, or the almost still small voice of the demonstrative sciences. And, may it not happen that those legends which, on account of their timid bashfulness, have hitherto escaped the printing-press, as the silent force of electricity eluded for ages the grasp of the students of natural philosophy, will turn out to possess far more beauty and far more energy than other legends which, at the first blush, appear strong, —indeed than any one would be inclined to give such modest legends credit for, before a thorough examination of their details and history had been made? To all the sciences, but especially to the science of language we can apply the immortal words of the poet Gray :—

> How many a gem of purest ray serene ,
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Have we in our Highland straths and glens no students who will put themselves to the trouble of collecting the gems which are scattered in our language? Some of our Highland friends may be unable to separate the valuable from the valueless, but let that not prevent them from collecting the ore since other scholars can perhaps be found who will distinguish the grains of gold from the heaps of sand.

(2) But let us suppose that the idea of there being uncollected legends still floating in the language of our people, is a false one ; let us suppose that not only has every legend been gathered, but also every scrap and edition of every legend ; that every local name and peculiar expression, every ancient custom and fragment of poetry, every riddle and proverb has been collected ; and having supposed all this, let us ask, what good can it do to direct attention to the collecting of them now?

I put this question in as strong a form as possible, because there are persons in this country, who are not slow to tell us that all that could be done in this department of science has been already done.

The answer to this is very simple, viz., that we have no more proof that the collection has been so thorough, so complete and so searching as is here indicated, than that a dream casts a shadow. *It is easy to* make strong statements but not, by any means, so

easy to verify them; and even were all legends gathered it would be no small boon to the Celtic student to have a clear proof that they were gathered.

The botanist is not satisfied until he knows that he has examined all the flowers and plants in the district in which he resides, and so the real student of language cannot rest contented until he is convinced that all the legends, &c., of his country have been collected and classified. And as the botanist examines the most common grasses and worthless weeds, as well as the most gorgeous flowers and towering trees, the student of the science of language brings the lens of criticism to bear on the most childish fable as well as on the most soul-inspiring poetry.

For a long time many enthusiastic men wasted large portions of their lives as well as treasures of wealth in the search of the so-called perpetual motion; and it is said that there are men still engaged in this barren investigation, under the delusion that the perpetual motion is a lost but recoverable invention, and that our Government some years ago laid aside a great reward to be bestowed on the successful re-discoverer. Is it no small boon to the scientific world to be convinced that the perpetual motion is impossible? This allows many an enthusiast to direct his energies into another and more useful channel; while, the very assumption of the principle that the perpetual motion is impossible, has led to the discovery of new and important scientific truths.

For a long time it was a question with astronomers whether there were inhabitants in the moon or not. Did astronomy gain nothing by proving that our satellite has no atmosphere, and in consequence, that there can be no inhabitants there who resemble us in the least? Omitting the satisfaction attending the solution of an interesting scientific problem, did not the settling of this question enable both those who were and those who would have been interested in it, to pursue, undisturbed by it, other important scientific investigations? If the key which unlocked this riddle had not been discovered, its want would have haunted the minds of many of them, would have tended to wean away their attention from other pursuits and thus would have rendered them less able to extend the confines of discovery.

The same principle holds good in reference to our legends. So long as we are not certain that they have all been gathered up, there will, in all probability, be men whose minds will be haunted with the thought that something more could be done in this field than has yet been accomplished, and therefore whose usefulness in

other departments of Celtic literature and science will inevitably be diminished.

Thus standing upon the lowest level possible—assuming, for the sake of argument, that every legend, nursery story and quaint saying, that every proverb, riddle and scrap of poetry has been already collected, we come to the conclusion that even in such circumstances it would be no vain task to draw attention to the subject were it even to obtain a proof of the thorough character of the previous research. How much more incumbent, therefore, is it upon us all to enter this region of scientific labour with renewed vigour, since we are well-nigh certain that no more than a tithe of the legends, &c., which are floating in the language of the Highlander has yet been observed and examined.

The number of men in our age who work their way into print is very large, yet there are thousands, especially in the remote Highlands for whom it is no easy task to pass any writing of theirs through the press. Here, however, in the collecting of legends and in the describing of ancient customs we have a rich field in which any one possessing a fair share of common sense, and rather more than a fair share of perseverance, can make for himself a name. The more remote the glen in which the student lives, the further away from the steam-ship and railroad the better, since here in the dark, the legends, like certain flowers, have a better chance of living than in the full daylight of modern civilisation.

II.—But this leads us to put our second question—what good can it do to the Highlander, or to any one else, to gather and classify these apparently silly stories?

It has been proved that there is a science of language and and that this science can be classed among the physical sciences. It is not yet an old science, like chemistry and geology; it really belongs to the nineteenth century. Now, the science of language has not only supplied a new basis but has also thrown a new light on the science of mythology, and this again has illuminated with its rays the hitherto dark regions of storiology and folk-lore. "Even classical philology," says the distinguished German philosopher, Helmholtze, "even classical philology is no longer restricted to the study of those works which, by their artistic perfection and precision of thought, or because of the importance of their contents, have become models of prose and poetry to all ages. On the contrary we have learnt that every lost fragment of an ancient author, a very gloss of a pedantic grammarian, every *allusion of* a Byzantine court-poet, every broken tombstone found

in the wilds of Hungary or Spain or Africa, may contribute a fresh fact, or fresh evidence, and thus serve to increase our knowledge of the past;" but if this be true of words and fragments of sentences, it is also true of myths, legends and ancient customs.

Now, since the study of legends must be classed among the scientific studies, it at once becomes manifest that such a study cannot but do good if wisely pursued. The intellectual energy elicited helps to invigorate the student's mind, while the new and interesting truths which he discovers go to increase his store of knowledge. Further, as every planet in the universe modifies the motion of every other, we find that every new science, and every new truth has a tendency to improve and enlarge those sciences which are already adorned with the majesty of years. "The study of words may be tedious to the school boy as the breaking of stones is to the wayside labourer, but, to the thoughtful eye of the geologist, these stones are full of interest—he sees miracles on the high-road, and reads chronicles in every ditch;" and so while the uneducated observer sees no beauty in legends and no instruction in nursery stories, the student of language reads in many of them the history of the far past. When Galileo discovered spots on the sun's surface no one imagined that it would be discovered in a subsequent age that these spots were in some way associated with the Aurora Borealis of our planets, with the motions of our magnetic needles, and even with our terrestrial rainfall and cyclones; so we know not yet what our new science may lead to.

When the geologist finds a new fossil in the strata of the earth, he preserves it and ceases not to examine it until it reveals its secret to him, until it tells its fascinating story of the animal or vegetable life which existed on our planet during ages that have long since vanished into the cycles of the past. Is there no use in this? Does any sane man despise the science of geology? Now language has been beautifully called *fossil poetry*. Professor Max Muller, after explaining some stories in his excellent lecture on the Philosophy of Mythology, exclaims, "I wish I could tell you some more of these stories which have been gathered from all parts of the world, and which, though they may be pronounced childish and tedious by some critics, seem to me to glitter with the brightest dew of nature's own poetry, and to contain those very touches that make us feel akin, not only with Homer and Shakespeare, but even with Lapps, and Finns, and Kaffirs."

When the student discovers a myth or a legend of the far

distant, dim past, petrified in the strata of language, he preserves it and begins to examine it. The ignorant may think his conduct foolish, and his eagerness to gather up those nursery tales and school-day rhymes which they were accustomed to regard as silly in the extreme, may be considered by them as an indication of a mind more fit for confinement in a lunatic asylum than for, perhaps, a proud position in the temple of learning; yet, he is not discouraged, for he knows that the pioneers of every great science were in their day despised and dishonoured. Astronomy is now the prince of the physical sciences, yet "we find the whole genus of astronomical men soundly castigated by Socrates (the wisest of the ancients), who thought astronomy was desirable for determining the day of the month, or the hour of the night; but that to carry it further was waste of valuable time and that '*speculators on the universe and on the laws of Heavenly bodies were no better than madmen.*'" (Solar Physics by N. Lockyer).

If the childhood even of astronomy was thus dishonoured can we wonder should the labours of the students of the science of storiology not be respected? But, notwithstanding this disrespect when the student of the Celtic language and literature finds a fossil he wishes to preserve every fragment of it that he may put it through the ordeal of a cross-examination; and if he can prevail upon it to reveal its secret he feels that he has learned a higher truth than that which thrills the geologist, since it is a truth pertaining not to the history of the vegetable or animal worlds, but to the history of human beings possessing immortal souls—to the history of human beings whose blood, in all probability, pulsates through his own veins.

Words have been called casts from the primeval picture gallery of the human mind, and to a certain extent the same title might be applied to legends also. From the study of words, myths, and legends, that is, from the archives of language we have already learned much of what the Aryan civilisation was during ages stretching further back far than the dawn of documentary history; but very much more remains to be done, and it is to be hoped that worthy labourers will ere long be seen at work in every Highland strath and glen.

The Brothers Grimm, Dr Dasant, Dr Bleek, Dr Callaway, &c., and our own distinguished Highland scholar, Mr Campbell, have taught us that our popular stories, however unmeaning they may appear, have a meaning of their own, that indeed they "yield *most valuable* materials for the palæontology of the human race."

No one denies that it does much good to throw light on the languages, customs, and laws of the present, but legends compose one element of the conversational life of our people, and the more fully we master them the more thoroughly do we understand the significance of what we hear almost every day.

Again, no one denies that we derive much benefit from studying the history of the past; but to many a mind the word "history" has unfortunately a peculiar and hence a limited signification, and that, of course, by no means, the highest. To many people (readers and writers) history signifies the description of court intrigues, battles, revolutions and all such phenomena. It never seems to dawn upon their minds that there was an under-current of force, out of which battles and revolutions sprung in the past; and out of which also the phenomena of the present developed themselves by a slow but sure process. The philosophical historian makes it his primary business to understand and describe this under-current, to point out the general in the midst of the particular, and the fundamental underlying the superficial. He is as sure that this force existed as that there were fern forests previous to the formation of our coal fields. Now, the further back we can trace any chain of which the links are cause and effect, the more really do we understand that portion of the series which is under immediate observation, and so nothing surely can be more manifest than that the more thoroughly we understand that out of which the present was developed, the more completely are we masters of the knowledge of the life which we live, the laws which we obey, and the customs which we follow. But, in relation to our theme, it has been proved, and that satisfactorily, that the scientific study of language, of myths, legends, and customs reveals this dim hidden history of the far past, out of which the present was developed, better than the study of any other science or set of sciences does, and hence we cannot but conclude that those who are engaged in collecting the legends which are floating among the people are employed in a task which is anything but a vain one. The student who collects the legends may not be able to understand their significance, but that is no more a reason why he should not collect them, than that the mechanic who makes the piston of a steam engine should refuse to work until he comprehends every detail of that wondrous engine which imparts life to our factories and speed to our locomotives. Let him be persuaded that not only has every legend which he hears a history but also every word which he utters. As the artist never dreams that the clay which

he handles contains the remnants of organic life we are unconscious of the full historic beauty of the words which we speak, and of the legends at which we smile. We do not feel, for example, when we utter the word "daughter" that we are speaking of a "milkmaid," nor that the word "father" originally meant "protector."

Let us confine our attention for a little to the word "daughter," and ask ourselves briefly what is involved in the fact that this word originally meant "milkmaid"? This word, we are told, is the same in all the Aryan languages except Latin; that is to say, this word was in common use in those primeval days before the Aryan language had broken up into its several branches, and before the Aryan races had scattered from their primeval home. How long ago this was we cannot tell, but we do know (v. Max. Muller's Lectures on the science of Language, vol. i.) that one at least of the Aryan languages (the Sanskrit) was old in the days of King Solomon. The argument by which this has been proved commends itself by the coherence of its parts and the reasonableness of its conclusions. We cannot enter into details here, but perhaps we may give some idea of the nature of the argument. If the Gaelic language were to die out, and if some tens of thousands of years after this scholars were endeavouring to determine when Gaelic was a spoken language, they would feel almost if not absolutely certain that it was spoken at the time at which such Gaelic words as *clan* and *pibroch* were imported into the English. Now we read in the 10th chap. of 1st Kings that Solomon's navy brought him from some foreign port or ports, "algum-trees, gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks." The names for algum-trees, apes, peacocks, and ivory are foreign words in Hebrew, as much as gutta-percha and tobacco are in English. But it has been shown that these are not foreign words in Sanskrit, and therefore the conclusion is that they were borrowed from Sanskrit, and so that Sanskrit was a spoken language in the days of the Hebrew King Solomon. This being so, the word "daughter" must have been in common use, not only in Solomon's time, but long before. The same holds true of the word "father." (Sanskrit—pitar).

We know that as nations advance in civilisation, the family tie becomes more firm and the family relationship more compact. There are nations in the world to-day so deeply sunk in barbarism that descent is reckoned not through the father's line, but through the mothers'. The reason of this is manifest and need not here be *dwelt upon.* But the word "father" here shows us that the Aryan

race, to which we belong, had so far advanced in civilisation that, even before the time of King Solomon, the father was regarded as the *protector* of the family, and "the name of 'milkmaid' given to the daughter of the house opens before our eyes a little idyll of the poetical and pastoral life of the early Aryans. One of the few things by which the daughter before she was married might make herself useful in a nomadic household, was the milking of the cattle, and it discloses a kind of delicacy and humour even in the rudest state of society, if we imagine a father calling his (little) daughter (as he dandled her on his knee) his little milkmaid, rather than suta, his begotten, or filia, the suckling." (M. M.)

But the fact that the Sanskrit language throws light upon the history of the word "daughter," and to a certain small but beautiful extent on the early history of the Aryan races, may not tend to make the more sceptical of our Highland friends believe that gems of valuable truth can be discovered in the beautiful language which is their mother tongue and far less that there is meaning in those stories which gladdened their childish years.

We shall therefore examine one little myth and endeavour to find what its meaning is. The bane of philosophy is pomposity, and so we shall confine our attention to one of the simplest of the sayings of some of our people, and what to many may appear one of the silliest of such sayings.

In the days of my boyhood, I used to hear in the Island of Lewis a great many stories (to me at that time fascinating stories) about ghosts, second-sight, peculiar remedies, fairies, trolls, brownies, &c. I became particularly interested in the elfin inhabitants of hillocks green, and although I somewhat feared them, I had, I suppose like most boys, a strong desire to see them; and in consequence I often asked those who, in my opinion should know such mysteries, what had become of the fairies? Where were they now? Were they ever seen in our day? The invariable answer which I got is the myth to which I now wish to direct your attention. It was the following:—"*They left this country when the gospel came, and they have not re-appeared since, and where they now are we cannot tell.*"

Has this language any meaning? Is it one of the myths that an ordinary collector would be ready to write down in his note book? or would he be more likely to pass it over as a silly Highland superstition? If it can be proved that even this has a meaning—that even this apparently foolish answer contains a beautiful kernel of truth are, we not justified in expecting that other similar

sayings have also a signification of their own, although that signification may not yet have been discovered?

I need scarcely say that no educated man believes, in our day, that fairies once lived in a mysterious fashion in hillocks green, or that they really performed the various deeds of wonder ascribed to them in the legends of almost all lands. At the same time no educated man doubts that they existed somewhere. If we doubt this, we must believe what is still more incredible, viz., that in the dark ages a certain number of men were clever enough to weave together a tissue of incredible lies which other men, no less clever, were stupid enough to believe. Nor can there scarcely be a greater mistake than to imagine that whole nations, at a certain period of their history, were seized with a frenzy for manufacturing incredible stories; and yet stories which, taken literally, are incredible can be found among all races.

The truth is that fairies *did* exist in those dark ages which preceeded the dawn of knowledge—they existed in the minds and imaginations of men. It is not our present business to determine how they came there, but even this difficult problem has been grappled with and to a certain extent solved. Fairies once lodged in the imaginations of men, but when that beautiful light from on high began to shine—that beautiful light which we call the Gospel—the darkness with its delusions and shadows vanished, the college of fairies and the ghastly regiment of ghosts disappeared—disappeared not from green hillocks or dismal glens, for they never were there, but from the minds of those men in whose imaginations they had found a habitation. Thus, then our Highland friends are not wrong when they tell us that the fairies disappeared,—left the country when the Gospel came; but they do not all understand the full beauty and significance of the language which they employ.

Thus we see that the saying which some of us once thought so silly gives us a valuable lesson; it lifts the curtains and gives us at least one peep through the vistas of the past enabling us to behold one interesting stage in the development of mind. We see the delusions of the dark ages disappearing before the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, as the shadows and darkness of night vanish before the rays of the morning.

Our time forbids us to follow up this department of our subject any further; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to add that if any one doubts that much good and much pleasure can be derived *from the studying* of this branch of science, he will find that his

doubts will vanish before the light which the science itself will bring, as the fairies and trolls of the days of old vanished before the light of the centuries in which we live.

It is undeniable that a great deal of nonsense has been spoken and written about legends, but let this discourage no one, for it is equally true that botany was once in a crude condition, and that the Ptolemaic system of astronomy was based on a wrong conception. The study of geology is now established on a scientific foundation, and no one is kept back from it on account of the fact that there was once a time when the theory was advanced that fossils were due to the agency of the devil. So with us, it is not with the failures of our science that we have to deal but with the strides which it has been making into the kingdom of truth. Discoveries have been already made in this mine which in the opinion of some of our very best thinkers are "not inferior, whether in novelty or importance, to the most brilliant discoveries of our age."

III.—In the third place, I think that now is the time when a society such as ours should put forth its best energies to collect all the legends and all that belong to legendary lore in the Highlands. Unless we are already too late, we are not too early. Languages grow and decay; and, as the Provençal, in which the poetry of the Troubadours was written, attained, at one time, a high degree of literary excellence, but is now degenerated into a mere patois, we find that the Gaelic which shortly before the time of the Reformation possessed a literary vigour of which its sons might well be proud, has since been on the wane. It seems to me that we have one proof that our language is dying out, even in the fact that the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh is being established, not by an enthusiastic Celt, but by a distinguished Saxon. Should, however, the Gaelic die out in a few years, it would leave behind it a legacy of which we have no reason to be ashamed; but that is no argument why we should not endeavour to increase its literature now if we can. Many a language has died without leaving any literature, while that left by the other dead languages is very small; for example, all that we have of the old Prussian which died in the 17th century is an old catechism; while all the literary work that remains of the Gothic is a translation of the Bible. In comparison with such languages the Gaelic stands high, yet the stern fact remains that its sun is setting. And it is just because the Gaelic language is dying that we should now put forth our utmost efforts to glean from it as much as can be gleaned ere the harvest is past.

Let us suppose that a range of lofty mountains like the Andes, were split from summit to base by volcanic action and that in the immense rents and fissures formed, there were laid bare myriads of fossils both flora and fauna. If all species of known fossils were there as well as petrifactions of innumerable species that hitherto had escaped geological research, it would seem as if then the science of geology was made easy. If, however, it was discovered that through some mysterious chemical agency a large number of specimens was continually disappearing, the anxiety of geologists would naturally become very intense; and, to save the whole from passing into oblivion, deputations would be sent from all civilised countries to examine and place on record what yet remained visible. Further, the geologists would arrange themselves into convenient classes; and the members of each class would proceed to study those strata with which they were most familiar. This would be desirable and natural. But in one sense the opening has been made into the strata of language by the discovery of Sanskrit. By this discovery the student of language is enabled to examine the fossil poetry of the Aryan races through the strata of many centuries, and "if Hegel calls the discovery of the common origin of Greek and Sanskrit the discovery of a new world, the same may be said with regard to the common origin of Greek and Sanskrit mythology;" nay further, it may be said with regard to the still more interesting discovery that the myths and legends of all the Aryan nations are closely related to one another, and seem to have sprung from a common source. Whether we examine the songs of the Edda or the hymns of the Veda, whether we walk among the snows of Iceland or along the borders of the Seven Rivers, stories closely resembling one another can be heard. This is a modern discovery and therefore we who know this should be more interested in the collecting of myths and legends than our predecessors who did not and could not know it. Are we so interested? The students of geology are legion, why are the students of this interesting branch of the science of language so few? Geology is an interesting study, but it does not surely possess so much human interest as the study of the language, the legends, the scraps of poetry and the fragments of prose, which have floated down to us on the tide of years from the time when they were living realities in the minds of our ancestors. To know what our ancestors in the far distant past hoped and feared, thought and desired, should *be of more interest* to us than to know what weeds once grew on

the soil which we cultivate, or what reptiles crawled over the landscapes which we admire, or what crustacea once lived in the ocean over the billows of which we sail. The tablets of Karnak, the palaces of Nineveh, the cylinders of Babylon, the catacombs of Rome and of Egypt and the earthquake shaken forum of guilty Pompeii have all been examined ; but these tell us little of the past in comparison with myths, words and legends. The study of ancient ruins is interesting, and the study of the flora and fauna which we find imbedded in the solid rocks is perhaps no less so, but the study of those fossils which we find in language transcends them all. Therefore we trust that willing labourers will be found in our Highland glens, especially since we know that although their is not much danger of a chemical agency which will destroy the writings inscribed on the foundations of the everlasting hills, yet the fossils petrified in the strata of language are dying out, and the probability, nay almost the certainty, is that each year sees the obliteration of specimens which can never be recovered. Only forty-two years have elapsed since the Brothers Grimm published the "Mährchen," yet Professor Max Muller says, "Fifty years hence the collection of these stories may become as valuable as the few remaining bones of the Dodo. Stories, become extinct like Dodos and Megatheria, and they *die out so rapidly* that in Germany for instance, it would be impossible at preesnt to discover traces of many of the stories which the Brothers Grimm and their friends caught up from the mouth of an old granny or a village doctor half a century ago." This being so, it is manifest that all the legends which are still floating in the language of our people should be gathered as soon as possible. We know not what havoc the decay of our language may be making among our legends. It is probable that, at this very hour, there are legends trembling on the confines of the land of oblivion. Let us capture them ere they vanish into the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns.

But if our subject is more interesting than geology, which also is interesting, why do we find so few among us studying it while enthusiasts in the latter science may be found in all civilised lands. In answer to this, let me ask why do those who live in the neighbourhood of a battlefield, show less interest in it than those who come to visit it from a distance? If a beautiful plant were brought to Inverness from one of the Coral Islands of the Pacific, we would all take pleasure in examining its root, stem, leaves, flower, *calyx*, *stamina* and pistils. How many persons in our

country have put themselves to the trouble of studying that perhaps no less beautiful crimson tipped flower which not only adorns every lawn, but which also kindled the poetic spirit of Robert Burns into song. We overlook and almost forget the constant, while our attention is rivetted by the variable; the phenomena with which we are the most familiar, are just those which are the more ready to escape our notice. Words which we hear every hour, customs which we see every day, legends which we have heard repeated scores of times seem so common-place and natural that we never dream of asking what they mean. We must mentally place ourselves outside the familiar and gaze upon it from a distance as if through a telescope, before the fact that it has a meaning begins to dawn upon our minds. It is then that the familiar

> "Will win
> A glory from its being far
> And orb into the perfect star,
> We saw not, when we moved therein."

Even customs which in themselves appear trivial, have a history and signification of their own. We saw gentlemen a thousand times removing their gloves previous to shaking hands with a lady, before we thought of asking what this custom meant. But when we learned that there was once a time when a knight's glove was a steel gauntlet, a squeeze with which would not be pleasant, light dawned upon our eyes and the apparently useless habit had a halo of meaning shed around it. We welcome our friends in this country by shaking hands with them, or if our affection be very strong and mutual we may kiss them. We are so familiar with these customs that we call them natural and imagine that all human beings do the same; yet, in New Zealand, in some parts of China and of the Lapland Alps, the salutation is made by a rubbing of noses. It is when we learn such facts that we begin to be really convinced that we are the slaves of habit. Nay, so thoroughly are we the slaves of habit that it is impossible for us to imagine that New Zealanders, when their noses rub together, experience the waves of feeling similar to those of which we are conscious when we clasp the hand of a friend.

Every custom has its own meaning and history, as certainly as the fact that a lady when walking with a gentleman places herself on his left hand side, or that the Highlander's settle is always placed in a definite position relative to the door, has a meaning. *Customs like* flora and fauna are fossils, and it is a truism to

remark that we in the Highlands have customs which to a certain extent are peculiar to ourselves; and, as each custom grew in a definite way and has its meaning, it cannot be called a vain study to inquire what that meaning is. Further, now is the time to inquire what our customs are, and what their signification is, for, as our language is dying out before the royal advance of the English language, so are our customs vanishing before the encroachments of the steam-ship, the railroad and the daily newspaper.

IV.—In the fourth and last place, it is not to be denied that while the collecting of legends and myths is a pleasant and profitable study, it has, like all other branches of learning, difficulties peculiar to itself.

(1). I discovered in some parts of the North, what has been indeed discovered in other parts of the world, that some of the old people who are the repositories of ancient stories are often ashamed of them. They can hardly believe that the collector's enthusiasm is real; they imagine that it is his intention to ridicule them; and hence one requires to practise very great care and modesty and skill to induce them to reveal all they know. Their mind like a sensitive plant, closes up its petals at the first rude contact. It is only in the full sunshine of genial intercourse that the petals spread and shed their fragrance. This should not be. Neither we nor our people have any reason to be ashamed of that which in itself or in its relations is not wrong. Legends, myths, customs and words are natural phenomena worthy of the philosopher's deepest study, and he who knows the legend or is familiar with the custom, should not hesitate to make the facts known, for facts are important factors in all branches of science.

(2). It will be difficult for those collectors who have been reared in the North, and who have from their earliest years breathed the very atmosphere which contains the phenomena to be observed, to make themselves conscious of even the existence of these phenomena. In other words it will not be easy for them to have the seeing eye and the hearing ear. In a cultivated community the child soon learns to understand what pictures mean and to distinguish one picture from another, while a grown up savage can see in the best picture only lines and scratches and colour. The savage is so utterly unfamiliar with pictures, that he must pass through a long course of training before he perceives their significance. We, on the other hand, are so exceedingly familiar with the phenomena at play around us that

we require a course of training to make us capable of perceiving that there are phenomena to study and that these phenomena, how familiar soever they are, have phases of which the ignorant never dream.

Very much can be done in the way of clarifying the perceptive vision, by studying the legends and customs of distant nations and divers races, especially those of Iceland. We are told by the very best authorities that "the Icelandic contains the key to many a riddle in the English language, and to many a mystery in the English character," but the more we understand the English character the better will we measure that of the Celt.

(3). The last difficulty to which we shall refer is that of getting the legends in their natural condition. As fossils run the risk of being destroyed both in the quarry in which they are found, and in the hands of an unskilled geologist, so both those who have the legends to tell and those who have them to write may, unless they are careful, destroy the beauty and obscure the meaning of the specimens. There is a strong temptation to improve upon legends, *i.e.*, of course, to improve upon them from the improver's point of view. There is a risk that certain portions may be lopped off as worthless, and that certain words may be dropped in favour of others which may perhaps be thought to have a more poetic ring.

Imagine a quarrier or a mason finding some splendid specimens of fossils and then endeavouring to improve their appearance by polishing or otherwise, before bringing them to the geologist; imagine a ploughman discovering an urn containing very ancient coins and trying to increase the value of his treasure-trove by drawing new figures on the urn or inscribing new writings on the coins; imagine some one finding a rare and beauteous flower and then lopping off certain leaves and painting others before bringing it to the botanist; imagine a servant fond of loud colours, trying to improve the paintings on the walls of some baronial hall by giving some tints a brighter hue and some figures a more bold appearance, and when you have imagined this you have imagined nothing more absurd than what is sometimes done by those who attempt to adorn legends and myths. Therefore we would venture to say to those who are young in this department of science—as you would make it a rule to bring the fossil in its native condition to the geologist, as you would bring the ancient coins untouched to the antiquarian, as you would bring the fair and beauteous flower unimpaired to the botanist, as you would not try to improve the frescoes of an Angelo, or the paintings of a Raphael, so

bring all the legends which you can find and all the myths which you can discover, to the Secretary of the Inverness Gaelic Society, and bring them in their natural condition. Let him have, not improved editions, but the *ipsissima verba*. Every word which is changed, in a legend every line which may seem to be improved, every tint which is made more vivid, may tend to make the fossil *appear* more beautiful, but it is not necessarily in the beauty (from this point of view) of its words, or the rhythm of its sentences that the value of a legend lies, but in the germ of truth which it encases, and while improving the legend you may, perhaps, extinguish its life.

As an illustration of how important single words are; nay, as an illustration of what vast consequences may follow the changing of even a portion of a word let us refer to India where it was for centuries a custom to burn widows in the same flame in which the bodies of their dead husbands were consumed. The Brahmans maintained that this cruel rite was commanded in their sacred books. The Rig-Veda has been examined by European scholars and no such command was found in it, but it was discovered that the Brahmans changed in the verse which was said to contain the command referred to, the word *agre* (altar) to the word *agneh* (fire). This seems a trivial change, yet it was, we are told, sufficient to consign thousands upon thousands of females to a cruel death.

Of course no such dire results as the above can possibly follow any changes which we may make upon our legends, yet it shows how the modifying of even a single syllable may make the unravelling of a legend's meaning more difficult; and it shows further the importance of our gathering every attainable edition of each legend, so as to be enabled, by making comparisons between them all to arrive at what we may designate the true meaning. If a single word is lost or modified, it might be the very word on which the meaning hinges. Therefore in collecting our legends let us remember that they are "when unadorned, adorned the most." The fact that a legend has already found its way into print, is no reason why it should be omitted in a new collection if a difference be found to exist between the new edition and the old.

The great German philosopher Leibnitz, "pointed out long ago the importance of dialects, and even of provincial and local terms, for elucidating the etymological structure of language" and the principle as we have endeavoured to prove, is no less true of mythology and folk lore.

22ND FEBRUARY, 1877.

At the meeting on this date, Mr Wm. Nicolson, Whitecroft, Lydney, and Mr John G. Mackay, 118 Plantation Street, Glasgow, were elected ordinary members. Thereafter, the Secretary, on behalf of Mr Donald Ross, M.A., H. M.'s Inspector of Schools, read the following paper on

"THE COSMOS OF THE ANCIENT GAELS, IN ITS RELATION TO THEIR ETHICS."

PART I.

The past few years form a remarkable era in the history and growth of general Celtic and especially of Gaelic scholarship. Our age has not yet worked itself out of the dull inheritance of compromise, nor laid itself free from the grossness of its preceding unreason. But, with all the grossness of its heritage and its undoubted tendency to ignore the spiritual interpretation of the Universe, or, at best, to profess itself satisfied with an uncertain reflection of high spiritual truths in such imperfections as the gospel of success and its adjuncts, this age, this latter half of the nineteenth century, embraces conditions which in their interaction are already converting its outcome into the hopeful basis of more enlarged science. For one thing and markedly it has grasped, not indeed universally, nor with equal emphasis in all quarters, though for the first time in this country, the great principle of evolution or development—the active result of a will or power which no effort of man, or of any combination of men can thwart or in any way repress. We have not, it is true, grasped that principle in its entirety, or purely in itself; we express it, as we grasp it, in the dull, untechnical forms of our age and nation—in terms of experience, or in terms of fact. But this very narrowness of range and feebleness of interpretative effort mean an intense concentration upon fact. And so, mainly it is, that it justly claims to be an age of strict scrutiny, of research carried to the verge of scepticism, and, along with these, a keen sense for facts, which it gathers with diligence and treasures up for the interpretation which the stronger light of a less gross and less generally distrustful era will reveal. Though, in the main, it has hitherto clung to small doctrines, and pinned its faith, especially in late years to the meagre and somewhat pert gospel of isolated facts, there is no *reason why* we should picture out a lugubrious future, or confine

our thoughts to the things which are at hand, partly because, in its keen spirit of distrust, it deals as mercilessly with the shams and vivid unrealities of the past as with the loftier aspirations of the present; partly also because keen criticism and active research have always heralded calm, firm and purer eras; but mainly because one already sees the vast accumulations of gathered facts yielding up their meaning, gradually though slowly transforming themselves into truths, principles and laws, one of which is this partial expression of evolution and development. The past is being closely questioned, through every discovered fragment of its remains, and these fragments have been brought to light from many quarters of whose existence our grandfathers have had no idea. Development was known to all great minds, in all ages, at least from that of Plato downwards, but not as stretching along the lines in which we now see its effects. Posterity will trace the course of development, if not through other and clearer forms, then certainly in a clearer light, and through its laws and the aid of higher principles which govern even those laws, run up the gathered facts and inductions of our era into a fabric of rationally deduced and rationally constructed truth.

One notable way in which the spirit of this age shows itself is the thorough sifting of the things of outer sense from those of inner fancy, or in laying open the line between the world around us and the world within us. The result seems to me to be one of high literary significance. Into this very fertile field I do not now enter; but I tacitly pre-suppose a few literary canons which research and criticism have brought to the clearer exposition of history.

But, do the Gaelic people, does the average Celtic mind, share in the dominant spirit of the age, or in the general ideas, opinions and principles which the progressive mind of modern Europe now enunciates and articulates? Whether or not there be a sneaking mendacity beneath the surface of our institutions, above it at all events we see an intense reverence for fact, for things which are, and which are at hand. Along with this we see, not indeed an intolerance of the luxuries of the imagination, but a laudable desire to push literary fiction within well defined and profitable limits, a keen recognition of mythopoeic elements, tendencies and laws, a severance along the lines of history of the actualities of fact from their subsequent excrescences, and a dogged desire to verify principles through examples. Aggressive people that had won solid empire in various directions, have always possessed a keen and strong faculty for the

objects of outer sense, as well as patience, hope and the power to grasp, group and analyze the data of sense-experience. But the Celtic races, it has repeatedly been argued, have not, at least for many centuries, been remarkable for the possession of these or any such microscopic faculties; and hence the Celtic mind has never been face to face with a large class of realities. Fire, brilliancy, uncertain insight, were allowed, though often under protest, to be factors in the Celtic mind and genius, but persistence, concentration, and a sense for objective reality and gathered, or transmitted facts, were denied to its composition. The Teutonic world, with some degree of justice to prompt its verdict and the expression of it, has hitherto been in the habit of disposing of the claims of Gaelic effort, if not by a patronising sneer, then at best by relegating its literary products to what was assumed, without much scrutiny, to be the proper platform in the pyramid of thought. That, however, is of the past; and now the verdict of criticism on the Celtic modes of thought and the general Celtic heritage of the country is rather the other way. Those who analyse the character of our institutions and the phases of our literature, in a competent spirit, no longer refrain from pointing to the source of much of what is purest and best in our rules of taste, our types and ideals of beauty, and in our appreciation of the lofty, the indefinite and the spiritual. The admission is now not only much more common than formerly, but even backed up with more than a mere semblance of earnest emphasis, that the slow and silent infusion of Celtic forces, of fire, brilliancy and energy into the national fibre, and generally into the growth and working of our institutions, has saved the nation from grosser courses—from the sway of gross methods.

There is a wide and hopeful significance in the efforts which Gaeldom itself in particular is now putting forth both to perpetuate its spirit, moods and forms, and to renew its past, partly through the perpetuation and partly otherwise. That there is and can be no permanence, except that of change itself is a truth which only a few can recognise; but it is a truth—perhaps the radical truth—nevertheless. And it clustres around the set of ideas which we vaguely construe as evolution. As a living, spoken, actual language, Gaelic must soon pass away. What was best in the Gaelic spirit, must remain, although in alien forms. Partly through conscious effort, but chiefly through means of which it is not conscious, the races who spoke and formed that language, which is now yielding in favour of the stronger and more aggressive *Saxon tongue*, seem resolved wisely to accept the inevitable and

to preserve and fructify the treasures wrapt up in the obscure recesses of the vanishing Gaelic. It will probably be the case that the same relationship will be established between the Gaelic of the North Highlands and the Celtic Chair at Edinburgh, that already seems to be springing up between Welsh and the corresponding chair at Oxford. That a fine halo of enthusiasm surrounds the founding of the former, and that general Gaelic scholarship owes much to this enthusiasm and its collateral feelings are pleasing facts, which have their meaning. Research in the possible field of Celtic scholarship and keen analysis of its results assume more productive forms than mere enthusiasm, and certainly than that not uncommon kind of it which falls short of positive purpose. For the present, I do not, in any way, refer to the effect upon philological activity or scholarship as such of the founding of these Celtic Chairs. That interesting problem is now passed over in favour of a few indefinite thoughts which some of the antecedenes or causes, concomitants or effects of the enthusiasm suggest. Nor, again, is reference here made to the more outstanding products of scholarly and other research—to such work as *Celtic Scotland*, the most substantial piece of literary workmanship affecting Celtic scholarship yet produced in this country, to what may be called the Cymric section of the *Revue Celtique*, to the brilliant but disjointed volume on *Ossian and the Clyde*, or to the multitudinous assemblage of unsifted myth and story that enter into the pages of the existing Gaelic monthlies and even into those of the Gaelic Society. That heterogeneous though somewhat chaotic mass of fact and fiction has its distinct value, and is worthy of the research to which undoubtedly it shall be subjected. For the purpose now in view, Mr J. F. Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands* and his *Leabhar na Feinne*, are of the highest value. Mr Campbell dashes into his field with much humour and keen appreciation of possibilities. This field, though hitherto but little explored, is merely a corner of a large area from which much may yet be gathered to elucidate the course of history and the growth of thought in its ruder and therefore more conservative stages. What is near is really what is most unreadable. The whole of the western sea-board of this island is studded with curious fragments of general heroic, and special Arthurian and Fingalian myths, set in songs, wrapped up in transmitted stories, embedded in local traditions, preserved in usages, customs and rites, and even to some appreciable extent, engraved upon the deepest life of the

people, and affecting what is best and deepest in their nature. What the capabilities of these fragments for poetical purposes are and yet may be, is known to intelligent readers of English poetry —not to the admirers of Ossian alone. In days when Wagner, the apostle of deep unrest, seeks to plant our highest musical art in the solemn remoteness of the *mythos*, we get a fresh proof of how Spenser, the dullest idealist amongst British poets, no less than Tennyson, who alone invests the commonplaces of the modern drawing-room with the finer chivalry of former days, and the wider philosophy of days to come, has drawn much of his inspiration from the side of Arthurianism, which appears in Jeoffrey of Monmouth. But the consideration of this also must be excluded. A valuable contribution to our literature is to be found in the connection between these and the *Fablieux* and *Contes* of the middle ages. Native thought, native virtues, no less than native stories seem for a while to have been obscured by the encroachment of the latter. Both in themselves and in their affinity with others coloured by sterner conditions, the series of myths, which yet cling around Cornish institutions, and circle about the mountains and valleys of Wales, are a subject of inviting study. Equally so is the connection between these—the outcome of the Cymric mind—and the Tales of the West Highlands, of which Mr Campbell has given us a good presentation. On the other hand, these West Highland Tales have a close affinity with the Norse Tales of Asbjörsen and the Märchen of the Brothers Grimm. After all, then, there is ample work for the new professors in collecting, classifying and analyzing material, and ample scope for deduction from this fertile but neglected field.

My present purpose is merely to give one crude illustration of what may be effected in this wide sphere. I confine myself in the main to Mr Campbell's delightful volumes, and to literature equally conditioned, chiefly the book of the Dean of Lismore and the fragments out of which the poems of Ossian have been worked up. The question of the authenticity of the latter need not be discussed by one who after self-satisfying examination of their form and matter endeavours to draw upon their contents. Even in this restricted area my aim was not very ambitious; only it was guided by the radical presupposition of law, progress, orderliness, all-reaching and universal. It was to read back through facts, and to translate the great, remote past into my own small familiar moods. I aimed at brushing away materials thrown into the tales *from foreign* and recent sources, at sifting the new from the old,

at following material literary contents through the shifting variety of their forms, and thus, by getting back to the working conception of the universe which the ancient Gaels entertained, at ascertaining their rudimental, moral and religious ideas, and at bringing these within the modes of thought peculiar to this century. This was an exercise in method, which is absolutely devoid of all dogmatism. In this attempt, I trusted, in the main, to a careful analysis of the rudimentary thought concealed under the grotesque garb in which the tales appear. In trying to make a fairly accurate analysis of the material contents of the heroic and quasi-heroic Gaelic fragments, I faced a task of which the results would be as meagre as the labour leading up to them would be formidable. A miscellaneous, in many respects a nondescript collection of silly, crude, or childish stories, of rugged poemlets of uncertain source and date, and of loose literary *debris*, worn down by the friction and battered by the convulsions of many ages, and now full of anachronisms, and charged with exotic elements, does not, at best, form a promising subject for logical treatment, or a very solid basis upon which to construct a system of philosophy foreign to modern ways of thinking. This mass—loose literary *debris* as it was—comprised all the material at command; and here, for the present at all events, the basis must be laid. How to discover the old in the modern seemed more hopeless the more the mass was examined. Part of the difficulty lay in the habitual mood of the worker and part in the outstanding pre-supposition against the character of the old Gaelic mind and its products. Much of the real, the permanent and the best life of every one of us is in deep alliance with unconscious forces; in the depths of this *unconscious*, which is a part of our mental equipment, lurk also the worst and most insidious forms of error, prejudice, and class, and other forms of bias; and the resulting limitation is one cause why we find it so hard to transport ourselves into the conditions of other minds and of bye gone days. Fertility or vividness of imagination cannot here come to our aid; for the reconstructions of fancy, based upon recent experiences, do not parallel or accord with the processes of external fact.

The preliminary step is the recognition of the difficulty, and of the width of the gulf which these concrete tales represent. They are relics of a mode of thought altogether alien to our age. It is only, however, by recognising not only this element, but also the presence of calculable law in the formation of the most heterogeneous and random products, which literature or tradition has

conserved, that it is at all possible with any certainty to work ourselves back into, or reconstruct the thought of past ages. And the pre-supposition, not merely of general orderliness and law, but also of some particular form of development, is necessary to the fair treatment of the *detritus* of these tales. There was and probably there still is, a wide-spread opinion that philosophy, even in its rudimentary form was a thing altogether beyond the range of the old West Highland mind; which it was assumed, could never invent, or create terms of thought, even though, perhaps it might read them fitfully and inaccurately. This was the special pre-supposition against the speculative value of the tales; and in fairness we must admit that the appearance of the fact tallies with the nature of the pre-supposition. So destitute of any apparent plan or purpose, of any bond of connection or logical coherence, is the miscellaneous collection of Mr Campbell, that on the first scrutiny of it, it affords some degree of proof against the Gael, whom it represents as a creature of fitful impulse, uncertain feeling, and turbulent idea, incapable of framing any orderly system of thought, or of construing any moderately complex scheme. At the very outset, as onward in his progress, the question faces the critic:—Can scientific treatment be extended to this mass of crumbled-down story? Is it possible to reproduce or deduce a rationally coherent system out of this crude conglomerate, on whose surface at least no sign of system or progressive orderliness can be traced?

These tales are doubtless one *omnium gatherum*. Their nucleus belongs to the indefinite past, whose bounds no one dare mark out; they have been tossed about in all sorts of ways and transmitted through all kinds of minds; they have gathered volumes of accretions from all quarters, and they have been put into their present form by various collectors, differing in capacity and manner of expression. With all their singularity, however, they are not an exception to the laws under whose action rudimentary national literature grows. In the rise of any myth, the preservation of any popular tale, or the consolidation of any popular philosophy, however fragmentary or obscured, there never has been any haphazard or random growth or action. The transmutations of these tales were those of spoken, not of written, speech. Hence they ramified into many versions, through the influence of locality and similar causes. Of *Cath nan eun* and *Ursgeul na Feannaig*, *e.g.*, there are versions from various parts of the country; but, in all *essential elements*, these versions are identical. They are both

natural, native products of a rugged soil; they draw their meaning from early times; and that meaning has survived through a long series of transformations.

We know now that survivals and revivals are not confined to any one department of nature. The doctrine extends to literary products and to the impress of thought. What is best endures. Race itself is a survival, in harmony with the locality in which it is found, and which conditions it. The peculiar qualities of races; their language, habits of thought and action, are due to the peculiar pressure of their surroundings. Latitude, altitude, the distribution of land and sea, currents and the like, determine climatic conditions, which in their turn determine the character of the soil and its products. But these again, singly or together, give direction to the industries, occupations, habitual modes of thought, ethical ideas of the population. Between the physical, intellectual and moral energies of a people the interaction is complete. Given the conditions now, the law of change in the retrogression, and the products as they are, and we can form some approximation to the products as they were in earlier stages. Certain factors being given, the remainder may be found, the sequence of rigid law being pre-supposed. But the geographical conditions along the whole line of the historic and geological past may be traced, and is gradually being traced; the climatic conditions, within certain broad limits, are equally traceable, or indirectly calculable; and thus we may ascertain the social products and obtain a key to the moral and intellectual outcome of the people, and to their forms of religious beliefs.

With the pre-supposition of law, definite and supreme, in change and growth, I sought for the key of what lay beyond the present form of these crude stories, and attempted to extract as much as possible of their meaning from the loose *debris* of the Gaelic tales, by forming an analysis of their contents, by grouping the legends, sayings and incidents under certain heads, by tracing the central idea or burden of each, back from their present form, as fireside narrative, or nursery literature, through its various phases of story, legend, myth and gathering heroic incident, expressive of the struggle between races and their circumstances, to its remotest source as a crude elemental description of the powers of nature as these impressed themselves upon the mind, in opposing and thwarting the aggressive will of the old Scottish Celt. This attempt as an exercise in method, involved more. In thrusting back maxims *and* gnomes, more or less abstract in their present

dress, but in the main an extract from early concrete passed through various intermediate stages, I had also to consider how much in each story was gathered into it from eastern and especially Scandinavian influences, how much was inherited, genuinely native of the Gaelic soil, and especially how much was genuine myth, contributed by the native mind. In thus following the stream back through rough channels I aimed at elucidating the transmission of Gaelic thought, the opening up of the antique world of the Celts through the application of principles wider than their own, and the formulating of the ultimate notions which the Gael of the Western Isles had formed regarding his origin, his nature and destiny. From this, or along with this, some conception of the code of practical Gaelic ethics might be formed.

When the tales are put through such a process, the result is slightly disappointing. Sift them, classify them; trace their exotic elements; remove what is foreign and imported; strip off their excrescences; and the residuum is somewhat small. At its best and richest, the Gaelic literary heritage is meagre in quantity and of unmistakeable quality. The best rudimental thought of a nation is what survives longest. The residuum of these stories bears all the clearest marks of a high, almost an indefinite antiquity. For one thing it is in singular contrast with modern Gaelic poetry, and all modern Gaelic literature, which is not coloured or strengthened by more comprehensive or less local phases of thinking, is confined within narrow limits, and abundantly charged with the characteristics of the fleshly or sensuous school. Partly because the more sensuous characteristics are also the more ephemeral, and partly, perhaps, because the actions were of a sterner nature, the myths and tales are singularly devoid of pruriency. The voluptuousness of the Greek or of Eastern mythology does not appear here; and the questionable wit and more questionable *double entendre* which bristle in certain sections of Gaelic poetry are conspicuous by their absence. If their range is not comprehensive, or their structure brilliant, their spirit is lofty and their teaching stern.

In one notable respect these Tales from the West Highlands differ widely from the tales from the Norse and the Fjeld, and, what is more surprising from the whole mass of the Märchen and *Nibelungenlied* of North Germany. The plot in them all is generally simple; the mechanism is pretty much alike, and resembles the ordinary machinery of the popular transmitted tales of the *rest of Northern* Europe. In the West Highland Tales, as in

most folk-lore and rustic mythology, we find a strange admixture of the supernatural in strange circumstances. Much stress is laid upon the malevolence or occasional beneficent intents of witches and the like; ghosts condescend to sharp practices and sly tricks; and wraiths display activity in human affairs; the contest between the powers that are from beneath and those that are from above is painted in hurricanes and thunderstorms; pictured out through the miraculous intervention of the lower part of creation, or even, on an emergency, through the aid of inanimate matter; the persistency of hate, the force of love and the fickleness of human feeling and emotion are bodied forth, not merely in alliances and meetings and wars, of all degrees of confusion between friends and foes and middlemen, but also in clumsy intrigues, obscure relations of princes and princesses, in the strong and steadfast affection of young maids and in the revenges and petty spites of abnormal hags. Underneath all this grotesque commonplace, there runs, through these legends, traditions and stories, a much more violent current of energy and feeling than what marks the flow of the German and Norse mythology. The Northern Holda is a less seductive and less intense power than Venus of the sensuous South; and there is an element of austerity and even asceticism in the northern characters for which we have no equivalent elsewhere. Odin is thus a more outstanding figure than Baal. Whilst however, the valour of Odinism is a prominent and daring sort of energy, that of the typical Gaelic personality is formidable, if not always dangerous, through the resources of a quicker, more pliant ingenuity. In the oldest known Saxon product, Beowulf, the grasp of a strong human hand crushes the supernatural agent, in spite of all its devices; but in the Highland Tales, cunning meets cunning, device over-reaches force, instead of merely humanly force breaking down the ingenuity of sly device. On the surface of the narrative, the Trolls in Dr Dasent's Tales on the whole may seem capable of greater fury and more extravagant effort than any personage in Mr Campbell's Tales, although the extravagance and expansive action of *Magach Colgar* equal those in *The Trolls* of *Hedah Wood*, and the *Conan* of the former has several qualities that would do credit to the Mephistopheles in Faust. We admit of course that the sternest fragments in popular mythology, like the hardest rocks in the surface of a country, survive longest, and that the oldest and most rugged masses of this *detritus* are the oldest and most valuable to the student of philosophical development. The energy, and even the cunning of these stories is intensely Pagan,

and a kind of rude titanic vehemence at turns centres in this Paganism, as, for example, when the clang of the hammer of Fionn resounds through Scandinavia into Ireland, and in the pathos that encircles the death of Diarmid. Greatest forces are always beneath the surface; marked merely by surface signs. In this Gaelic heritage we find Paganism of an uncompromising type at the surface and at the core. Its spirit is Pagan; the prevailing influences are Pagan. Its Christianity is as oil to water; it is not of it. Christian rites and symbols are frequently introduced to work out the action of the stories; but they are often anachronisms, after-thought embellishments; and the meek and gentler spirit of Christianity is altogether awanting.

This is a fact of high significance; for in the absence of the gospel of submission, and of the gentler teaching of Christianity, consists one strong proof, perhaps the strongest, of the great antiquity of these Tales. For myself I was not prepared for this dominance of Paganism. The great influence of Iona, in an era probably anterior to the time of St. Columba, and the extent and evident antiquity of the ruins of Ecclesiastical buildings along the west coast of Scotland, and especially in Argyle, and the character of local traditions, had prepared me to expect that Christianity was the greatest social force, at all events along the Western sea-board. I did not believe that the Culdees were "Albyn's earliest priests of God."

But they were earnest, zealous and powerful; and much of their missionary zeal must have been spent in uprooting the native Paganism. Either the existing fragments of old Gaelic literature and thought, belong to a date anterior to the era of St. Columba, or Gaelic moods must have had a singular antagonism to the gentler and holier doctrines of the imported Christian religion. In any case, Culdee zeal has not been more successful than other modes of doctrinal propaganda that go counter to, or ignore the claims of, existing phases of thought and feeling. No one with moderate insight and knowledge, has ever denied the susceptibility of the Celts to religious and spiritual impressions; yet there is unquestionably a certain hardness in the result. In Wales where the morality of the triads afforded a firm basis for the practical ethics of Christianity, Methodism and its adjuncts have often gone the length of quaint extravagance; and the doctrine preached in the Highland Presbyterian Churches outdoes any other development of advanced Calvinism in its sternness and *emphasis* of doom. So far from being distasteful, this rigid

Calvinism finds an energetic response in the bosom of the Gaelic race. It has before now been noticed that a popular clergyman in the North, is one powerful in the exposition of the sterner doctrines, in a general reference. The ultimate ground of this is in the permanence of the elements transmitted, both socially and mentally, from generation to generation. There is deep significance in the singular fact. The sterner phases of the Christian doctrine and spirit, have received a more hearty reception among the Gaelic people than the side whose gospel is that of broad humanly charity, love, submission of self-will, to its universal repentance through suffering and the salvation that comes through sorrow. Apart from the transmitted propensities and structure of the race, which have their meaning, a partial explanation of this is found in the superstitions which still influence fireside opinion, and in the traditions which satisfy rustic curiosity and influence courage. Reared in wild, barbarous, and in a manner, isolated conditions, and trained to seek their deeds of excellence in deeds of war and bloodshed, these ancient Gaels, as they are vaguely outlined here, never eager to extend a friendly welcome to opinions sprung from new soils, would look with some degree of coldness and contempt upon a new system, whose advocates sought an avenue for it in the purity and abnegation of their own lives; which required its professors to regard men as brethren, and honour the lowly in station equally with the mighty in rank; to relinquish a life of fierce excitement and varied gaiety for one of penance, self-denial and gloom; to cast aside the pleasures and the glory of war in order to receive the pleasures and the joy of a distant heaven in which there was no room for hunting or feats of strength; and to take up the cross in the life that is, in order to prepare for the alien one to come. If the popular tales of a nation, rather than its earlier lyrics or fireside ballads, embody its oldest literature or its first efforts at thinking, and constitute the most enduring element in the life of the nation itself, we have some illustration of this in Highland customs still extant. In the extravagant love for mystery, in their stubborn belief in supernatural action and interference, the natives of some of the more remote isles and lonely glens conserve many Pagan elements.

A careful analysis of the thought of the West Highland Tales points to an antiquity beyond the introduction of Christianity into Scotland. But the surprising thing is that in their course downwards through many troubled centuries, they have absorbed so little of *the encroaching* Christian doctrine and ideal, and have

retained so large a measure of the pre-Christian ritual and spirit. Whatever amount of zeal may have been spent by the followers of St. Columba, St. Blane and their followers the history of surviving Gaelic literature and of local customs declare to have received but a meagre reward in leaving the race still Pagan in their fibre—their inmostand truest nature. The natives of the straths and corries seem to have contented themselves with employing the priests to perform the rites of marriage and baptism, to assist at funerals, and to adjust minor squabbles, whilst they seem to have appropriated such new ceremonies as fitted in with their own Pagan institutions, or formed useful adjuncts to them. They did not penetrate very much beneath the surface of the Christian ritual and had not a clear consciousness of its fine underlying ideas. Even now, in the remote parts of the country, when tested by dire emergency, their religious ideas and beliefs are found to contain a residuum of the old Pagan faith. Were Thompson's prayer-gauge, which shocked the correct feeling of the religious public some years ago, tried in Lewis or Skye, Pagan ceremonies would be resorted to as possibly efficacious, after an appeal to the Christian Deity had produced no manifest result. To the strength of the same inherited elements is due, partly, the depths to which the shrewder and more accommodating section of the Christian Church has rooted its power amongst Celtic people. The stern concrete of an earlier stage has been assimilated with a purer doctrine of higher aims. The natives of the Loanda district in Western Africa still employ the same cure for the effects of the evil eye that I have seen a native of the North of Scotland using as a last resource not many years ago; and the popular festivals, those great land-marks of time, have as much of Paganism as of every posterior influence. All this tallies with the inner content of these Tales.

When, therefore, we study the Celtic races both in their oldest literary heritage and in their surviving institutions, we meet with evidence of a positive and negative kind, that the powerful impulses of Paganism, always persistent elements when hereditary in the national fibre, were not, and could not be, counteracted or removed by any alien or outward force which was not complementary or which did not absorb them. For that reason alone, even were there no other, I think Dr M'Lauchlan has given too great prominence to the regenerating influence of Iona on contemporary thought around it. In his own Book of the Dean of Lismore—not *to go further*—we find the keen antagonism of the old faith to the *new, along with* rather supercilious treatment of the ritual and

machinery of the latter. Alike in Gaelic and Norse Tales and in the *Nibelungenlied*, one follows the self assertion of the stern old Pagan spirit, but in different degrees, against the calmer attitude and holier lessons of Christian thought; but the West Highland Tales, without the unity of emotion and feeling so conspicuous in the myths of the *Nibelungenlied*, have also no equivalent of the heathen hero Zigurd, who is converted to the new faith and devoutly conforms to the rites of the Southern Church. In their treatment of the new faith the Tales are sometimes grotesquely irreverent; in this respect they are in contrast to the North German ones. Sermons are preached and doctrines expounded; but not unfrequently the audience is bent upon secular thoughts, and the occasion is made into an opportunity for courtship and flirtation. Although the priest is often found gracing the marriage feast with his presence, he is not represented as a check upon the boundless excess, which marked out these events. Baptism was practised by the agents of the Church; but it had no deeper spiritual meaning than the christening of a ship or the naming of a street. The clergy take their share in secular struggles; but they are often overpowered in hand to hand conflict with the more insignificant agents of the myth. Apart from this levity of treatment, and the occasional conquest of the priestly power by evil agencies, we find a tolerably well marked line drawn throughout the whole extent of Fingalianism, between Christian truth and earlier creeds. I quote from the book of the Dean of Lismore by way of specimen :—

> "Were the sons of black Garry alive,
> Neither the sound of bells nor priests,
> Would now be heard in Rath-Cruachan."

The same attitude is indicated in the following violent threat :—

> "Were the blue eyed hero alive,
> Bold Conan, the son of Fion,
> Cleric, though thy office be sacred,
> With his fist he would strike thee down."

When Patrick gives religious advice to Ossian, and tries to turn his attention to higher topics than the deeds of his forefathers, thus,

> "Ossian, prince's son, 'twill be thy soul's great loss
> That thou now thinkest of the battles of the Feine,

The bard rejects this suasion through this savage rejoinder—

> "Didst thou hear the hounds and the sound of the hunt,
> Thou wouldst rather be there than in the holy city."

Here is a declaration of Ossian that casts a not unpleasant light upon the current ideas of mortality:—

> "I cared little for any blessedness above,
> Unless shared with Caoilt and Oscar and my father."

In the distinct, uncompromising recognition of this antagonism we have a key to a part of the practical ethics of the Gaelic people. Our modern ethics have gathered both compass and strength from the influx of Christian doctrine. To the shallow compromises of our traditional school of moral philosophy we owe a mass of confusion on the growth of moral ideas, which are rational products, though complex and spiritual beyond other rational products. As human experience, the result of human will in perpetual antagonism to its surroundings, has widened and deepened, and as intellect has developed itself, ethical ideas have been purified and enlarged, law has acquired authority, and spread its influence, and conscience, individual and general, has become a keener, clearer and more sensitive index of what is right and wrong. There is no greater stability in morals than in truth, and no reason why the moral sense in the individual should not be as capriciously capable of culture as the perception for beauty or harmony. Gaelic ethical ideas, judged from the *detritus*, had not yet been purified by the influx of wider unselfishness and humanitarianism; and hence, did not embrace many ethical doctrines familiar to us now, such as the extent and significance of Free Will, the relation of human personality to the Divine Will, the subjective sanction of duty, and the basis of moral laws.

Pagan at its core, as we have it here, Gaelic thought is intensely concrete. It does not even rise to the level at which the troubled concrete of present experience meets the facts of actual history—a point far below that at which abstract thought begins. Progress is from the known to the unknown, from the narrow, crass concrete of fact, to the wider truths of abstraction, and consists in dropping the weight of the concrete out of thought, or in translating its imagery and sensuous symbols into propositions of wider *generality*. In the process of advance the faculty to grasp truth

apart from its individual image or symbol, which alone is accessible to the popular mind, is created or enlarged. Thus it is that a common English clod-hopper, or an Aberdeenshire hind goes through the dull expanse of life without concern or relation to anything that does not lie within the sweep of his animal wants, the coarse routine of his work, and the intellectual circle of his favourite alehouse, His mind is intensely, even narrowly concrete. But far different from this local, material concrete was that of the ancient Gael, which consisted rather in the excess of the imagery of sensitive fancy, and in the more fleeting symbols of memory.

There is one other respect in which this kaleidscopic concrete differs from other literary products; but it is not easy to describe the difference. We may call it an excess of sensitiveness, a peculiar delicacy of nerve-action, a rush of troubled feelings, or a keen consciousness of sorrow. Or, looking at the concrete from without we are amazed at the rapidity of its change of colour, rather than at the general character of the colouring itself. There is in all Fingalian literature, and characteristic of it, a peculiarity somewhat difficult to be defined, in virtue of which two such distinct minds as that of Goethe and that of Napoleon, were drawn to Ossian's poems. Goethe eminently appreciative of energy, beauty and all that art could accomplish or embrace, could not have been attracted by anything in the mere matter of the poems; and Napoleon, whose own life was a turbulent epic in strong shades, found nothing in the plan or substantive contents of M'Pherson's ill-jointed fragments, to create an attachment for the Fingalian poet, as great as that of Alexander for his Homer. The magnet in both cases was in the *form* and *colouring*; in the wild and picturesque imagery; in the rapid whirling rush of all manner of shades across the gloomy surface; and in the fierce struggle which it all means. Nor is this form and colouring a reproduction, or a modern semblance of antiquity; it is not the design of a creative modern artist; it is not the work of any Chatterton. Whatever general theory of the rise or growth of literature we adopt, or whatever be our conception of poetry, we tacitly admit that the phases of the one and the imagery of the other, are alike the reflex of the moods and circumstances of the artist or writer. In the same way as the epithets, illustrations and imagery of Homer transport one into the picturesque magnificence of early Greece, and as Spenser, the least realistic of English poets, even in his most phantastic creative moods, constructs *his fairy-land* out of English dells, groves, hedges and

flowers, and drapes his characters with delicately defined hues of Elizabethan-age conditions, so there is in Fingalian literature a remarkable back ground of form and colouring which reflects the storms of the West Highland valleys, and the struggling fury of the Atlantic and all that these embrace. And not only is this colouring not modern, but modern art could not produce it. What one sees in looking at the kaleidoscopic concrete of Fingalian literature, is an unique combination of sea, land and mist; a long indefinite series of frowning mountains lashed by waves whose foam at times whitens the dark cliffs up to their very summits; dark, precipitous glens, often crowded with troubled wreaths of mist, and awful from their dark store of mystery, stretching from the ocean inwards, irregularly into gloomier space; a tearful sky weeping for the dead which it encloses; tumultuous clouds rushing across and dragging darkened shadows in their train; the force of winds struggling with the cliffs and vanishing with many sighs; and in the midst of all this and such as this, human beings, resolute and brave, opposing a cruel destiny with the cool consciousness of approaching defeat, but meanwhile holding bravely on. The supernaturalism of the *Tales* has been degraded through the attrition of the common-place through which it has passed; but if we extract it, we have a residuum of but little interest: and Ossianic literature would be poor indeed without its grand impersonations of mist and mystery. The scenery is that of a great struggle, which has had no historian, beyond retrospective induction, to hand it down; we gaze at it the more wraptly because it is so indefinite and in such violence of change. Through its imagery of deepening shadows, of rushing winds, and infinite struggles of clouds, of mists ever changing in their hue, we get a melancholy glimpse of a world which was great at least in its sorrows.

Meteors dashing across the sky, bolts of lightning cleaving the rocks, and peals of thunder rending the air form, a fitting background, along with those for the action of supernatural beings—spirits seen in the lightning flash, ghosts leaping from cairn to cairn, or shrieking in the wind, mysterious sighs, moans and sounds of sorrow. Beneath all the supernaturalism or behind it, there is the human element in a race with a will to do and to dare, baffling or being baffled, in perpetual antagonism to the world around, and bent on beating nature back within narrower limits. The colouring after all is a mass of symbolism; and, if we only *could read* it aright, we should add another page to the great

drama in which each of us is an actor, but whose end no one sees or wisely predicts.

What, then, was the image of the great material encroaching world, which the ancient Gael construed to himself? He was far above the state of the savage, who divides the non-ego into what he eats and what eats him. But did he look upon the outer world as finite or infinite, upon the earth as a plain or a disc?

His language throws some light on this special point. It is most copious in terms of abuse and depreciation, whereas savage languages generally are rather deficient in expressions for malevolence, fierce antipathy, and violent feeling. His expressive and copious command of abusive epithets cannot be explained altogether upon the theory that he was rude and untutored. It opens up the way to a period of long and bitter negation, in which the Gaelic mind, struggling to free itself, passed through experience of keen sorrow and pain, and framed a vocabulary expressive of that experience.

The same conclusion is strongly borne out by the Gaelic canons of truth and modes of reasoning, into the logic of which I do not now propose to enter. That is reserved for a later stage.

Nearly all the tales are tinged with anthropomorphistic doctrines. The plot usually is not intricate; the characters are rather few, and with little difficulty can be grouped into two classes. The qualities that cluster around a good-humoured easy-natured man of the world are nearly altogether awanting. They contain several types of Mephistophiles, but more of Puck or Ariel; and probably this defect has some radical connection with the singularly severe character of Highland wit, and the practical way in which Highland humour shows itself. In banter and rough humour a London cabman is more than a match for a whole clan of Gaels, each of whom is infinitely his superior in general faculty and resource.

The actors are few and sombre; the back-ground is generally desolate and wild. The range of motive, plan and execution is not wide. The Gael opposed to nature, is keenly conscious that he has not conquered her forces, but he is not conscious of their extent. In reading these Gaelic Tales I was struck with the part which the melancholy hoodie plays in the plot. Wherever this creature is, sorrow is not far off. It sits, like the inauspicious crow, a bird of ill-omen, heralding evil, and on the side of the great world against the human race in their efforts to subdue it. The hoodie has many of the resources of a human being in its

dark bosom. Anthropomorphism goes lower than even the hoodie, down through objects that perform many marvellous deeds. Needles stitch without the guidance of the human hand; hatchets cut down forests without the aid of man; eggs dance frantically around; and these, moved by their own voluntary impulse, have the cause of action immanent in themselves. Human qualities are transferred to reptiles, birds and inanimate objects; man peopled his universe out of his own imagination by multiplying analogues of himself. By this process of transference the Gael got his idea of cause and effect, and obtained a chain of casuality, often composed of a long series of concrete links. But, in every case, the chain leads back to *mind*, or some analogue of it. This running up of effects to mind, by these primitive people, who consciously had no mastered scheme of philosophy, throws a strong flash of light on the rise of cosmology as a theory.

Contemplating the past from the narrow stand-point of the present, we are apt to overlook the significance of this attribution of personal qualities to non-personal objects. At a time when causality was not understood as we now understand it, when experience was too thin and weak to lay open the sweep of natural laws, and when the deposit of moral sentiment, which has since assumed the plastic form of objective conscience, was not yet consolidated, man, as in the Highlands, face to face with opposing powers, naturally hit upon their shortest explanation in the violence and virulence of beings like himself. Much of the grand personifications of Fingalian literature may be traced to the strong tendency of the Gaelic mind towards anthropomorphism. On the intellectual side of their philosophy, they were at the opposite pole to that of a modern cultured apostle of Celtic genius, and to an important school of modern thought, markedly German, which explains all by reference to an impersonality—an "Eternal not ourselves that maketh for righteousness." Yet, in spite of this intellectual divergence, both have much in common as regards their utilitarian ethics; and whilst the impersonal deity of the brilliant critic is really an extract from a very limited range of experience, a residuum of moral sentiment outside of us, and making his power "felt by many a sharp lesson," the God of the Gael was also outside of him, and draped awfully by his imagination.

Those old Gaels had not a very clear notion of personality. Like Thales and the Ionics they regarded the soul as a material or physical substance, having in itself life and a kind of organisation; *highly attenuated* in its composition; performing its function in

various ways; and existing for a season in union with its crass cell, the body, but also capable of separate or independent existence.

The Kosmos of the Gaels was indefinite in extent, fluctuating, luxuriant, kaleidoscopic. Warlike from choice and necessity, nomadic in character, restless, therefore, and quick by habit, and without any centre of permanent industry, they led a life of extreme uncertainty and were familiar with ideas of decay and evanescence. They could not escape the manifold influences of storm and flood, rushing torrent and foaming inlet, precipitous rocks and sombre valleys. From this and from their familiarity with ebb and flow in all around, arose their keen and highly susceptible organisation, the lively luxuriance of their inner sense, their passionate phantasy and their extremely fertile faculty, projecting itself fitfully and with a sort of melancholy power and emphasis into all around. Above all, their sense of life was passionately keen, and their range of emotion fluctuating and profound; hence, partly, the undue projection of troubled ideality into their efforts at thinking. Thus, not given to introspection and incapable of making a subtle analysis of feeling, they translated mental acts into objective facts and laws. Hence their image of the objective material world —of the totality of things—was altogether different from any modern philosophical conception of it. For one thing, it was larger in its compass, studded all over with a boundless series of particulars dissipated by modern analysis, more sensuous on its surface, and from end to end in closer sympathy and communion with the personal self than the non-ego which surrounds our conscious life.

Critical and keen, we separate what is real in fact from what is merely ideal. Whilst the ideal concrete of the modern poet is consciously bodied forth, that of the ancient Gael was the residuum of unconscious effort; in the mythologic stage, physical and hyperphysical agencies were blended into one, and looked upon as phases of personal ones. Thus it arose, that supernatural interference in ordinary affairs was a central doctrine in the gathering faith, and that all nature from the ripple of the smallest wave, or the pebble upon the sea shore, up to the most awful of demons, or the most terrible of spirits, was regarded as an analogue or reflex of personal, self-externalizing energy. The sphere of actual sensation was not marked off from the province of its possibilities; fancy ran itself into fact; and the universe, with all its material garniture, was based upon the *analogy of the* will. Hence, also arose the inordinately

prolific sense—consciousness of the Gaelic people; their sensible world peopled by a multitudinous assemblage of spirits of protean form, and of all degrees of cunning, shrewdness, dexterity and strength; and their cosmology so markedly anthropomorphic as well as so large and intricate.

A philosopher, in great repute amongst those of his countrymen who are content with the common place compromises of the shallow age of unreason, found guarantee for the existence of an external world antipodal to mind in the infallible dictum of the common sense of mankind. But the Gaelic race possessed common sense, as defined by this sagacious thinker; it was the uncritical sense of the crowd; it bore testimony to the existence of an outer world in many essential respects different from that of our day. Indeed what was fact and sense then would be fiction and nonsense now. Around the tops of the Highland mountains, in wreaths of mist, or in the drifting snows of winter, spirits, melancholy and feeble, or violent and relentless, struggled together when not engaged in preparing terror, or other evil for men; spectres hovered gloomily over the reedy marsh or the moor, or arrayed themselves on the blasts of the wind; and pale ghosts, messengers of the unseen world, brought back the secrets of the grave, and proclaimed the lessons of nether experience—upheaving glens as they appeared, and shattering mountains through their departure. Deep beneath the sward of any circular green knoll, in mysterious caverns of intricate access, a vast and indefinite population of *Frir Sheigh* had their abode. And as every knoll covered its population, on mischievous tricks intent, so every loch concealed its monsters; Proteus-like creatures, deceitful and dangerous; every stream and shore had its mermaid, capable of transforming itself into the most beautiful of women and then of vanishing into vapoury air. The outer world swarmed with other creatures far too marvellous for our modern faculty—witches of every degree of rascality, cyclops of forbidding look, giants of monstrous size, but of fierce, relentless moods and combative tendencies; boars, eagles, and hoodies that often excelled mankind in wisdom and in cunning as well as in fleetness and strength; apples that prattled about the weather and discussed local questions; pebbles that of their own accord could leave the beach and outspeed the swiftest charger in the chase, and scores of other objects equally marvellous, if not equally grotesque to our sense of propriety, were all realities in the troubled kosmos of the Gaelic people. To the existence of these *and such as these* the practical common sense of this age does not

testify. On the contrary, it relegates them all to the sphere of unweeded or savage imagination, forgetting that the facts of one age degenerate into the crumbled down fiction of another.

We are in this age so practical in our methods, so commonplace in our Saxon modes of thought, and so intolerant of what now does not square with the little world of our own ways, that few of us can enter with any appreciation into the fabric of the old Gaelic world. With genuine Philistinic faculty, we find it easier to call it all a worthless man of superstition than to understand it—forgetting that we, too, and all that belong to us, shall in our turn form sport for even more genuine Philistines than ourselves. If we could only turn from the *mere look* of the world of which we form a part, and ask ourselves the question—*What does it mean?* we would be in a better position to induce broadly and dispassionately. The question is an intensely interesting one, but cannot here be discussed with fair fulness. Consciousness being judge, the kosmos is a varying, perhaps a diminishing, factor. The common sense of the old Gaels and that of the age of Dr Reid could not agree regarding its content or extent, its permanence or reality. Whatever assurance consciousness gave twenty or thirty thousand years ago regarding that part of the outer world which Dr Reid admits, it gave also in support of that position which he does not admit to exist as an external reality. The Gael could not possibly separate objective reality from subjective concrete—in truth, be believed in the reality of both with equal and unquestioning firmness. We do not and cannot; but are we wiser for all that?

It has been seen how spirit and the general garniture of spirit-land predominated in the Gaelic image of the world, and how to the mind of the Gael spirit or a spiritual entity, was simply a material substance—a body of somewhat finer organisation than the one of flesh and blood. And this conception of spirit regulated the prevailing idea of immortality, and therefore practical morality, to some extent. The bridge between the life that now is and that which is to come was a short one; for to their far-reaching imagination the latter was merely a reflex of the present scene, and immortality was but the present state of existence, stripped of some of its coarser conditions. Both spheres, here and hereafter, were represented in the main as under the same restrictions, magnified or depressed, governed by the same standard of happiness and worth, and, consequently, sharing in the same pleasure and *pursuits. It is not easy to reconstruct their heaven and their hell.*

They held a mollified form of Pythagorean metempsychosis: for the soul is represented as migrating into the lower animals, and even into trees, stones, and other inanimate objects.

Great value was attached to the kind of subjective immortality which fame conserved in the songs of the local bards, who were honoured, as their logical descendants, the clergy, still are, amongst other reasons, on account of their supposed influence with the authorities of spirit-land, and whose verdict, therefore, carried with it much of the consecrated power of prophecy. Such spiritual insight as the race could claim rested with these bards, who were philosophers as well as poets, prophets as well as literary authorities, and who did much more than merely cheer the idle and amuse the vain, as we now suppose. Keener analysists than their neighbours, they were more reliable guides in forecasting the future, and since they could interpret a small fraction of the signs of their time, they were credited with the power of penetrating through the mystery of the remainder, and of controlling what they could forecast. To secure a place in undying song was thus the highest ambition of the warrior—hence, deeds of noble daring and striking cruelty. This gathering up of fame was a kind of immortality verging, in some respects, on that demanded by some apostles of Comtism.

> "Time downwards will bear our praise,
> The strength of song will cloudless rise."

But they went beyond this abstract species of subjective immortality—

> "It will not profit us to live in song,
> When we are weak and pale beneath the ground."

They looked, but not with the authority of strong hope, for an immortality, more substantial than the rewards of fame, in a heroic state in the far off spirit-land, to which the bards, it would appear, issued the passport. Somewhere in the indefinite bosom of the western sea the souls of heroes dwelt in fellowship. There, in the homes of the winds, in the hall of clouds, lay the realms of mystery, beyond "the roofless house of lasting doom," and thither, after some experience, after hovering in agonising gloom over the chill vapour of the marsh, illustrious spirits passed. According to a Skye tale, there was a happier region beyond this, but from which there was no return.

In this exaggerated mixture of Druidic doctrine and pure

Fingalianism there is one outstanding image. The sun is always central, and light is life. In the distant isles of the west heroes lived happily, if their happiness was possible, in the light of the sun, which was superior to death. The noblest strains in all Gaelic literature are in praise of the sun,

> "Which alone does triumph evermore
> In joyousness of light its own;"

and which is also represented as the ultimately inexplicable factor in the universe. That fire-worship was practised there can be no rationally-grounded doubt. In the sun the Gaels found the two highest attributes of divinity—power and purity. If they had not consciously grasped what we call monism, they certainly came within sight of it, and the ultimate inexplicable principle which stood before them was light, or the "Sun of purest face." In the face of the strong personifying faculty of the Celtic people, we conclude at once that personal agency was ascribed to this principle. How the spirit-world was related to this source of power and purity need not be discussed here, though it is a question of great interest.

Notwithstanding their ideas of continuity, it is noteworthy that the journey to the land of spirits is sometimes pictured out as dreary and perilous—over rocks, precipices, ravines, and dark gulfs, guarded by monsters as fierce as Cerberus, whilst at other times they are ferried across by professional rowers. But, in either case, however, the spirits came within sight of it. For my present purpose it matters not whether the Celts regarded the spirits of the departed as subject to the rarer contingencies of the present life, or whether they had consciously grasped the idea of infinite extension or duration, if it can be shown that for all phases of being they had nearly found one ultimate principle of explanation.

But, whatever was the nature of this ultimate working conception, an analysis of these tales proves that they had got some dim notion of the difference between being *to us* and being *in itself*. This question is started, but it is not solved. That the present totality of things is but the shadow of some deeper reality, beyond the compass of sense or the power of thought; that the universe, with its material garniture, is in change, and must pass away as a dream; and that time itself must perish, are doctrines frequently roughly enunciated in Fingalian poetry. Time and

what is inscribed on it are the objects that endure, the only ones; yet these endure only whilst light continues to be shed on them. They exist only in the light: and the light shall fade. Time is always described as a finite, limited concrete roll. But we know not its beginning; we cannot encompass its reality; our faculties, at their utmost tension, can grasp no more than the narrow image of reality. What is more significant, time itself would be imperceptible and beyond our ken had it not been inscribed with the records of heroic actions, which give character to its roll. Men are seen passing as shadows on the surface of time, or are compared to streams that flow downwards into the indefinite mist. But few, indeed, are they who succeed in impressing their deeds on the "far off side of time," or in marking the mountain with their valour as they pass across the field of view. Thus the universe is pictured forth as a shadow of perhaps a deeper shade. Yet, amongst all the flux and unreality, there was one element of some degree of permanence, valorous action stamping itself on time; the tissue of time combining with the outgoing effort of man, and forming, at the best, only something like the phenomenal world of Emmanuel Kant. Valour, strength, courage, resolute will—this, on the human side, is the ultimate. To the Gaels, this, no less than the Cosmic ultimate, was infinite; and yet advanced thinking in the nineteenth century expresses it far otherwise.

Now, as pure doctrine, the moral philosophy of the Gaelic people is of no high value in itself. It is singularly meagre and rudimentary. As illustrating a definite class of ethical ideas, it is of some importance to the student of historical philosophy. My conception of what it resolved itself into can best be expressed by the phrase, *ethics of ingenuity*, or *ethics of cunning*. A modern philosopher has said that a state of nature was a state of perpetual warfare, and has founded a popular system of morals upon this sentence. However that may be, the age pourtrayed in these Tales was one of war, and contest with nature. Man was in a state of chronic strife with nature, which he feared and suspected, and which he tried to check and baffle. In their semi-conscious state, with subjective phantasy blending itself with objective fact, and in consequence central to a life of infinite fulness and profound mystery, our ancestors, according to Mr Campbell's *Tales*, were in that stage, in which self or the energy of the individual, is pre-eminently assertive and negative—partly freeing itself from nature, withdrawing into its own resources, and partly combating external forces. In his gloomiest hour the Gael could not separate the

creation of his own melancholy faculty from inroads from without; to him the bracken bush in the pale light of the moon seemed an emissary from the nether-world; the creeping mist on the moor transformed itself into a subtle spectre. Death was before him and around; and he brooded over the melancholy prospect. He saw strange sights, heard strange sounds, and had forebodings almost perpetually. The Western Celts had not learned the Baconian lesson of mastering nature by submitting to her laws, for in fact they knew little of those laws; and their antagonism to the outer world was not much keener than their warfare with their own imagination, which filled the gulf between self and not-self with a teeming population of uncertain mood. Thoroughly eudaimonistic, as they were by the force of necessity, they aimed at self-preservation, which is a lower phase of individual happiness. Whatever could secure happiness was right and proper. To baffle nature in its physical forces, to break down the intermediate concrete, secured this. Hence general intellectual resource, insight into relations, adroitness, quickness and cunning are highly prized. Virtue centres in these. Success is prized almost universally. The radical part of the practical morals of the Gaelic race is based upon the relation of the individual to his circumstances; the ethics propounded in their gnomes, proverbs and popular maxims are all backed up by prudential considerations. Much, indeed, of their old fragmentary literature is taken up with this contest between human skill, on the one hand, and physical and hyper-physical forces on the other. In this perpetual contest, whatever resource the former can devise is regarded as proper, virtuous and right. Every tale differs from all others in respect of incident, machinery and colouring; but the moral is almost always the same:—Overcome your foes; giants, monsters and supernatural powers and all opposing forces, by physical energy, if possible; but, if not possible, then try intellectual skill; over-reach them somehow; if other weapons fail, fall back upon their own fraud, deception, treachery, or any conceivable method; study them; discover their weakness; the greatest power amongst them all has a vulnerable spot. Search for that; baffle your foes; subdue them; in this way alone you secure not only happiness but even life itself; it is a struggle for dear life, which it is your duty, your interest, your happiness to preserve. Something like this is the moral of the Tales in which the struggle, under various disguises, between man and nature is described. No wonder that practical wisdom, shrewdness and dexterity, rather than the gentler forces

of love and the milder gospel of submission and self-abnegation, underlie the ethics and the moral actions of the Celtic race, whose code, moreover, could not embrace many of the more important modern rules, amongst other reasons, since the rights and duties attached to property were not developed amongst them. And it is easy to see how upon this radical basis the popular virtues of bravery, hospitality and generosity were reared.

There is some propriety, then, in the phrase which I have employed, to express the central part of Gaelic morals. Giants and other monsters, according to the legends and stories of the collection, opposed themselves to human interests and were often overcome by the clever ingenuity of man, when we would naturally expect that superior strength alone could overpower them. The ethical end to which this pointed was subjective, individual happiness; but the undue prominence of this narrow element in the end is one proof that an enlarged conception of moral doctrines was impossible in the circumstances of the race; and hence the circle really on the side of the individual was small, the multitude of his antagonists was always large, and hostility to all foes, human, natural, and supernatural, was regarded as highly meritorious. Here, too, we have an explanation of the singular development of the Gaelic conscience, which is an eminently correct moral guide within its own narrow field, but which takes no cognisance of wide relations. Honesty, for example, was a virtue among the ancient, as it is among the modern, British Celts. Yet we find theft, when not followed by detection, to have been rather a reputable act. It is not correct to say that, even in their most barbarous days, when their reputation abroad was not high for honesty, the Highland people disregarded the moral differences between *meum* and *tuum*, or that the plundering propensities of the clans were due to any blunders of moral feeling in their guides or chiefs. It is quite true that the inhabitants of whole glens lived for years upon the proceeds of their plundering expeditions into fertile spots beyond, and that they were at any time ready to steal whatever wealth Lowland weakness would allow, without experiencing a single twinge of conscience or pang of remorse. I have known a man of otherwise correct morals, a pious smuggler, reverently invoke the Divine blessing on his cup of whisky just taken from his illicit still. And this man was moral and possessed a conscience thoroughly keen and purified by high influences. What Highland morality gained in intensity, it lost in compass. The clan that *passed* beyond the Trossachs, and plundered the valley of the

Forth, was scrupulously honest within its own border; treachery, which was a heinous offence when practised against a Gaelic friend was a cardinal virtue when brought to bear on the ruin of a Lowland foe. The circle of the individual, or the family, or latterly of the clan, was the limit of truth; falsehood had lost its character beyond that line. To defraud the British revenue was, if not exactly meritorious, at least a colourless action, quite compatible with the general goodness of Providence. The attitude of the old British Celt towards nature and the moral code which it created had their appropriate effect in influencing the national characteristics of his successor; his moral standpoint was narrow; his conscience was local; his ethics a secretion of only one stage of time. His virtues were not eternal. He opposed strength to strength, and when strength failed, artifice to force; and if he succeeded he congratulated himself in being a moral being. He was not in any sense a *Yahoo*, even although the practical moral code of this century endorses a central doctrine on his shifting one.

The ethical standard which runs through these tales of the West Highlands is, for the most part, grossly sensuous and epicurean. Singularly enough pruriency, which disfigures the Gaelic poetry of the eighteenth century, is at its minimum in the Fingalian Ballads, and women are almost always referred to in respectful and chivalrous terms. The finest and purest imagery is that which surrounds the form and virtues of woman. A happy marriage is generally the reward of valour and virtue after hardships and trials; and special value is attached to a sumptuous and protracted marriage feast, which, in ordinary cases, extended over a period of seven, nine, or twenty days. In extraordinary cases the wedding festivities were prolonged during seven years. This is sufficiently gross; but in other respects, happiness is sensuous, sensual, or associated with gross means, such as excessive eating and drinking. The Aristotelian maxim of moderation is nowhere here; not in a medium, but in excess; not in the centre, but at the limits, the Gael sought for his *Summum bonum* as a rule. We must not, however, infer that unrestrained licence is commended. On the contrary, those stories show that the notion of retribution had been mastered, and that it was known that there was an inexorable sequence in the course of human action, that in the sphere of his destiny a man would reap what he had sown, that pain, wretchedness and privation were the fruit of imprudence and excess, and that good cannot be the moral antecedent to evil. In this the ethical end is the same narrow and selfish element, present

restraint is inculcated, not from high ideas of duty, but simply that the distant pleasure may be all the keener when it is attained. In one of the most truthful of Mr Campbell's Tales, the *Rider of Grianig*, this is the moral, as in others; but it is noteworthy that in this Tale, the lesson to postpone present blandishment to future joy is not an induction from experience, but the revelation of a higher and wiser power.

The ethical standard of the Celts, then was selfish and utilitarian, subjective and particular. They possessed a practical moral faculty in the shape of conscience; but its range was narrow and its authority beyond that range feeble. Correct within its own domain, it sanctioned what a modern conscience, tolerably well educated in general moral principles, would as certainly condemn. From this and such as this, I think the conclusion is inevitable that individual conscience, as an ethical function, is a development and a growth from rudimentary conditions, just as morality itself is a growth.

Out of this primitive stock of ethical ideas the more generous virtues of the Celtic people sprung. Valour, fidelity, friendship, hospitality and the like are all utilitarian, not Kantian virtues. Fidelity, intense within its limits and to that extent reliable in its character, was confined to a narrow class of relations. Hospitality was common, but it is sanctioned by utilitarian considerations. Valour was higher than these; and, if associated with modesty, it is almost a sublime virtue; but it is nobly rewarded and its glory reflects upon itself. Friendship among friends was a sacred duty; but this duty was not fixed upon moral principles common to all mankind. The Gaelic proverb, *Cha do threig Fionn riabh caraid a lamh dheis*, expresses the extent to which Gaelic friendship could be relied on.

It is no part of my present task to follow out the ramifications of Celtic virtues. My aim was simply to give a rough sketch of the rise and nature of the radical ideas of Gaelic morals. On some other occasion I may return to the subject and show how :—

"Fion was
Generous, just.
. . . . . .
A righteous judge
To woman mild,
Three hundred battles he bravely fought,
Anything false
His lips ne'er spoke."

GAELIC COMPETITION.

The annual Gaelic competition in connection with the Society took place within the School-house at Drumnadrochit on Saturday 3d March 1877. The competition was open to all schools in the united parishes of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, and the parish of Kiltarlity. No competitor from the latter parish appeared, and with the exception of Drumnadrochit, it did not appear as if great interest was taken in the matter in the schools in Glen-Urquhart. Four schools were represented—Drumnadrochit, Blairbeg, Balnain, and Invermoriston. Mr Grant, Drumnadrochit, presented eight pupils, and the other teachers one each. The number presented was thus only eleven. For the smallness of the number there were several reasons. One of these was that Gaelic instruction had to be given after the work prescribed in the time-table was finished, and the energy and will of the pupils exhausted. Though the Society will no doubt feel disappointed at the want of interest, as manifested by the numbers presented, the proficiency of those brought forward exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The subjects announced for competition were—(1) An essay, in Gaelic, written in presence of the examiners on any of the following subjects which they might choose, viz.:—"Oidhche Challuinn a's la na Bliadhn' uire," "Oidhche Shamhna,'" "La buain na moine," or, a "Descriptive account of the parish";(2)Reading and spelling in Gaelic from any ot the four Gospels; (3) Translating any portion of the four Gospels to English and English to Gaelic; (4) Dictation, the passage to be chosen from any source; (5) an essay, in Gaelic, written at home, on "La paidheadh a' mhail"; (6) an essay, also to be written at home, and in Gaelic, on "Togail nan creach"; (7) singing—a prize to the boy who would sing the song by the Glenmoriston Bard,

"Mo bheannachd do gach sean a's og,
Tha'n Coire-Mhonaidh thamh."

And to the girl who would sing best the Strathglass Jacobite song —"Mo run geal og." To encourage competition a prize was offered to the competitor who would come the longest distance.

Besides these prizes, Mr Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston, offered, on the day of Examination, a first prize to the competitor who would sing best any Gaelic song whatever, and at the same time Major Grant offered a second and third prize in the same competition. The examiners appointed by the Society were the Rev.

Mr Macrae, Glen-Urquhart; Major Grant, do.; Mr Hugh Rose, Inverness; Mr William Mackenzie, Secretary to the Society; and Mr John Whyte, *The Highlander* Office. Major Grant and Messrs Mackenzie and Whyte were present, and conducted the examination. The other gentlemen representing the Society were Mr Burgess, factor, Glenmoriston; Mr William Mackay, solicitor; Mr Charles Mackay, builder; and Mr James Fraser, C.E. Rev. Mr Cameron, the Manse, Glen-Urquhart, presided and there was a large number of the people of the district present.

The examination began about eleven, and was not finished till about four o'clock. For the reading and spelling all the pupils competed, and the excellence of the work was such that the examiners had the utmost difficulty in making their awards. The reading was exceedingly good, and the spelling far beyond the expectation of any. The passage for dictation was chosen from Mackenzie's History of Scotland (Gaelic), and though the children had not seen the passage before they were marvellously correct. The first boy had only three errors in half-an-hour's writing, whilst the succeeding three had only five each. To decide the tie between the 2d, 3d, and 4th, another trial had to be given to those three, the passage being chosen from the current number of the *Gaidheal*. When the writing was examined it was found that one of the boys had committed one error, whilst the other two were correct. The first and fourth prizes were now decided, and another trial had to be given to settle the second and third. The translations were very well done. Of the four Essay subjects named by the Society, the examiners chose "Oidhche Shamhna." Seven pupils competed and the work was highly creditable to them all. Considering that the children were not trained to sing Gaelic songs, their rendering of several Highland melodies was remarkably good.

The Society offered upwards of £6 in money prizes; Mr Noble, bookseller, gave three copies of the Rev. Angus Mackenzie's "History of Scotland;" Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Lodge, Inverness, gave three Gaelic Testaments; Mr Wm. Mackay gave two copies of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry;" Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Hamilton Place, Inverness, gave the *Celtic Magazine* for a year; Mr Charles Mackay gave 20s; Mr Burgess, 10s; Mr James Fraser, C.E., 10s 6d; and Major Grant, 7s 6d. These prizes were awarded as follows:—

Essay on "Oidhche Shamhna."—1, John Macdonald, Drum*nadrochit School*, 20s; 2, Alex. Macdonald, Invermoriston School,

15s; 3, George Anderson, Lakefield School, 7s 6d; 4, Evan Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, Rev. Angus Mackenzie's History of Scotland in Gaelic, the gift of Mr Noble, bookseller.

Reading and Spelling.—1, Mary Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, 15s; 2, George Anderson, Lakefield School, 10s; 3, John Macdougall, Blairbeg School, *Celtic Magazine* for one year, presented by the publisher; 4, John Macdonald, Drumnadrochit School, Gaelic New Testament, presented by Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage; special prize, presented by Mr Whyte, Evan Fraser, Drumnadrochit School.

Translation.—1, Mary Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, 15s; 2, Evan Campbell, 10s; 3, John Macdonald, Gaelic History of Scotland; 4, John Macdougall, Gaelic New Testament, presented by Mr Chisholm.

Dictation.—1, John Macdonald, 20s; 2, John Macdougall, 12s 6d; 3, Alex. Macdonald, Invermoriston School, Gaelic History of Scotland, presented by Mr Noble; 4, Alex. Fraser, Drumnadrochit School, Gaelic New Testament, presented by Mr Chisholm.

Special Prizes.—By Mr Wm. Mackay, solicitor, Inverness:—Best Essay on "La paidheadh a' mhail"—John Macdonald, Drumnadrochit School, Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Best Essay on "Togail nan creach"—Mary Campbell, Drumnadrochit School, Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." By Mr Mackay, builder, Inverness:—1, Girl who will sing best "Mo run geal og"—Mary Campbell, 10s; 2, Boy who will sing best "Mo bheannachd do gach sean a's og," &c.—John Macdonald, 10s. For best rendering of any Gaelic Song—1, Alex. Macdonald, 10s, by Mr Burgess; 2, Evan Campbell, 5s, by Major Grant; 3, Donald Fraser, Drumnadrochit School, 2s 6d, by Major Grant. For Competitor who comes the Longest Distance—10s 6d, by Mr Fraser, C.E., Inverness—Alex. Macdonald, Invermoriston.

The songs sung in the last competition in singing were "A Song to Victoria," by the Glenmoriston Bard; "Mairi Laghach," and "Fear a' Bhata."

The prizes having been distributed, the Chairman spoke highly of the efforts of the Gaelic Society to promote the literary interests of the Highlands, and before sitting down called for three cheers for the Society and the Secretary, which were cordially awarded. Mr Mackenzie, the Secretary, in replying, regretted that a larger number of pupils had not come forward, but complimented the

competitors on the general excellence of their work. He conveyed the thanks of the Society to the teachers who prepared pupils for the competition, and especially to Mr Grant, Drumnadrochit, who presented eight. Major Grant, Mr Wm. Mackay, and Mr Charles Mackay, made some remarks expressive of the pleasure they had in being present at such a successful competition. A call was then made for a Gaelic song, when the Messrs Mackay gave "An Ribhinn, eibhinn, aluinn og," in true Highland style. A vote of thanks having been awarded to the Chairman, the proceedings, which throughout were highly successful, were brought to a close.

22D MARCH, 1877.

At this meeting a paper (in Gaelic and English), by Mr Farquharson, Tiree, on a variety of subjects relating to the Highlands, but particularly Highland education, was read.

29TH MARCH, 1877.

At this meeting it was resolved that the next Gaelic Competition in connection with the Society would be open to the parishes of Inverness and Bona, Kirkhill, Petty, Daviot, and Dunlichity, and the old parish of Boleskine. Some routine business was transacted, and thereafter Mr William Mackay, Solicitor, Inverness, read the following paper on

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GLEN AND ROYAL CASTLE OF URQUHART.

Tha mo shealladh air linnte a' dh' aom,
Cha'n fhaicear ach caol na bh' ann ;
Mar dhearrsa na gealaich tha faoin
Air linne tha claon 'sa' ghleann.

In the beautiful lines which I have quoted Ossian poetically deplores his lack of knowledge of the times that were. "I bend mine eye," sings he, "upon the ages fled : seen but in slender gleams is all that was—like to the glimmer of a sickly moon on water winding through the glen." The difficulties which the minstrel-historian of the Fingalians experienced still beset him who would look into the past of our country ; and in my humble endeavours to weave a somewhat consecutive narrative of the history of my native Glen, and its hoary Castle, I need not say

that I have found no exception to the rule. Our romantic vale is rich in legendary lore;* but slender, indeed, and few, are the gleams which as yet have met mine eye, of what may be truly looked upon as undoubted history. Not unfrequently, however, do tradition and authentic record agree in a striking manner, and if one had the time and ability judiciously to blend these together, the story thus told would be a sufficiently interesting and stirring tale of the olden time. In writing this paper, at the request of the Society, necessity for brevity precluded my introducing much of the legendary element; and I may thus safely promise that this night, to quote the opening lines of an ancient ballad,

> I shall you telle as trewe a tale
> As ever was herde by nyghte or daye.

Peering into the distant past, as far as our limited vision will carry us, the first slender gleams of light bearing upon the history of the North come from the pages of the Latin writers who celebrated the deeds of the Roman armies in Britain. From Lucan and other writers of the first century we learn that in their time our part of the island was inhabited by the Caledonian Britons *(Caledonii Britanni)*, the same who so valiantly withstood the Roman legions at the battle of Mons Grampius, and to whose valour we Highlanders owe the proud boast that our ancestors successfully stemmed the advance of the conquerors of the world. From the geographer Ptolemy, who wrote about the year 120, we gather that in his day the district extending from Loch Long *(Lemannonius Sinus)* to the Beauly Firth *(Varar Æstuarium)*, and embracing Glen-Urquhart and the surrounding districts, was peopled by the *Caledonii*, one of fourteen independent tribes into which the Caledonian Britons were then divided. In the time of Severus (A.D. 208) those tribes were combined into two nations, the Caledonii and Mæatæ, which, a century later, appear under the general name of Picti—a name well known and much dreaded during the remaining years of the Roman occupation. To the south of the Grampians were the Southern Picts; the north, corresponding pretty nearly with what is now called the Highlands, was occupied by the Northern Picts, or *Cruithne Tuath*, whose king had his seat at Bona, at the east end of Loch Ness. Still later, we find the consolidated Kingdom of Alban divided

* I have already given some of the Legends of Glen-Urquhart. See Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Vol. I., page 43; and Vol. II., page 14.

into seven large provinces, and the name Moray applied to that which extended on the one hand from the Spey to the Forne (Beauly), and on the other from the Moray Firth to Lochaber and the western sea. Hence, in our early records and historians, our glen is distinguished as "Urchard in Moravia," or "Urquhart in Murrayland," and hence, too, the mistake into which modern writers have sometimes fallen of confounding it with the parish of Urquhart in the present *shire* of Moray.

At what period the rude fort was first raised upon the Rock of Strone, which is now crowned by the noble ruins of the Royal Castle, it is impossible to determine; certain it is that at the very dawn of our Scottish history the fortress was one of no mean strength. Leslie, Bishop of Ross, who wrote a history of Scotland, published at Rome in 1578, describes it as the most ancient castle belonging to the king *(antiquissimum regis castellum)*, and the old cavalier, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, states in his "True Pedigree," written in 1652, that it was erected by his ancestor, Conachar, in the sixth century before Christ. Of this Conachar, who actually lived in the twelfth century after Christ, I shall presently speak; but although he may have added to the castle, I am not inclined to think that he was its founder.

In ancient Irish manuscripts and in the oral traditions of Ireland and the Highlands, no warriors are more frequently or more favourably mentioned than Naois, Aillean, and Ardan, the sons of Uisneach, and cousins of Conachar Macnessa, King of Ulster, in the first century. Naois, we are told, falling in love with the beautiful Dearduil (pronounced Jardil), whom King Conachar himself intended to marry, fled with her and his brothers to Scotland, where they built a castle on the shore of *Uisge Naois* (Loch Ness), from the window of which they could slay the salmon and from the door the bounding stag. The retreat of the lovers became known to Conachar, and he sent Fearchar MacRo to them with an apparently friendly invitation to be present at a great feast which he intended to give. Naois and his companions assented, but not without evil forebodings, and Dearduil sang a touching farewell to Scotland and her beloved Glen-Urquhart, in Gaelic words which are still preserved in a manuscript, dated 1208.

> "Beloved land, that eastern land,
> Alba, with its lakes;
> Oh, that I might not depart from it,
> But I go with Naois.

Glen Urchain, O, Glen Urchain,
It was the straight glen of smooth ridges ;
Not more joytul was a man of his age
Than Naois in Glen Urchain."

The king's promises were fair but his heart was false; and Naois and his brothers were treacherously slain. But Naois and Dearduil were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided, for she, casting herself into his grave, expired. The king caused her to be buried on the opposite bank of a neighbouring stream; and a tender pine sprang out of the grave of Naois and another out of the grave of Dearduil and the pines grew and joined above the stream.*

As Naois is believed to have given his name to Loch Ness, so that of his love is perpetuated in the vitrified fort of Dun-Jardil on the south shore of the lake.

The wars of the Picts, and the subsequent invasions of the Norsemen I shall merely mention. During those events the province of Moray was one great scene of blood. The Pictish kingdom of the North ceased to exist, and a new order of rulers appeared in the Maormors. The Maormors of Moray claimed the independence which of old belonged to the Pictish kings. In the Irish Annals they are frequently styled *Ri* or kings, and two of them, Malcolm and the famous Macbeth, not only maintained the

* This was a favourite mode among Celts and Saxons of closing tragic tales and poems. Thus in the old English ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" we have the following :—

"Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher;
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.
They grew till they grew into the church top
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lover's knot,
Which made all the people admire.

The words of the Scottish ballad of the "Douglas Tragedy" are similar :—

Lord William was buried in St Marie's Kirk,
Lady Margaret in Marie's Quire
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier ;
And they twa met and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near ;
And a' the world might ken right weel
They were twa lovers dear.

independence of their native province, but ultimately seated themselves on the Scottish throne. Towards the end of the ninth century the Norse firmly established themselves in the district north of the River Beauly, and for a century thereafter a continuous war waged between them and the sturdy men of Moray. In connection with those struggles tradition relates that Mony the son of the king of Scandinavia (*Monaidh Mac Righ Lochlainn*) landed on the West Coast with his sister and a large force. Their retreat to their vessels having been cut off by the Gael, they were pursued northwards until they reached Glen Urquhart where they made a stand on the high rock of Craig Mony. Here they bravely held their own for a time, but driven at last to the plain below, still called Dal Mony, they had to give battle and were defeated with great loss. Mony escaped with his sister; but at Corrimony, ten miles off, he was slain, and his body buried in the cave still known as *Uaigh Mhonaidh*. The people of the Glen took kindly to the hapless Princess and she lived among them many a day. A crevice in Craig Mony, called the Bed of the King's Daughter (*Leabaidh nighean an Righ*) is still pointed out as the place in which she sought shelter during the fight on the Craig.

The men of Moray were for sometime forced to acknowledge the supremacy of the Norse; but on the death of King Thorfinn in 1064, the native chiefs regained their independence. But the Scottish Kings looked with a covetous eye upon the fair province, and a struggle commenced which continued for upwards of a century. In 1130 the Celts sustained a disastrous defeat which the Irish Annals of Innisfallen record in the significant words, "*Ar fer Muriamh in Albain*"—the death of the men of Moray in Alban; and their ever reviving spirit of independence was further crushed in 1160 In that year, we are told by Fordun, King Malcolm "removed them all from the land of their birth, and scattered them throughout the other districts in Scotland both beyond the hills and on this (the south) side thereof, so that not even a native of that land abode there, and he installed therein his own peaceful people." It is impossible to believe that the extensive province was entirely swept of its ancient inhabitants, and it is more probable that Malcolm merely removed the chief families and so deprived the people of their leaders.

Among those thus dispossessed were the Macraes and Macleans, who inhabited Urquhart, the Aird, Abriachan, and Kilfinnan. Urquhart and the Castle were granted to an Irish adventurer of *the name of* Conachar, well known for having slain a monster

boar of great ferocity. From this hero are descended the clans of Mackay, Forbes, and Urquhart, in whose respective shields appear three boars' heads in honour of their ancestor's great adventure; and to the same source may be traced the presence of the boar's head in the arms of the families of Chisholm, Rose, and Mackintosh each of whom had at subsequent periods an interest in Conachar's glen and castle.

The Mackays were descended from Conachar through his son Alexander, who, about the year 1180, was sent into Caithness by William the Lion to expel the Danes. He succeeded, and received as his reward a grant of the lands which they had possessed, and became the first chief of the clan. Some of the name were, however, left behind in our glen, as we shall hereafter see.

The family of Forbes are descended from Conachar's son John, who, in the reign of William the Lion, got a grant of the lands of Forbois in Aberdeenshire, and took his surname from the estate.

In the curious work entitled "The True Pedigree and Lineal Descent of the most ancient and honourable Family of the Urquharts in the House of Cromarty from the Creation of the World until the year of God 1652," by Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, that eccentric antiquarian relates that, in the year 554 before Christ, "Beltistos married Thomyris. This Beltistos was surnamed Conchar, for which cause a certain progeny descended of him is, till this hour, called the generation of the Ochonchars, a race truly of great antiquity and renown in the dominion of Ireland. Belistos founded the Castle of Urquhart above Innernasse, which being afterwards completed by his posterity, hath ever since been called the Castle Vickichonchar." Sir Thomas wrote his Pedigree, as Bunyan wrote his Pilgrim, in prison, where he was confined for two years by Oliver Cromwell, and we can, perhaps, pardon him for having placed his renowned ancestor seventeen hundred years anterior to the time in which he actually lived. From the antiquarian Nisbet (born 1672) we learn that a brother of the Lords Forbes "having in keeping the Castle of Urquhart, took his name from the place;" and William Forbes, who wrote in 1667, states that Conachar's second son "was called Urquhart, of qm. is descended the Laird of Cromartie and the Urquharts; and to testifye to all posteritie that they descended of him that killed the beast, they caused erect just the like monuments at the Castill of Urquhart as is lying at Logie, which is yet to be seen there as is alleadged." This son, then, who was called Urquhart, settled in Ross-shire, and gave his

name to Urquhart of Ferrintosh, and it is interesting to find that his father's name is still preserved in Bad-Ochonachar, near Invergordon, as it is in Innis-Ochonochar in Glen-Urquhart.

Led by topography, we cross the Moray Firth from Ross to Elginshire, where we find a place called *Innis* within the parish of *Urquhart*. This was anciently the seat of the family of Innes. Their crest is the boar's head. The first of the family on record is Berowald Flandrensis, to whom the lands of Innes and Easter-Urquhart were granted by Malcolm Canmore after the expulsion of the ancient Moray families. From his name, he is generally supposed to have been a native of Flanders; but, as remarked by Forbes of Culloden, who wrote an account of the family in 1698, he may have received that name from his having travelled in that country, just as the Frasers of Foyers were called *Sliochd Huistein Fhrangaich*, from one of them having visited France; and their crest and the topography of their possessions lead me to suppose that the family of Innes may in some way have been connected with Conachar.

Saint Columba himself first preached the Gospel in Glen Urquhart. Born in Ireland about the year 518, he early evinced a strong missionary zeal and this spirit was encouraged by his tutor, Finian of Clonard, to whom the ancient church of Abriachan, still known in Gaelic as *Cill Fhianain*, was dedicated. Crossing from Ireland about the year 563, he established the famous institution of Iona, and then resolved to convey the message of redemption into the very palace of the Pictish King Brude, who resided at Bona. Adamnan, who wrote in the year 695, tells us that on his way the missionary came to a place on the north shore of Loch Ness, called Airchartdan—a name in which we easily recognise *Urchudainn* the modern Gaelic name of our Glen. Here he preached to Emchadus, an old man whom he found at the point of death. Emchadus, we are told, believed, and ascended to Heaven in the company of angels; and his son Virolecus and his whole house were likewise converted and baptized. Thereafter Columba proceeded to Bona, where he worked many miracles, for an account of which, I refer you to Adamnan and to Dr M'Lauchlan's "Early Scottish Church."

The good work which Columba commenced was, says tradition, continued by his nephew, Drostan or Crostan, after whom our Glen is called Urchudainn Maith Chrostan—St Drostan's Urquhart—to this day. In the immediate vicinity of Balmacaan House are *St Drostan's* croft (*Croit Maith Chrostan*) and the Monk's Hollow

(*Glaic a Mhanrain*), names which go far to shew that tradition is correct, and that Drostan laboured in the Glen.

The simple Culdee Church of St Columba through time merged into the Church of Rome; and the province of Moray was erected into a diocese and a bishop appointed, in the time of Alexander I., who reigned from 1107 to 1124. About the end of that century a church was built in Urquhart, and shortly thereafter Glenmoriston received a chapel. The former was a parsonage dedicated to the virgin—hence the name *Cill Mhoire*, now corrupted into Kilmore; the church of Glenmoriston was dedicated to St Richard. The first mention I find of the Church of Abriachan (*Cill Fhianain*) is in a deed dated 1239, in which Bishop Andrew declares, "ecclesia de Abirihacyn," to which considerable lands were annexed, to be the common property of the Canons of Moray, except one-half davoch of land which exclusively belonged to the Bishop himself. To the Church of Kilmore also certain lands were attached, the revenue of which was enjoyed by the Chancellor of Moray, who resided at Inveravon in Strathspey.

During the time of Bricius, who was Bishop of Moray from 1203 to 1222, the Celts of the province again rose in open rebellion against the Scottish king. They were led by Gillespic MacScolane, who claimed the rights of the ancient Maormors, from whom he was descended. MacScolane and his followers looked with no friendly eye on the Church and the feudal institutions which it fostered, and so freely did it suffer at their hands that Pope Innocent III. had, in January 1215, to issue from his far-off home on the banks of the Tiber, a special protection over several churches in the diocese. Among them was that of our glen—"*ecclesia de Urchard ultra Inuernys.*" By this document the indignation of Almighty God and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul was declared against all who interfered with the churches named or their possessions; but the men of Moray cared for none of these things, and it was not until MacScolane and his two sons were treacherously slain in 1222 that the Church enjoyed peace and felicity.

Upon the suppression of MacScolane's insurrection—the last attempt of the sturdy Celts of Moray to restore their ancient institutions—the old plan of bestowing the lands of the offenders upon strangers was resorted to. Urquhart and Boleskine were granted to Thomas Durward or Hostiarius, who possessed extensive estates in various parts of the kingdom. At the same time he was appointed Sheriff of Inverness. He was succeeded by his son, Sir

Allan Hostiarius, Great Justiciary or Chief-Justice of Scotland, who was married to Marjory, an illegitimate daughter of King Alexander III. Sir Allan coveted and claimed the lands in Glen-Urquhart which belonged to the Church, and the revenue of which, as we have seen, went to the Chancellor of Moray. William, who was Chancellor at the time, resisted the claim, but at last a compromise was effected, and its terms embodied in a Latin deed, which does credit to the lawyers of that remote period. The noble person, Sir Allan Hostiarius, says this document, "for the sake of peace, has given to the church of Urquhart half the lands sought, viz.- the half of the half davoch, which is called the half davoch of the foresaid church, in pure, free, and perpetual elimosina. But he and his heirs will possess the other half of the half davoch in perpetual feu farm: giving therefor yearly to the church of Urquhart ten shillings, viz.—5s at Pentecost (Whitsunday), and 5s at the feast of St Martin (Martinmas) in winter next following. But further, the said church of Urquhart will have one whole croft and one toft of four acres assigned to the said church near it, in a suitable and convenient place, in gift of the said noble person, in pure, free, and perpetual elimosina." This agreement is dated 10th March 1233, and among the witnesses to it is "Gilereoch de Urchard," perhaps the parson of the time. The half davoch in dispute was Achmony, which was church property very early, and was feued by the Bishop to Sir Robert Lauder in 1334, and thereafter successively to other governors of the Castle, until it was purchased in 1554 by John Mackay of Achmony. The croft and loft of four acres near the Church mentioned in the agreement, probably agree pretty nearly with the present Glebe.

In 1275, Hostiarius died, leaving no male heir, and his estates were divided among his three daughters. His great rivals, the Cummings of Badenoch, seem soon afterwards to have obtained possession of the Castle, which they retained until the wars of Edward of England.

The sad death of King Alexander the Third in 1286; the equally disastrous death of his heiress, the Maid of Norway, in 1290, the consequent appearance of several competitors for the Crown of Scotland; the award of Edward I. of England in favour of Baliol; the irksome position which Baliol occupied as vassal of Edward; his renunciation of his allegiance; and the consequent invasion of Scotland by the English King—these events are well known to every reader of Scottish history. Baliol was crushed. *Edward* marched victoriously as far as Elgin, from whence he sent

out detachments of his army to occupy the northern castles. John de Warrene, Earl of Surrey, was appointed Governor of the Kingdom; and William Fitz Warrene, probably a son of Surrey, was made Constable of Urquhart. The King returned to England, leaving Scotland, as he thought, subdued, and taking with him the flower of the Scottish leaders, among whom was John of Glen Urquhart, who was imprisoned in the Castle of Berkhamstead, until 30th July, 1297, when he was liberated upon condition of serving with the English army in France.

And now arose in the South a deliverer, in the person of Sir William Wallace. Sir Andrew Moray, younger of Bothwell, his companion in arms, was proprietor of Petty and Avoch, in our vicinity, and had influence in the North; and to him was entrusted the duty of raising the Highlanders. Gathering before the Castle of Urquhart, they sorely beleagured Fitz Warrene and his English garrison. Ominous reports reached the English King, and on the 11th June, 1297, he addressed letters to Henry le Chen, the warrior Bishop of Aberdeen, and to Gratney, Earl of Mar, requesting them to proceed with all speed to the relief of the Castle. Obedient to those instructions, the Bishop and the Earl led an army towards our Glen. At Inverness, they were met by the Countess of Ross, who, we are told, gave them aid in counsel and men; and the Constable of Scotland, too, sent forward all the troops he could muster. Upon the approach of the large army thus thrown into our now peaceful vale, the Highlanders prudently raised the siege and betook themselves to the neighbouring fastnesses. But it was only for a season, for soon afterwards the fort was wrested from the English by Wallace and his band of patriots. Fitz Warrene, was expelled; and Sir Alexander Forbes (de Forbois sometimes contracted into Bois), great-great-grandson of Conachar, was appointed in his stead*

Edward, thus baffled and disappointed in his fondest desire, in 1303 concluded a treaty of peace with France, and with an immense army of English, Welsh, Irish and Gascons invaded Scotland, determined finally to crush the nation. Meeting with little opposition, he marched north as far as Lochandorb, near Forres, burning and laying waste the country. From Lochandorb, he sent forth his army against the neighbouring castles. Those of Elgin, Forres, Nairn, and Inverness, awed by the near presence of

* Sir Alexander was the son of Duncan de Forbois, who was the son of Fergus, who was the son of John, who was the son of Conachar.

the Hammer of the Scottish nation, opened their gates without resistance; but it was otherwise with the Castle of Urquhart. In the letters which, as we have seen, Edward addressed to Le Chen and Gratney in June, 1297, he directed them, upon their arrival in Urquhart, to consult with Fitz Warrene as to the best mode of adding to the strength of the Castle so as to prevent its ever being taken by the Highlanders. The result of the consultation probably was the erection by the English of those massive entrance towers which guard the only landward approach to the fort, and which are said to be in the peculiar style of architecture practised by Edward. Those towers, built to withstand the Highlanders, had now become their defence; and when the English commander summoned the garrison to surrender, Forbes declined with scorn. The English, therefore, encamped on the level neck of land connecting the high rock on which the Castle is built, with the adjacent Hill of Strone, and resolved to starve the Castle into submisssion. Winter was near, and Edward returned south and took up his quarters at Dunfermline.

During the winter and spring months, the English army patiently lay before the Castle, supporting themselves at the expense of the surrounding country; while the brave band on the rock husbanded their scanty provisions to the utmost. But towards the close of the spring (1304) the last morsel was doled out, and Forbes and his companions resolved to fight their way through the enemy or die in the attempt. The English saw with joy the drawbridge lowered; but the only person who crossed was an ill clad beggarly-looking female. Is this one of those knowing women in whom the superstitious Highlanders believe, chosen by them to negotiate terms of surrender? Upon her approach she informs the English that she is a poor person, who happened to be within the Castle when the siege commenced, and that her present condition—for she is about to become a mother—necessitates her venturing out. Her story is believed; she is generously permitted to pass; and she betakes herself to the neighbouring hill, from which, as from the gallery of a theatre, she may witness the next step to be taken by her husband—for she is none other than the wife of the Governor, clad in beggar's garb, the more easily to escape detection.

When Forbes saw his wife safely ascend the opposite hill, the draw-bridge was again made to span the moat, and he and

his followers dashed across and at the astonished Saxons. The devoted band fought long and well—

> "They fought together as brethren true,
> Like hardy men and bolde,
> Many a man to the ground they thrue,
> And many a harte made colde."

But it was not possible for them to pierce through the mass of soldiery which confronted them, and they were cut down to a man.*

Such, as we gather from Bœce (born 1465), Abercromby and other old writers, is the history of one of the most remarkable sieges in the history of our country. Forbes' wife, "with her life saved," observes old Holingshed, "being suffered to depart, got over into Ireland, where she was delivered of a son, that was named at the font-stone Alexander, who when Scotland was recovered out of the Englishmen's hands, came to King Robert the Bruce, requiring him to be restored into his father's heritage, being as then in the occupation of other possessors. King Robert doubtful what to do herein, for he thought it neither convenient that a Prince should take lands or possessions from noblemen which had been given to them in reward of their manhood, showed in defence of the realme; neither judged he it reason to keep him from his rightfull inheritance, that had lost his father, his friends and all his whole substance in the like cause and quarell by injurie of the common enemies. Wherefore to qualifie the matter he devised this means; he gave into this Alexander Boyis certaine other lands in Mar, nothing lesse in value (considering the largenesse and fertilitie) than the other of Urquhard were; and willed him to content himself with those, in recompense of such as belonged to his father; to the intent that all parties might be satisfied, and no man should seeme to have wrong in being deprived of his rightful possessions."

The year 1305 saw Wallace betrayed by the false Menteith, conveyed to London, and put to death with cruelty and tortures which stamp the character of Edward the First of England with indelible infamy. But a second bright star arose to lead the Scottish Patriots; and the year after that in which Wallace died saw Bruce crowned king of Scotland. The king's nephew and warm supporter, the renowned Sir Thomas Randolph, was created Earl

* The Castle contained accommodation for 600 men, and it was possible that Forbes' company numbered that.

of Moray, and received a grant of that province, including our glen; and it was thus that the king, as we have seen, was afterwards unable to restore the Glen and Castle to young Forbes, on his arrival from Ireland to claim his father's possessions. At the Battle of Bannockburn, Randolph led the centre of the Scottish army, and among his soldiers, says Holingshed, the Englishman whom I have already quoted, were three thousand fierce and forward Irish Scots, otherwise called Katerans, or Red Shanks. In the men thus described, we need have no difficulty in recognising the impetuous and kilted Gaelic-speaking Highlanders of Randolph's northern possessions. And here let me protest against the ignorance and prejudice which have led men who were looked upon as authorities on the subject, to state that the Highlanders had no share in the glorious and stirring events which secured the independence of Scotland. We have seen what the Highlanders of Urquhart did under Sir Andrew Moray and Forbes. General Stewart mentions no less than eighteen Highland Chiefs who fought under Bruce at Bannockburn; and no unbiassed man who has any knowledge of the history of the Highlands and of the relationship which existed between the chiefs and their people, under the clan system, can suppose that the chiefs were in the army of Bruce unaccompanied by their respective clans.

In 1329 the good King Robert died, having bequeathed his Crown to his infant son, David II., and, with his dying breath, appointed Randolph regent. Edward Baliol claimed the Crown, and he was supported by the English, who entered on a new war against Scotland. The year 1332 saw the great Randolph die. He was succeeded in his title and lands by his eldest son Thomas who, on his death in the same year on the fatal field of Dupplin, gave place to his brother John Randolph. The result of the battle of Dupplin was that Baliol was crowned King; but the people were against him, and he was soon expelled the country. Thereupon the English King resolved personally to lead his army against the Scots, and resist the usurper. At Halidon Hill (1333) the Scots were defeated with great carnage, and then followed the almost entire submission of their country. Five of the principal castles, however, refused to submit to the English or acknowledge Baliol King; and, as of old, Urquhart was found among the faithful few.* Its governor was Sir Robert Lauder of Quarrelwood, one of the

*The other loyal castles were Dumbarton, Lochleven, Kildrummie, *and Lochdown* in Carrick.

doughty Lauders of the Bass. Hastening north from the fatal hill of Halidon, he garrisoned the Castle and resolved to defend it to the utmost. Next year (1334) the invaders appeared in our glen, and assaulted and besieged the Castle; but so well was Lauder prepared for them that they were obliged to raise the siege and return south.

Sir Robert Lauder probably occupied the lands which formed the Barony of Urquhart, as tenant of Randolph, Earl of Moray. In 1334, in consideration of his many services to the church and of an annual feu-duty of four merks sterling, he received a charter from John Pilmore, Bishop of Moray, of the "half davoch of our land of Aberbreachy (Abriachan) lying between the Barony of Bonach (Bona) on the east, on the one side, and the Barony of Urchard (Urquhart) on the west, with our land of Auchmunie (Achmony) lying between the land of Drumbuy on the east side and the land of Cartaly on the west." I have already mentioned that Abriachan and Achmony belonged to the Church from a very early period.

About the year 1336, the Castle seems to have been for a time under the immediate charge of Richard Cumming, who held it in faithful allegiance to King David. Sir Robert Lauder was still the Constable, and we find him one of the witnesses to a charter granted by the Earl of Ross to Reginald, son of Roderick of the Isles, and executed at the Castle on 4th July 1342. To show you how important were the gatherings of that remote period within those walls whose ruins still speak of their former grandeur, I shall give you the other witnesses to that charter. They were: The Venerable Fathers in Christ, Lords John and Roger, by the grace of God, Bishops of Moray and Ross; Robert de Lauder, James de Kerdale, and William de Mowbray, knights; Sir Thomas de Lichtoun, Canon of Moray, John de Barclay, Adam de Urcharde, John Yong de Dingwall, and many others cleric and laic.*

Sir Robert Lauder's only daughter, Anne, was married to Sir John Chisholm, son of the Lord of Chisholm in Roxburghshire. Their son, Sir Robert Chisholm, received, in 1345, a charter from John Randolph, Earl of Moray, of "two davochs af land within

* "Venerabilis in Christo dominis Johanne et Rogero Die gracia Morauie et Rossie episcopis dominis Roberto de Lawedre Jacobe de Kerdale et Willielmo de Mowbray militibus domino Thoma de Lichtoun canonico Morauiensi Johanne de Berclay Adam de Vrcharde Johanne Yong de Dyngvale et multis aliis clericis et laicis."

our Barony of Urquhart, viz., the half davoch of Innermorchen (Invermoriston), the quarter davoch of Blare (Blary), and the quarter davoch of Lochletare (Lochletter), the three-quarters davoch of Inchebrene (Inchbrine), and the quarter davoch of Dulshangy (Dalshangy)." These lands were the first Highland possessions of the family of Chisholm.

In 1346 John Randolph, the proprietor of the Castle and Barony of Urquhart, was killed at the battle of Durham. His sister, "Black Agnes," famous in Scottish song and story, succeeded to his vast estates, and her husband, the Earl of Dunbar, assumed the title of Earl of Moray. It would appear, however, that the Castle and Barony were retained in the hands of the King, by whom they were in 1359, granted to William, Earl of Sutherland. They soon afterwards were again in his majesty's possession; and he in 1371 specially excepted them from his grant of the Earldom of Moray to John of Dunbar, son of "Black Agnes," and gave them to his own son David, Earl of Strathern, and; failing him to his (the King's) son Alexander, well known in history as the "Wolf of Badenoch."

Sir Robert Chisholm, who, as we have seen, acquired the lands of Invermoriston, Blary, Dalshangy, Lochletter, and Inchbrine, in 1345, became Constable of the Castle in 1359, in succession to his grandfather, Sir Robert Lauder, whom he also succeeded in the lands of Achmony and Abriachan. He subsequently became Justiciary or Chief Justice of the North, and one of the most influential men in Scotland. On 2nd January 1364, a contract was entered into between "the noble men, Sir Robert Chisholm, keeper of the Castle of Urquhart, on the one part, and Hugh Rose, Lord of Kilravock, on the other part," by which Kilravock bound himself to marry Sir Robert's daughter, Janet, in consideration of which Sir Robert agreed to give to "the said Hugh and his heirs between Hugh himself and the foresaid Janet, ten merks of land of Cantrabundie, with all its pertinents, within Strathnairn." One clause of this ancient marriage contract is worthy of preservation as a model for modern writs of the same nature:—"From the day of the celebration of the said marriage the said Sir Robert shall keep and entertain his said daughter for three whole years in meat and drink, but the said Hugh shall find and keep her in all needful garments and ornaments."

Sir Robert, in his old age, ceased to be Constable of the Castle, and resigned his lands of Invermoriston, Blary, Dalshangy, Lochletter, and Inchbrine into the hands of the King, and the lands of

Achmony and Abriachan into those of the Bishop of Moray. The former were, consequently, in 1384, granted by the King to his son, the Wolf of Badenoch, who, about the same time acquired the Castle and Barony in feu from his brother David. The Wolf, however, would neither pay David the stipulated feu-duty, nor give up possession, and, consequently, David in 1385 complained to Parliament, by whom the matter was remitted to the King's other children for amicable settlement.

On 3d February 1386, the Wolf got a charter from the Bishop of Moray of the lands of Achmony and Abriachan; but for this and other "church privileges" of a similar nature that worthy, four years later, paid the bishop in a characteristic manner, by burning "the town of Forres, and the choir of the church of St. Lawrence, and the manor of the Archdeacon within the town," and also "the whole town of Elgin and the church of St. Egidius therein, the House of God near Elgin, eighteen noble and beautiful mansions belonging to the canons and chaplains, and, what must be more bitterly deplored, the noble and beautiful church of Moray, the mirror of our native country and the honour of the Kingdom, with all the books, charters, and other valuable things of the country therein kept for security." For these ruthless and sacrilegious deeds he subsequently did penance in the Blackfriars Church of Perth. He died in 1394 without lawful issue.

The reign of Robert the Third (1390 to 1406), and the early part of the reign of James the First, form a sad page in the history of Scotland. The first years of Robert's reign were, as we have seen, disturbed by the evil deeds of his brother, the Wolf of Badenoch. That miscreant was worthily succeeded by his bastard son, Duncan Stewart—"the ferocious son of a fierce father,"—who, sweeping down from his mountain fastnesses, for a time kept the Lowlands in terror; while the Highlands, and particularly the districts about Inverness, were harrassed by the Islemen under Alexander,—the *Alasdair Carrach* of Gaelic song and story. In those circumstances Parliament, in 1398, placed the Castle of Urquhart "in the King's hands, who shall entrust the keeping of it to worthy captains, until the Kingdom be pacified, when it shall be restored to its owners." But the pacification anticipated by the Act of Parliament which I have quoted was far distant. South of the Grampians anarchy and confusion increased; Highland clans waged internecine wars in the North. In 1411, Donald, Lord of the Isles, renouncing his allegiance to the Scottish king, entered upon that insurrection the great event of which was

the battle of Harlaw. The Island chief ultimately surrendered; but lawlessness and rapine were still rampant in the Highlands, and although James the First and his Parliament visited Inverness in 1427, and seized about forty of the most turbulent chiefs, some of whom were put to death, matters were not much mended, and the Castle of Urquhart was never "restored to its owners." From the Rolls of the Great Chamberlain of Scotland, we find that the sum of 40s was expended on the fabric of the Castle in 1428-29. Subsequently Thomas Ogilvy was Captain of it as well as of the Castle of Inverness, and the Great Chamberlain's accounts for 1448-50 show that he paid £14 8s to William, Thane of Cawdor, for corn for the garrisons.

In 1451 the great Douglas rebellion broke out in the south. In the north the Earl of Ross took the field in support of it, and seized the royal castles of Inverness, Urquhart, and Ruthven in Badenoch. Ruthven was demolished; Urquhart was committed to the charge of Sir James Livingstone, Ross' father-in-law, who upon the first news of the northern rising, escaped from Court to the Highlands; and Inverness was supplied with military stores and strongly garrisoned. The war continued until 1456, when, after the defeat of the Douglas and forfeiture of his estates, Ross submitted to the king, and was pardoned. In the meantime Parliament, on 4th August, 1455, passed an Act by which, "forasmekill as the povertie of the Crowne is oftymis the caus of the povertie of the realme and mony other inconvenients," the Castle and Barony of Urquhart were "annext to the Crowne perpetually to remane, the quhilk may not be giffyn away."

Notwithstanding the prohibitory terms of that Act, the King, on the Earl of Ross's submission, granted him a lease of the Castle and of the lands of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, for all the days of his (the Earl's) life, at a rent of £50 Scots a year. But the Earl was ungrateful, and upon the King's death in 1460, he again entered upon his schemes of personal aggrandizement, and, with his kinsman the famous Donald Balloch, and the Douglas, entered into a treaty with Edward the Fourth of England, with a view to the conquest of Scotland. Ross's army, under the command of his illegitimate son Angus, and Donald Balloch, became masters of the Highlands; and from Inverness were issued proclamations in the Earl's name which show that he had already assumed the airs of a King. But his rule was short-lived, and the rebellion expired. The Crown dealt leniently with him, and he was permitted to retain *his estates* until 1475, when, the treaty between Edward the

Fourth and himself having come to light, a decree of forfeiture was pronounced against him. Next year he made a humble submission to the King, who not only pardoned him but also restored to him the Earldom of Ross and the lordship of the Isles. He immediately resigned the Earldom, and it thus became vested in the Crown.

About the close of the fourteenth century, Charles MacGillean, a scion of the house of Maclean, a follower of the Lord of the Isles, and a renowned warrior, settled in Glen Urquhart, possessed certain lands there, and was Constable of the Castle about the year 1398, when, as we have seen, it was annexed to the Crown. From him sprang the Macleans of the North, (after him called *Clann Thearlaich*) and the family of Dochgarroch, chiefs of that clan, are his lineal descendants. By his wife, a daughter of Cumming of Dalshangie, he had a son, Hector Buie Maclean, who succeeded him. In Hector's time, and for centuries thereafter, the herds of cattle reared on the rich pastures of Urquhart and Glenmoriston were an irresistible temptation to the cattle lifters of Lochaber, and numerous were the raids made by the Camerons and the Kennedies (*Clann Mhic Uaraig*) into our Glen, and deadly were the feuds that consequently arose. Hector Buie retaliated by marching a band of Urquhart men into Lochaber, while Lochiel happened to be in Ireland. "Donald, Chief of the Camerons," says the old historian of Lochiel, with reference to the invasion, "was soon recalled from Ireland by the groans of the people, who were cruelly oppressed and plundered by a robber from the North, called Hector Bui Maclean, who, with a party of ruffians, took the opportunity of his absence to infest the country. Being joined by a sufficient party of his clan, he pursued the robbers, who fled before the news of his arrival, and overtook them at the head of Lochness. But Hector with his prisoners, for he had taken many, and among them Samuel Cameron of Glenevis, head of an ancient tribe of that clan, escaped him by taking sanctuary in a strong house called Castle Spiriten, where he barbarously murdered them. In revenge of their death, Donald caused two of Hector's sons, with others of the gang who had fallen into his hands, to be hanged in view of the father, a wretch so excessively savage that he refused to deliver them by way of exchange though earnestly pressed to do so." From these deeds of blood, and the consequent belief amongst the people that the spirits of the murdered haunted the Castle of Bona, it has ever since been called *Caisteal. Spioradan.*

Hector Buie married a daughter of Malcolm Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and attached himself to Clan Chattan. He is said to have been killed at Castle Spioradan, and was succeeded by his son Ewen.

After the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles (1475), the Earl of Huntly, acting on behalf of the Crown, let the lands of Urquhart and Glenmoriston on lease to Hugh Rose, Baron of Kilravock. This led to hostilities between Rose and Duncan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and his brothers Allan and Lachlan, who desired either to have the lands for themselves, or to secure the interests of their relative, Ewen Maclean. The matter in dispute was at last referred to the judgment of six "honourable men," among whom were Duncan Grant of Grant and his son John; and upon 26th March, 1479, the arbiters gave their award, finding that Rose was entitled to enjoy the peaceful possession of the lands in question. For a time the Mackintoshes paid no respect to this decision, but on 25th July, 1481, the chief of that clan and his son Farquhar granted their bond of manrent to Kilravock, binding themselves and their kin to respect his rights "under the panis of inhabilite perjure and infame." Notwithstanding the terms of this bond Ewen Maclean refused to submit, and on 23rd September 1481, Farquhar Mackintosh granted a new bond to Kilravock, binding himself, in the event of Ewen continuing his resistance, "to take lawful part with the said baron, his barns (children) and party aganis the said Ewine and his party." The Macleans, thus deserted by their powerful friends, were forced to submit: and in June 1482, we find Rose in possession of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, and Huntly discharging him of the rents thereof in consideration of his keeping the Castle of Redcastle for the Earl. The Macleans subsequently acquired Dochgarroch, a property which they held until 1832, when it was sold to Mr Baillie of Dochfour. The late Mr Allan Maclean, Drummond, was chief of *Clann Thearlaich*, and since his death in 1876, the family is represented by his nephew, Mr Allan Maclean, London.

Balmacaan, the seat of the Earl of Seafield, is in the charter of 1509 by which the Grants acquired Urquhart, as well as in other ancient writings which I have seen, written, "Balmakauchane"—that is, the town of the son of Hector. From this it would appear that it was called after Ewen Maclean, who, as we have seen, was the son of Hector Buie.

The close of the fifteenth century, and the opening years of the *sixteenth*, were greatly disturbed by the insurrections of Alexander

of Lochalsh and Donald Dubh of the Isles. Alexander, followed by a large body of West Highlanders, and joined by Hugh Rose younger of Kilravock and Farquhar Mackintosh, took the Castle of Inverness, and probably that of Urquhart, and devastated the surrounding country. Huntly, appointed Lieutenant of the North, was commissioned to quell those disturbances. A long war followed, in which the Grants distinguished themselves by their zeal in the King's cause, and to them was entrusted the keeping of the Castle and barony of Urquhart, in room of the Roses. The men of Urquhart, led by the Clan Mhic Uian, were hostile to the Grants, and bloody were the fights between the opposing parties, and many the deeds of valour performed on both sides. The traditions of the Glen regarding this period are still interesting, and even at the present time there are men who pride themselves on their descent from the heroic *Clann Mhic Uian.** But the Grants prevailed, and on 8th December, 1509, the King liberally rewarded them for their loyalty. To their chief, John Grant of Freuchie, called the Bard on account of his poetical talents, his Majesty granted a charter of the barony of Urquhart, including the Castle. To the Bard's second son, John *Og*, the barony of Corrimony was granted, and the barony of Glenmoriston was given to another son, also named John.

These charters, which made the family of Grant absolute owners of the whole united parish of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, with the exception of the estate of Achmony, close the period which I have promised to sketch to you, and although the history and traditions of the Glen for the next two centuries and a-half are full of interest, I must not at this time enter upon them, except so far as shortly to refer to the families who held sway in the parish from that remote period to the present time.

I have said that the charters of 1509 conveyed to the family of Grant the whole parish, with the exception of Achmony. That estate, including Kilmichael, belonged, as you will remember, at a very early period, to the Church. In 1557, the Bishop, foreseeing the storms of the Reformation, sold it to John Mackay, who already possessed it under a nineteen years' lease dated the last day of March, 1554. The charter, which is dated at Elgin the 6th day of May, 1557, is in favour of Mackay and his wife

* I write this name according to the modern pronunciation, but may it not originally have been *Clann Mhic Eoghainn*—the clan of the son of Ewen, that is, Ewen Maclean?

Catherine, Lady Carrycht, (*Catherinæ Dominæ Carrycht ejus Sponsæ*) in liferent and to their son Duncan and his heirs male in fee. John Mackay was in all likelihood a descendant of one of those Mackays who remained in the Glen when the Chief of the clan settled in the North about the year 1180, and who, according to the ancient Wardlaw Manuscript inhabited Abriachan and Urquhart in the thirteenth century. Of what family his lady was I have not been able to ascertain. Their son Duncan, upon the 13th day of May, 1592, entered into a marriage contract with Margaret Chisholm, daughter of The Chisholm, and their descendants, possessed the estate until 1779, when it was sold by Alexander Mackay with consent of his wife Agnes, a daughter of Macdonell of Glengarry, to Sir James Grant of Grant, grandfather of the present Earl of Seafield. My father, who is old enough to remember Agnes Macdonell, is now the representative of the family, as well as the only man of the name of Mackay resident in our Glen, which, as we have seen, was the cradle of the clan.

The other families of position in the parish were the Grants of Sheuglie and Lochletter, and the Cummings of Dalshangie. These possessed their lands for upwards of two hundred years under wadsets which were terminated before the close of the last century. The Grants of Sheuglie had considerable influence, and one of them, Alexander, led the Urquhart men on the side of Prince Charles, in the Forty-five. Taken prisoner, he was sent to England and died in Tilbury Fort. He was a good bard, and an excellent player on the violin, and also, it is said, on the pipe and harp. From him was descended the late Colonel Grant of Redcastle, father of Mr Charles Grant, now of Hazel Brae. The most distinguished members of the family of Sheuglie, which is now represented by the Rev. Alister Ronald Grant, Rector of Hikham, Suffolk, were Charles Grant, Chairman of the East India Company (who was born in a lowly cottage in the Glen only a few hours before his father was killed at Culloden), and his sons, Lord Glenelg and Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay.

The last of the Grants of Corrimony who possessed that estate was that genuine Highlander, James Grant, advocate, who died in 1835, at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. His learned and exhaustive works on the origin and descent of the Gael, on Ossian, and on the Origin of Society and Government, are, I hope, known to you all. The family is now represented by Dr Grant of Montreal, while the estate is divided between Mr Ogilvy of Corrimony and Dr Cameron of Lakefield.

The Grants of Urquhart (now the noble family of Seafield) and the Grants of Glenmoriston still possess their ancient patrimonies, and distant be the day when the stranger will take their place. We all regret the circumstances which have made so many of our old Highland families alien to the land which once knew them so well; and we desire to see such of them as are still left to us continue chiefs of their clans as in the olden time—not now, indeed, to lead them in battle against the inhabitants of some neighbouring glen, but to go before them and lend them a helping hand in the arts of peace, and, by a proper use of the influence of their position and of the old feelings of clanship which still exist, to encourage them to become better and more useful people, and to strive to attain the highest possible measure of happiness and prosperity.

P.S.—Should any who may happen to read the foregoing sketch possess information, however insignificant, regarding the history or traditions of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, or of the Castle, I shall deem it a great favour if they will kindly communicate the same to me.

W. M.

5TH APRIL, 1877.

At the meeting of this date, Mr Archibald Sinclair, Printer and Publisher, 62 Argyle Street, Glasgow, was elected an ordinary member. It was agreed to appoint a committee to collect subscriptions, from the Members of the Society, towards the funds of the Memorial to John Mackenzie of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Mr John Whyte read a paper in Gaelic, entitled, "An Gaidheal anns a' Bhaile," which he declines to publish.

19TH APRIL, 1877.

At this meeting, Mr George Macbean, writer, 42 Union Street, was elected an ordinary member; and after some routine business had been transacted, Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness, (late President of the Gaelic Society of London) read the following paper, entitled—

THE CLEARANCE OF THE HIGHLAND GLENS.

After forty years absence from this part of the country I shall state the opinions that I now entertain of matters in the Highlands. I shall as briefly as possible place before you the impressions on my mind with regard to the most prominent changes in the Highlands during this long interval.

In the first place I feel bound to express my sincere pleasure at the sight of the noble efforts of the Gaelic Society of Inverness to rescue our ancient and venerable language from decay and dissolution. Professor Geddes of Aberdeen says that "it can boast a pedigree better far than that spoken in the highest places in the land, and can claim the start of English on the soil of Britain by ten centuries, and that in a literary form." Professor Morley, of London, states that "a man cannot be a thorough English scholar without a knowledge of Celtic"; and Professor Allison, of Glasgow, said "that the man who speaks two languages is equal to two men, and advances in usefulness at the same ratio for every language he speaks." It augurs well for the development and success of your Society that the Provost, the Chief Magistrates, and Town Councillors of Inverness have opened the Town Hall of the largest county in Scotland for your deliberations. All thanks to them for it, and for their friendly appearance among us at our principal meetings.

It is a source of pleasure for me to state without favour or prejudice that this town of Inverness has improved in every imaginable respect during the forty years alluded to. In sanitary respects the town is unquestionably 500 per cent. better than it was in my early recollection. In well-designed and stately houses there are portions of Inverness that will compare favourably with, if not surpass, equal lengths of London streets and London shops. Large and spacious hotels with every accommodation, comfort and *civility*; an abundant meat, vegetable, and fish market; suburban

villas, and every fanciful architecture. Add to this the daily arrival and departure of railway trains to and from every part of the Kingdom, as well as the steamboats plying both by salt and fresh water. Old nature seems to have designed the town and environs of Inverness as the Madeira of Scotland, but it remained for the scientific acumen of our friend Mr Murdoch to demonstrate the salubrity of the town; and it is satisfactory to note that his labours on this score stand unanswered and unchallenged. My house being on a rising ground above the town where, according to tradition, the Cross or centre of Old Inverness stood, I can see from my windows for many miles, and it is most gratifying to see the surrounding country studded with small but substantial stone and slated houses and offices to correspond with the moderate size of the farms on which they are built. All honour to the proprietors of these estates. They belong principally to the Baillies of Dochfour, Leys, and Redcastle.

Let us now leave the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness and wend our way North, South, East or West, and what do we see on all sides? Large farms infested with game and burrowed like honey-comb by rabbits. If we extend our walk to the Glens, we find them thoroughly cleared—the native population sent to the four quarters of the globe, wild beasts, wild birds, and game of every description in quiet possession and feeding among the crumbled walls of houses where we have seen happy families of stalwart Highlanders reared and educated! This is no exaggeration. During the last twelve months I travelled through the counties of Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, Moray, Banff, Perth and Argyle; and I can bear testimony to the general depression and desolation caused throughout the Highlands, I maintain, by the operation of the iniquitous Class Laws called Game Laws. They are like the Upas Tree, withering all within their unhallowed atmosphere, sending the bone and sinew of the Highlands to foreign lands. They turn large tracts of country into cheerless and inhospitable deserts. They sever the proverbial and ancient bond of union and attachment between chief and clansman. The chief is distrusted frequently for his acts, communicated through his factor, and the clansman is thereby disheartened. Thus another town-land or perhaps a whole Glen is laid waste and placed at the disposal of wild beasts. The work of destruction and depopulation in the Highlands has gone on so regularly for nearly a hundred years, and especially during the last fifty years, that the few farmers left on the Lowlands have a difficulty in finding servants and

labourers to work their farms. Every part of the Highlands through which I have passed seemed to be much in the same way —the surface of the land, as it were, in sombre mourning covered with heather lamenting the absence of the strong arm that used to till and ought to reclaim it, to enable it to fulfil the purposes for which land was given to man, viz., to make it support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness. The law that enables one man to say to another; "I will not cultivate one acre, and I will not allow you to do so," is most unnatural and most iniquitous in its results.

It is most satisfactory to know, I think, that the British Government has ignored freedom of contract between landlord and tenant in Ireland by the Ulster Tenant Right and the Irish Land Bill of 1870. Since the Bill of 1870 was passed into law the landlord in Ireland is not the judge between his tenants and himself. It is the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, a Government Officer, independent of both landlord and tenant, who must decide whether the rent demanded is excessive or not. There may be legal quibbles still in the way of amicable settlements between landlord and tenant in Ireland; but the Land Bill of 1870 (which I read over and over again) seems to me to bear this construction. It is not long since a tenant farmer got £700 damages from his landlord in Ireland for raising his rent and thereby compelling him to leave the farm. At this moment English good sense stands like a bulwark between the landlord and cultivator of the soil in Ireland. Landlords, factors, and leases are no longer supreme in Ireland. The Chairman of Quarter Sessions is arbitrator from this time forward. England abolishes landlordism in Ireland by advancing money through the Board of Works to every honest tenant who has ambition to purchase his farm in fee simple from his landlord. The repurchase system has made rapid progress in some of the Continental kingdoms of Europe. Notably in Prussia. From the day that Napolean I. crossed the Rhine the Government of Prussia looked with sorrow and astonishment at the number of young Germans who flocked around Napoleon's standard. They soon discovered that these men were flying from landlord tyranny. Having discovered the cause, they applied the remedy; they valued every farm on large estates throughout Prussia; enacted laws to enable tenants in possession to purchase their farms, and on certain conditions advanced money to enable the farmer to pay *for his land.* In Austria they have a re-purchase system also.

They have a land system of their own in France since 1789, one feature of which (I think) is, that no man can derive more than £5000 per annum from land in France. Large landed estates have often been the cause of revolutions and bloodshed.

Macaulay, in his review of Mitford's History of Greece, justly says—"In Rome the oligarchy was too powerful to be subverted by force, and neither the tribunes nor the popular assemblies, though constitutionally omnipotent, could maintain a successful contest against men who possessed the whole property of the State. Hence the necessity for measures tending to unsettle the whole frame of Society and to take away every motive of industry — the abolition of debts and the agrarian laws — propositions absurdly condemned by men who do not consider the circumstances from which they spring. They were the desperate remedies of a desperate disease. In Greece the oligarchical interest was not in general so deeply rooted as in Rome. The multitude, therefore, redressed by force grievances which at Rome were commonly attacked under the form of the Constitution. They drove out or massacred the rich and divided their property." This is ancient history, but the French Revolution of 1789 is modern. Thus we see in ancient and modern history, that the land was the bone of contention. The first grand error of Britons was selling what did not belong to us. That which is on the land belongs to man, because he made it, or helped to rear it, but the land itself, belongs to no man, and no generation of men because they did not make it. The law of England, interpreted by the ablest, expressly declares that man can only hold an estate in land. The modern theory of a general commerce in land was unknown in England, till the demise of the Stuart dynasty. More than one half of some English counties was held in common. On the lowest computation, says a report of the Commons Preservation Society, "5,000,000 acres of common land have been enclosed since the reign of Queen Anne." It is not easy in the various and conflicting statements set forth occasionally to estimate the amount of land still unenclosed and subject to common rights in England and Wales. I have seen it put as low as 2,600,000 acres. On the other hand it is stated that so recently as the reign of George III., eight million acres of commonage still remained. There was no pauperism under such a system. Milk, butter, cheese, bacon, poultry and some sheep were within the reach of all. There was no absolute ownership of land either by great or small, but there was fixity of tenure during good behaviour to all.

The King or Queen, as representing the public, exercised strict, just, and impartial control. We are no more than trustees for our successors. But we have divested ourselves of the power of compelling any man to cultivate an acre. Yet history tells us that this want of cultivation has on several occasions been very nearly the downfall of England.

In the face of all former experience, it is melancholy to see our landed proprietors through the Highlands encouraging a system among us that would not be tolerated in England. The noblemen and capitalists who come among us from England to elbow out of house and home our native population *know too well* that it would be not only impolitic but *most dangerous* to try such experiments on their own countrymen.

Forty years' residence in England convince me that the free, brave, independent, and justice-loving people of England would not tolerate or brook oppression from any man or from any class of men. Instance—how quickly the voice and press of England brought the Earl of Darnley to his knees when he attempted to dispossess one of his tenants near Gravesend some three or four years ago. It may be urged that the Dukes and nobles, capitalists and sportsmen who come among the ruins of farms and villages in the North had no hand in clearing the people out of the way of sheep, deer, and game. Be that as it may, they are in possession, and it was in anticipation of such unscrupulous tenants that the people were driven out and deprived of farms, houses and homes. In such cases as these the strong arm of the law ought to interpose between enormous wealth and honest industry.

To prevent you from thinking that I am dealing in generalities only, just imagine that such men as the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Portland come from England annually to imitate our Highland Duke of Athole and Northern Duke of Sutherland, in increasing their stock of deer and extending the size of the Ducal Forests. I ask what chance would the cultivator of the soil have in the same atmosphere with the Ducal Deer? One would think that some, if not all, of these forests were extensive enough. Let us hear what Thomas Graham Murray, Esq., said of the Forest of Athole while he was under examination by a committee of the House of Commons on the 26th July, 1872. In answer to a question, Mr Murray said, "you will find that in Mr Scrope's book he gives a calculation of the number of acres. His book was written in the time of Duke John, about the year 1828 *or 1829, and* he makes the whole forest 135,000 acres; but of that

51,000 acres were then under deer, the rest being grouse ground. And you will observe that it is just about the quantity that it is now. I do not think there has been any change scarcely since that time." Further on in his evidence Mr Murray, speaking of the Athole Forest, says: —"It has been a forest from time immemorial." Mr Murray is one of the first, and probably one of the most honourable lawyers in the kingdom. He tells us the extent of Athole Forest, but cannot tell us how long that enormous amount of land has been lost to the community.

Ordinary mortals might think this extent of forest, with its "five to seven thousand deer as estimated by Mr Scrope," ought to satisfy the slaughtering propensities even of a Duke. But nothing of the sort. Last year his Grace of Athole added about 10,000 acres to his old deer forest. The lands cleared for that purpose are Glenmore and Glenbeg, with the Glen of Cromalt and the different smaller glens and corries that branch off from the above mentioned glens.

Be it remembered, however, that all this misappropriation of land is perfectly legal and legitimate according to the present usages of Society. Nay, more, if the four noblemen alluded to, or any other capitalists, had the means and the chance of purchasing every inch of land (perhaps boroughs excepted) in the Highlands of Scotland, convert it into Deer Forests and turn the present remnant of the Highlanders out of house and home, they would be quite within the pale of the law as interpreted by Society in modern times. We see this principle acted on year by year, and it is against this irresponsible power that every well-wisher of justice ought to appeal. It appears to me that some of our Members who are learned in the law might tell us whether the original Charters of our landed proprietors justify them in substituting wild beasts for human beings? If the Charters empower landlords to destroy the people, by depriving them of their birth-right, the land on which they were born, they are quite at variance with recent legislation, in as much as the pauper has now a life interest in the land of his birth. Yes, the proprietors and the paupers are the only two classes of the community who have any hold of the land of this country. There is not a man in Europe so completely divorced from the land of his birth as the Highlander of Scotland.

Now, lest you should imagine that I content myself with making statements and then conveniently forgetting to prove them, let me briefly revert to the time and circumstances which inaugurated the unhallowed system of depopulation in Inverness-

shire. As to the time, I have heard Edward Ellice, Esq., of Glen-Cuaich, stating before a committee of the House of Commons, on the 28th March, 1873, that "the great depopulation was in 1780 and 1790, when the Colony of Glengarry was founded in Canada, by the number of people that were sent out from Scotland to obtain their low lying crofts for the sheep in the winter." Further on in his evidence, Mr Ellice, in answer to a question, says, "Yes; I may mention one single case that I am well acquainted with. When the depopulation began in 1780, the people were then cleared off to make way for sheep. They had turned out 700 to 800 fighting men in the Rebellion, consequently the population could not have been under 5000 or 6000." It seems to me that Mr Ellice has Glengarry in his mind's eye. If I am right in this supposition, it appears to be one of the severest reflections ever made on the depopulation of Glengarry. For every pound sterling of the rental of the particular estate a fighting man was sent from that estate, to support the cause of the Prince whom they believed to be their lawful Sovereign. Imagine that Britain might be threatened in these times either by Turk or Christian, how many fighting men would the estate alluded to be able to send to the service of our Sovereign? I venture to say that it could not raise 50 men. Nay, if you keep clear of the village of Fort-Augustus, which is Lord Lovat's property, I do not think that even 20 men could be sent out of Glengarry with all its sheep and deer. Not that the men are less patriotic now than they were in 1745, but for this simple reason, there are neither M'Donnells nor any other men in Glengarry. In justice to Mr Ellice, I must say, however, that he seemed to me to be the most humane and most favourable to Highlanders of all the Members of Parliament that gave evidence at the committee alluded to. During the two days he was under examination, not a word escaped his lips that could be construed into slight or disrespect for Highlanders. It is quite true that Mr Ellice spoke of them as "Crofters." This was the *lingo* in which Highlanders were generally spoken of at the Game Law Committee. But the Earl of Chatham dignified them on a former occasion with the name of "Mountaineers." Speaking of them with great respect in Parliament soon after the mis-managed affair of 1745, his Lordship said in effect:—That the Mountaineers had well nigh changed the dynasty and upset the constitution of the Kingdom.

Now as to the circumstances that inaugurated the depopulation *alluded to.* They are simple but melancholy, and they occurred as

follows:—*Marsalaidh Bhinneach*, the mother of the last popular "Glengarry," had the management of the whole properties of Cnoideart and Glengarry, while her son was a minor. The fascinating demon of old unfolded its golden coils before her avaricious mind; and in an evil hour she surrendered the birthright of her husband's clansmen to his crafty wiles. To begin with, she gave Glen Cuaich to one unscrupulous south country shepherd, and thereby deprived over 500 persons of houses and home. This was the beginning only of a series of misfortunes which laid the foundations of complications and embarrassments that ended in the sale of the whole of the Glengarry estates. I forbear to mention the maiden name of this woman on account of the esteem in which her noble chief is held. It is said that he is by far the best landlord in the Highlands. However, The Chisholm of Strathglass married her eldest daughter Eliza in 1795.

The Chisholm was rather delicate and often in bad health, and this threw the management of the estate into the hands of his wife. Hence the cause of the great clearance of Strathglass in 1801. The evicted people from that strath crossed the Atlantic and settled principally in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. They gave the names of some Strathglass farms to their freehold lands in their adopted country. In the Island there is even the county of Inverness.

In 1810 an heir was born for The Chisholm. He succeeded to the most of the estates on the death of his father in 1817. I say the most, because a portion of the land was still in the hands of his uncle's widow. It will be necessary here to explain this reserve on entailed land:—

Alexander, the eldest surviving son of the The Chisholm who entailed the estates in 1777, married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr Wilson of Edinburgh. He died on the 17th February, 1793, aged forty-four years, and left an only child, Mary, who married James Gooden, Esq., merchant, of London. The estates reverted to his half-brother William, who died in 1817, as stated above. The widow alluded to was Dr Wilson's daughter. Alexander The Chisholm, her husband, made a fair settlement in case of widowhood. He left for her, the option of a certain sum of money annually or the rental accruing from a number of townlands or joint farms. Through the advice of her only child Mary, Mrs Chisholm made choice of the townlands and kept them intact, and kept the tenantry on these farms in easy circumstances until the day of her death, which took place on the 23rd January, 1826, and then the

whole of The Chisholm's estates reverted to the young heir of Strathglass.

By and bye, I will tell you how the tenantry were treated by the young Chief and his advisers. But I feel bound to tell you first, that repeated efforts were made by some of those who were acting for the Chief to get hold of the land still in possession of the widow. However, the great good sense of this noble-minded Edinburgh lady, and the sincere attachment of her daughter, Mrs Gooden, to her father's tenantry stood firm against all the advances made to deprive her of the faithful Highland tenantry entrusted to her care.

For the long space of thirty-three years she kept her tenantry intact, never turned one of them out of a farm, nor did she ever deprive any man of an acre of land. As The Chisholm, her husband, left them at the time of his death in 1793, so they were left by his beloved widow at the time of her death in 1826. This excellent lady was well known and distinguished in the Highlands by the endearing term of "*A Bhantighearna-Bhan*"—the English equivalent of which is "the fair lady."

When Mary (afterwards Mrs Gooden) was a young lassie in her teens, four south countrymen (Gillespie of Glen Cuaich, I think, was one of the number) came to see The Chisholm and passed the night with him at Comar, where the Chief was staying at that time. In the course of the evening it transpired that the Southerns wanted the most and best portions of Strathglass as sheep walks. In short, the object of their mission was to treat the Chisholms of Strathglass as the Macdonnells of Glengarry were treated a few years before that time.

Mary listened for a time quietly to their proposals; at last she mildly put her veto on the whole transaction. She was ordered off to her room. But, with tears in her eyes, Mary found her way to the kitchen, and called all the servants around her and explained to them the cause of her grief.

Never was *Crann-Tara* sent through any district with more rapidity than this unwelcome news spread through the length and breadth of Strathglass. Early next morning there were about a thousand men, including young and old, assembled on the ground at Comar House. They demanded an interview with The Chisholm. He came out among them and discussed the impropriety of alarming his guests. But the Chief was told that the guests were infinitely worse than the freebooters who came on a former occasion with sword in hand to rob his forefathers of their

patrimony, etc. [This was an allusion to a sanguinary battle fought on the plain of Aridh-dhuiean many years before that time between Clann-'ic-an-Lonathaich, who wanted to take possession, and the Chisholms, who succeeded in keeping possession of Strathglass to this day.] The guests were at first anxiously listening, at the drawing-room windows, to the arguments between the Chief and his clansmen; but they soon got quietly down stairs and made the best of their way, (I think through the back door and garden) to the stable where they mounted their horses, galloped off helter-skelter, followed by the shouts and derision of the assembled tenantry, across the river Glass, spurring their horses and never looking behind until they reached the ridge of *Maoil Bhuidhe*, a hill between Strathglass and Corriemony. Imagine their chagrin on turning round and seeing a procession being formed at Comar —pipers playing, and The Chisholm being carried to Invercannich House on the brawny shoulders of his tenantry.

Instead of this being cause of sorrow, it was the happiest day that ever dawned on Strathglass; Chief and Clansmen expressing mutual confidence in each other, and renewing every manner of ancient and modern bond of fealty ever entered into by their forebears. All this extraordinary episode in the history of Strathglass I heard related over and over again by some of the men who took their part in chasing the Southrons out of that district.

About thirty years ago, I reminded Mrs Gooden, in London, of what was said of her in the North, in connection with the hasty exit of the would-be shepherds, every word of which I found to be substantially correct, and Mrs Gooden then added:—"When my father died in 1793, I felt that the welfare of the tenantry left in charge of my mother depended in a great measure on myself. I was brought up among them, I used to be the Gaelic interpreter between them and my mother, and they had great confidence in me. However, it was in after years, when old age began to impair my mother's memory, that I had the greatest anxiety least the agents* of The Chisholm should succeed in depriving her of the tenantry. I had two objects in view. The first was to keep the people comfortable, and the second was to hand them over as an able class of tenantry to my first cousin, the young Chisholm, at the demise of my mother."

This determination was so well arranged and so completely

*One of these was Wm. Mackenzie, W.S., Edinburgh—a Ross-shire man.

carried out, that when the Dowager Mrs Chisholm, of whom I have spoken as "*the fair lady*," died, the tenantry on the portion of The Chisholm's estate she managed so long and so successfully, were able and willing to rent every inch of the whole of Strathglass, as I will soon prove to you. But let me first fulfil my promise of acquainting you of the manner in which the new accession of property with its native population were treated by the young Chief and his advisers. For a few years the people were left in possession of their respective farms. This, however, was in order to adjust matters for future and more sweeping arrangements, as all the leases in Strathglass were about to expire. To the best of my recollection it was in the year 1830 that all the men in Strathglass were requested to meet the young Chisholm on a certain day at the Inn at Cannich Bridge. The call was readily complied with, the men were all there in good time, but The Chisholm was not. After some hours of anxious waiting, sundry surmises, and well-founded misgivings, a gig was seen at a distance driving towards the assembled men. This was the signal for a momentary ray of hope. But on the arrival of the vehicle it was discovered that it contained only the "sense carrier" of the proprietor, viz., the factor, who told the men that The Chisholm was not coming to the meeting, and that, as factor, he had no instructions to enter on arrangements with them. I was present, and heard the curt message delivered, and I leave you to imagine the bitter grief and disappointment of men who attended that meeting with glowing hopes in the morning, but had to tell their families and dependents in the evening that they could see no alternative before them except the emigrant ship and choose between the scorching prairies of Australia and the icy regions of North America.

In a very short time after this abortive meeting, it transpired that the very best farms and best grazing lands in Strathglass were let quite *silently*, without the knowledge of the men in possession, to shepherds from other countries, leaving about half the number of the native population without house or home.

Let me now prove to you how the native tenantry at that time in Strathglass were both able and willing to rent every inch of it, if they were only allowed to retain their farms at the rent given for them by the strangers. I will prove it by plain incontrovertible facts. Here they are :—When the late generous Lord Lovat heard of the ugly treatment of the tenantry alluded to, he *entered on* negotiations with the late Mr George Grieve, the only

sheep farmer or flockmaster on his Lordship's estates at Glen-Strathfarrar, and arranged to take the sheep stock at valuation. His Lordship sent for the evicted tenants to Strathglass, and planted —so to speak—every one of them in Glen-Strathfarrar. The stock was valued for the new tenants by Mr Donald McRae, who died some years ago at Fearnaig, Lochalsh, and by Mr Donald McLeod, who died lately at Coulmore, Redcastle. These gentlemen were supposed to be two of the best judges in the Highlands, and were also well known to be two of the most honourable men anywhere. I was, along with other young men from Glencanaich, in Glen-Strathfarrar at the time, and saw the stock valued. To the best of my recollection, it was at Whitsunday in 1831. Well, then, at the ensuing Martinmas every copper of the price of the stock was duly paid to Mr Grieve by the new tenants. This is ample proof of their ability to hold their own had they been allowed to remain in Strathglass.

Some fourteen years afterwards, when the rage for deer forests began to assert its unhallowod territorial demands, Lord Lovat informed these self-same tenants that he wanted to add their farms to his deer-forest. However, to mitigate their distress at the prospect of another clearance, his Lordship stated that he did not wish to part with one of them, and pointed out that he intended breaking up the large farms on the estate. I remember seeing twelve ploughs, the property of one farmer, all at the same time at work on the plains of Beauly. But, to his credit, and in honour of his memory be it stated and remembered, the late Lord Lovat made this one and almost all other farms on his estate accessible to ordinary farmers, so that every man he brought to Glen-Strathfarrar, and every one he removed from it, were comfortably located on other parts of his Lordship's estates. In short, the management on The Chisholm's estate left only two of the native farmers in Strathglass, the only surviving man of whom is Alexander Chisholm, Raonbhrad. He is paying rent as a middle-class farmer to the present Chisholm for nearly twenty years back, and paid rent in the same farm to the preceding two Chisholms from the time they got possession one after the other until they died. He was also a farmer in a townland or joint-farm in "Balanahann," on "the fair lady's" portion of Strathglass. So far, he has satisfied the demands of four proprietors and seven successive factors on the same estate. And, like myself, he is obeying the spiritual decrees of the fifth Pope, protected by the humane laws of the fourth Sovereign, and living under the well-meaning but absent fourth Chief. All the

rest of the Strathglass tenantry found a home on the Lovat estates, where their sons and grandsons still are among the most respectable middle-class farmers in Inverness-shire.

Glenstrathfarrar, by far the most fertile glen alloted to forestry in the Highlands, has been from that time and still is the free domain of foxes, eagles, and hundreds of red deer, strictly preserved in order to gratify the proclivities of sportsmen. I am very sorry for it, and in obedience to the dictates of my conscience I must add, that in my humble opinion it is a serious misappropriation of much excellent grazing and some good arable lands. My firm belief is, that every portion of God's earth should be occupied by Christians and made to support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness.

As I stated, there were only two native farmers left in Strathglass. But the only one who left his native country of his own free accord at that time was my own dear father. So that when the present Chisholm came home from Canada to take possession of the estate about nineteen years ago, there were only two of his name and kindred in possession of an inch of land in Strathglass. At the first opening he doubled the number by restoring two more Chisholm's from Lord Lovat's estate. But I am sorry to say that restoration is a plant of slow growth in Strathglass. It is only right, however, to state that The Chisholm generously re-established and liberally supported one of the tenants in the farm from which he was evicted nineteen years previously. This man's father and grandfather lived and died as tenants on that same farm, and his great-grandfather, Domhnul MacUilleam, was killed on Druimossie-moor, (better but more detestably known as Cuilloder-moor.) I heard it said that this faithful clansman was shot when carrying his mortally wounded commander, The Chisholm's youngest son, in his arms.

Some years ago I remember reading, I think in the *Inverness Advertiser*, observations made by a tourist or a traveller who passed through Glencanaich, on the number of broken houses and crumbled walls he saw in the glen. The writer concluded from such unmistakeable signs that there must have been a considerable number of inhabitants at one time in Glencanaich. He was quite right in his conclusions. Even within my own recollection, there were a number of people comfortably located in the Glen. Of the descendants of Glencanaich men there were living in *my own time*, one Bishop and fifteen Priests; three Colonels, one

Major, three Captains, three Lieutenants and seven Ensigns. There is not one of all these military men now alive. There are seven of the Priests alive. An elderly man in that district assured me that Colonel Chisholm, who died some years ago at Alexandria, in Upper Canada, was a Glencanaich man. The last of the military men alluded to, died about a year ago, and a Priest was since ordained. This will account for the discrepancy between this statement and that of "Fear Monaidh" in "The Gael" of August, 1875, page 235. Such were the men mostly reared, and who had the rudiments of their education, either in this Glen or in Strathglass. And now there are eight shepherds, seven gamekeepers, and one farmer only, in Glencanaich. Pray forgive me if you think I have said too much about the depopulation of Strathglass. You have repeatedly expressed a wish to hear how the people were cleared out of that district. In obedience to that wish I have given you a mere outline, intentionally passing over the recent clearances on the estate of Giusachan, because they are well known to all who interest themselves about Highlanders. The future historian may find an account of the doings at that time in Giusachan recorded as "Improvements" in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*. He may find them also closely criticised and openly censured in the *Inverness Advertiser*; and they occupied the time and attention of a Committee of the House of Commons for a portion of three days.

It was not with any degree of pleasure that I approached the subject, and I will leave it for the present. But before doing so I may tell you there is not a human being in Strathglass of the descendants of those who were instrumental in driving the people out of it. I believe the same may be said of Glengarry, and I heard it stated lately by a man who knows Sutherland and the Reay country well, that there are only two families living in those countries who had any hand in or on whose behalf the infamous clearances of 1806 were commenced. It need scarcely be stated here that the wholesale clearances alluded to were inaugurated under the cruel auspices of Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland, and now it appears that the whole race of the Crowbar Brigade, their progeny and abettors, are (by some mysterious agency) fast gliding away from the country they have so ruthlessly desolated.

Glengarry was cleared by "Marsali Bhinnach," Strathglass was cleared by her daughter Eliza, and Sutherland was cleared by Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland. These three ladies

may have been good wives and good mothers; I have nothing to say against their private character. But their public acts in land clearances ought to stand forth as landmarks to be avoided by the present landed proprietors and by all future owners and administrators of land.

In conclusion, let me repeat what I have said, that it is totally beyond my comprehension how our forefathers could have divested themselves of every species of control and power over the land of these countries. I have seen it stated in an Edinburgh paper that nineteen men own half the land in Scotland.

Be that as it may, we know that less than nineteen miserable landed proprietors brought the present desolation on the Glens of the Highlands. And now the simple but important question is —Will you do all in your power to alter this state of things? Will you collectively and individually endeavour to leave the tenure of land in the Highlands in a better state than you found it? My own humble opinion is, that you ought to petition Parliament forthwith, praying that they may be pleased to interpose between misapplied capital and the cultivators of the land in the Highlands. It would perhaps be presumption on my part to propose or even to suggest any of the terms which ought to be employed in your petition. But I think you might with good grace remind the present Government of what the late Gladstone Government did for the cultivators of the soil in Ireland. Let your petition be legally conceived, wisely worded, numerously signed, or signed by your Chairman only on behalf of the meeting, respectfully presented and patiently discussed in the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. In one word, let all your proceedings be strictly within the pale of the ten commandments, and, by the help of Him who made them, you will be sure and certain of success.

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Macdonald, William, Hilton Village, Inverness

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Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, vols. i., ii., iii., and iv . . .	
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ORAN DO CHAIPTEAN SIOSAL, FEAR ALLT-NA-GLAISLIG.

We give here the following spirited song by Mrs Mary MacKellar, the bard of the Society, composed to celebrate the right hearty and Highland spirit with which Captain Chisholm of Glassburn presided at the annual supper of the Society in January 1878. It appears with music in the *Celtic Magazine* for March, 1878, with the subjoined note which fully explains the circumstances under which Mrs MacKellar composed it :—

'Ghaidheil a's ciataich, do bhliadhna mhath ur,
Ged chosgadh i 'n t-or dhomh, gu'n olainn le sunnd ;
A Phiobair' an ffheadain, fhir leadanaich, dhuinn,
'S tu fein' chuir le d' sheannsair, gu dannsa na suinn.

Bu shiubhlach an ribheid, 's bu mhilis an gleus,
A's b' fhileant' na meoir 'thug an ceol a bha reidh ;
Gu'm b'uaibhreach an aigne bh'aig gaisgeach mo ghaoil,
'S bu rioghail an gaidheal mac aillidh nan laoch.

O Shiosalaich ghasda, 's ceann feachd thu le buaidh,
Sar shaighdear gun ghealtachd, gun mheatachd dhut dual ;
Thu shiol nam fear calm', agus dhearbh thu do choir
Air giulan ard ainm agus meamna do sheors'.

'S i 'n deise bu mhiann leat, an deise bu dual,
An deise 'bha ghradhach le armuinn do shluaigh ;
Cha bi' bhriogais lachdunn a thaitinneadh ribh,
Ach feile cruinn, socair, an cogadh 's an sith.

O Fhir Allt-na-Glaislig gur math thig dhut fhein
A' bhoineid 's am breacan aig clachan no feill,
Am feile beag cuaiche 's do shuaicheantas ard,
'S do leugan a' boillsgeadh mar dhaoimean gu h-aillt' !

A lasgaire chiataich, 's tu 's fiachail' 's gach cuis,
Tha seirc agus maise a' lasadh na d' ghnuis ;
O c'ait an robh cuachag 'measg ghruagach na tir
Nach rachadh am fuadach leat, uasail mo chridh' !

'S tu sealgair an fheidh agus sealgair an eoin,
'S tu sealgair na h-eal', agus sealgair a' gheoidh,
Le d' ghunna neo-chearbach 's tu dh' fhalbhadh an fhrith,
'S a shiubhladh an fhuar-bheinn air cruaidhead na sin'.

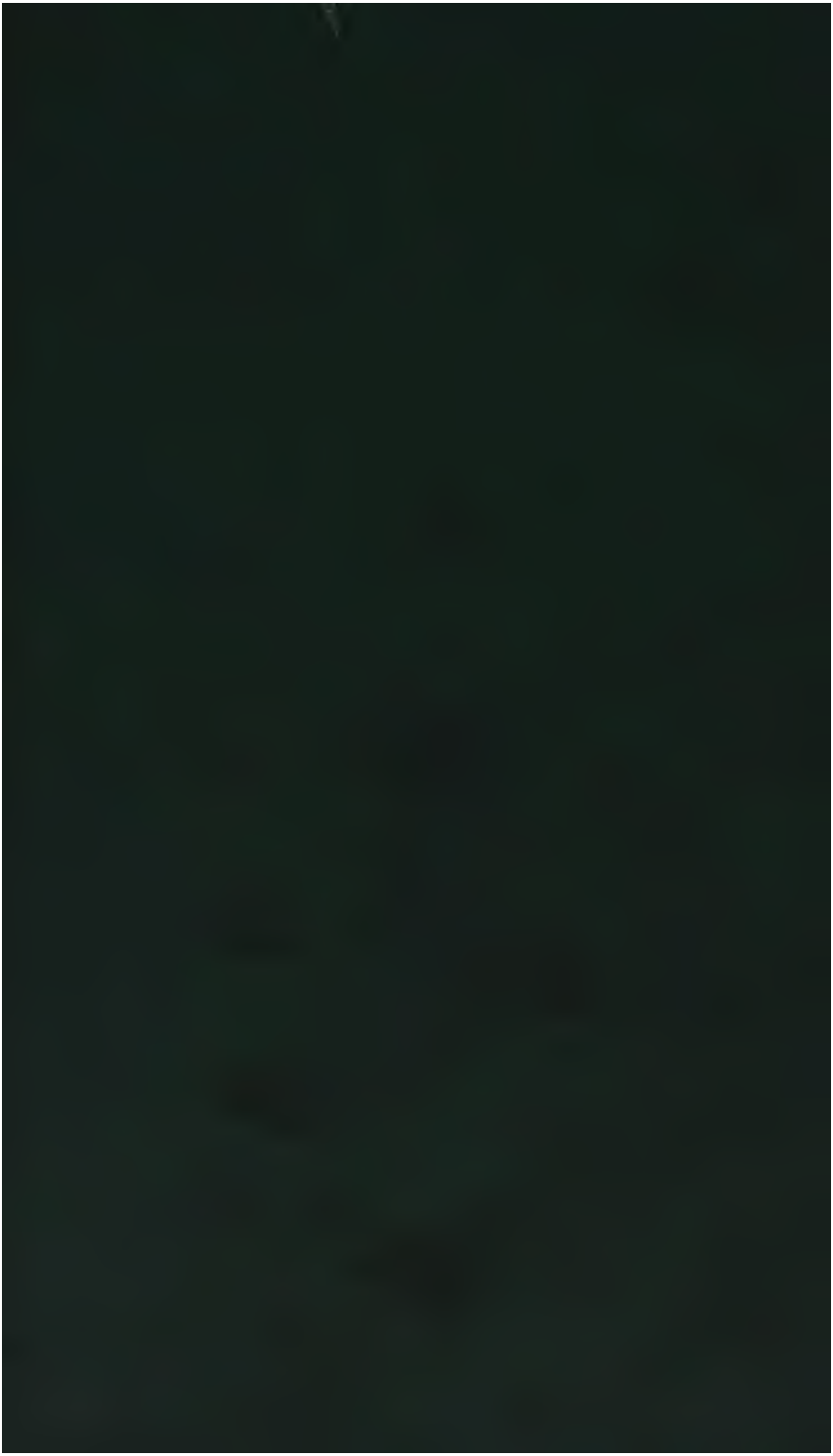
Do mhiann 'bhi 's a' chreachann 'sam faight' an damh donn—
Ged 's luthor e 'leum bithidh e reubt' air an fhonn
'Nuair 'chuireas tu 'n cuilbhear gu cuimseach ri d' shuil,
'S a shradas gu buadhor do luaidhe mu 'chul.

A Phiobair' an fheadain, ged 's beadarach binn
'Bhi 'd eisdeachd 'an seomar 'n am ceol bhi ga sheinn,
Tha d' aigne cho ard ann an ar-fhaich nan tuagh,
'S an taobh air am bi thu gur cinnteach dha buaidh.

O 's rioghail an Gaidheal thu, ghraidh nam fear treun',
'S e caismeachd do phioba 'chuir m' inntinn gu gleus,
Thu leantuinn seann dualchas nam fuar-bheannaibh fraoich—
An tir ghlan a b' abhaist 'bhi 'g arach nan laoch!

O ard biodh do bhratach a's tartrach do phiob,
Fhir-labhairt na Gailig gu manranach binn;
Tha m' earbsa, 'fhir chalma, a d' ainm 'bhi ga ghairm
Le cliu mar is coir dha, na d' choirneal air airm.

A mhor-Ghaidheil chiataich, do bhliadhna mhath ur,
Ged chosgadh i 'n t-or dhomh, gu'n olainn le sunnd:
A phiobair' an fheadain, fhir leadanaich, dhuinn,
'S tu fhein 'chuir le d' sheannsair gu dannsa na suinn!

NOTE.—It is not necessary to say a word in praise of the above. The air is old and deservedly popular. The words are the composition of Mrs Mary MacKellar, the bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and are in praise of Capt. Archibald MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn, Strathglass, who discharged the duties of chairman with so much success at the last Dinner of the Society; and their merit augurs well for their future popularity. As an illustration of his thoroughly Highland spirit, it may be stated that when asked for a song, the gallant Captain responded by saying he would give them "a song on the bagpipes." Then taking a *piob-mhor* which belonged to the last Marquis of Seaforth, he played, in excellent style, several tunes, which had the effect of creating so much genuine Highland enthusiasm as is rarely witnessed anywhere. Again, when the programme was finished, the Captain took his pipes to play a parting tune, and so soul-stirring did the music prove, to quote the words of *The Highlander*, "that the table which stood in the middle of the hall seemed to be whisked to a side, as if by magic, and a party of nimble Celts were irresistibly drawn into the mazes of the Reel of Tulloch, which closed the proceedings." Suffice it to say, that when the Bard read the account of the proceedings in the newspapers, the muse had to find expression in the above song.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE.